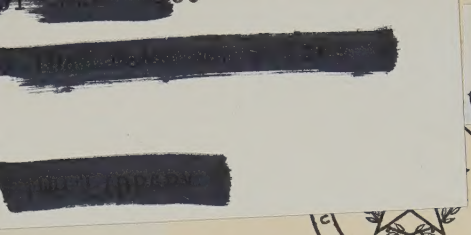

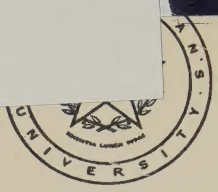
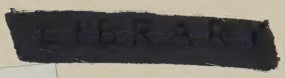
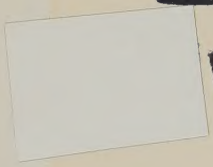
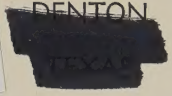

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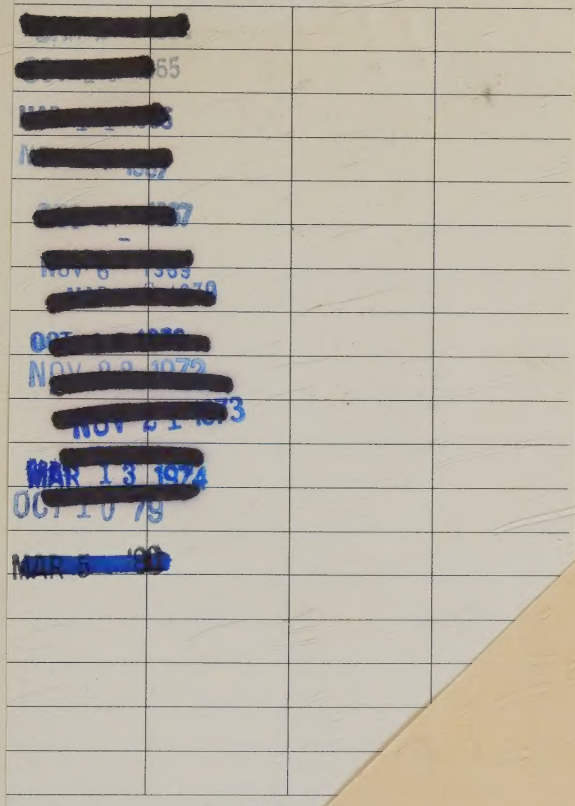

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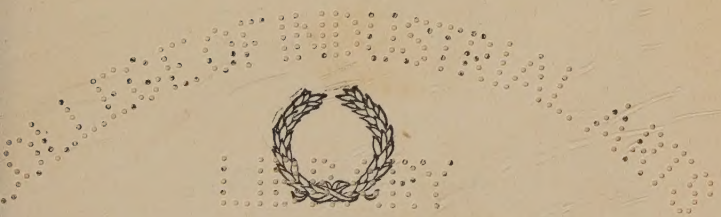
PIECES THAT HAVE WON PRIZES

Also Many Encore Pieces

Compiled and Arranged by

FRANK McHALE



ENLARGED EDITION

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PIECES THAT HAVE WON PRIZES.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

DAVID J. BREWER.

THE most noticeable social fact of to-day is that of the combination of capital and the organization of labor. Whatever may be the causes, and whatever may be the results, good or bad, the fact is beyond dispute that the trend of the two great industrial forces of capital and labor is along the line of consolidation and co-operation. I am not here to decry this tendency. I realize full well that only through this movement are the great material achievements of the day possible; but one thing is clear, and that is that the penalty which the nation pays for all its benefits is the growing disposition to sacrifice the individual to the mass, to make the liberty of the one something which may be ruthlessly trampled into the dust, because of some supposed benefit to the many.

A capital combine may, as it is claimed, produce better, cheaper and more satisfactory results in manufacture, transportation, and general business; but too often the combine is not content with the voluntary co-operation of such as choose to join. It grasps at

monopoly, and seeks to crush out all competition. If any individual prefers his independent business, however small, and refuses to join the combine, it proceeds to assail that business. With its accumulation of wealth it can afford for a while to so largely undersell as to speedily destroy it. It thus crushes the individual, and he is assaulted as though he were an outlaw.

So it is with the organizations of labor; the leaders order a strike; the organization throws down its tools and ceases to work. No individual member dare say: "I have a family to support, I prefer to work," but is forced to go with the general body. Not content with this, the organization too often attempts by force to keep away other laborers. It stands with its accumulated power of numbers, not merely to coerce its individual members, but also to threaten any outsiders who seek to take their places. Where is the individual laborer who dares assert his liberty and act as he pleases in the matter of work; where is the individual contractor or employer who can carry on his business as he thinks best?

The business men are becoming slaves of the combine; the laborers of the trades union. Through the land the idea is growing that the individual is nothing and that the organization is everything; and we have the fancy sketch of the dreamer of a supposed ideal state, in which the individual has no choice of lot or toil, but is moved about according to the supposed superior wisdom of the organized mass; and this, we are told, is the liberty for which the ages have toiled, and for which human blood has crimsoned the earth.

KISSING CUP'S RACE.

(AS RECITED BY JAS. S. BURDETT.)

You've never seen Kissing Cup, have you?
  Stroll round to the paddock, my lord;
Just cast your eye over the mare, sir,—
  You'll say that, upon your word,
You ne'er saw a grander-shaped 'un
  In all the whole course of your life.
Have you heard the strange story about her,
  How she won Lord Hillhoxton his wife?
No? Well, if you've got a few minutes,
  I'll tell you why Kissing Cup, here,
Has lived in this lazy grandeur
  Since the first time they let her appear
On a race-course—to run for a wife, sir,
  The lovliest girl in the land.
By gad! 'twas a heart-thrilling moment
  For them as stood on the stand,
And knew the high stakes that were pending
  On Kissing Cup's winning the race—
She ran for a woman's heart, sir,
  To save an old name from disgrace.
Here she is, sir;—now look her well over—
  There isn't a fault to be found;
See her going—magnificent action!
  You're right, sir; the mare is as sound
As she was on the day I rode her
  Just ten years ago last June:
I'll never forget how they cheered us,
  The mare, and her jock, Bob Doon.
He was always a reckless youngster,
  My master, Hillhoxton, you know;
And when the old Marquis died, sir,
  He seemed—somehow or other—to go
Right fair clean away to the bad, sir;

And, being a fresh'un, you see,
The "bookies" just fleeced him a good'un.
I knew, sir, quite well how t'would be:
I saw he would go down a mucker,—
Be ruined, sir, sure as fate.
In his careless boyish folly
I saw that the fine old estate
Would be gambled away, the title
Be sullied, perchance, with shame.
I said to myself, "Bob Doon, boy!
You must save your old master's name."
He'd loved a quiet bit o' racing—
I'd been his head jock for years.
I remember the night he died, sir;
His bright eyes filling with tears,
He told me to mind the youngster,
To see that he didn't begin
To gamble—and always remembered
The Hillhoxtons rode to win.
He told me above all to see, sir,
That no scandal e'er touched the stud,
To be sure that our stables harbored
Nought but the purest blood.
He took my rough hand as he finished,
In the same old well-known grip,
As hundreds of times I'd seen him
A-grasping the ribbons and whip.
He didn't last very much longer—
I stood by the bed as he died,
And watched my old master's spirit
Start on its last long ride.
One night,—I remember it well, sir,
It must have been just nigh four years
After the old Marquis left us,—
Very heavy at heart with fears,
I was sitting in one of the stables,
Not dreaming as no one was near,

A-thinking of how things were looking
A mighty sight too deuced queer.
I had turned round my head for a moment
To see as the nags were all right,
When I saw the young master a-standing
Behind me. I started! The sight
Of his face, pale and haggard,
Sent a rush of cold blood to my heart.
I knew, sir, that something had happened.
"Doon, Doon, my boy! why do you start?
Don't you know me?" he said. "Have I altered?
Have I changed so since yesterday?
No wonder, good God! I am ruined!
I've gambled the old home away.
But the worst—the poor girl, Lady Constance—
You know how she loves me, old friend,—
What will she think of me now, Bob?
For pity's sake, Heaven defend
And keep her," he cried, true as ever!
But no, no! I never can wed
You now. God bless you, my darling!
Forget me as if I were dead."
He wept like a child in his sorrow.
"Be a man! be a man, sir," said I;
"Trust to me, I can yet pull you through, sir,
There's a mare in your stud that can fly.
I've kept her—I knew you were playing
Too fast, far too reckless a game;
But there's Kissing Cup ready to run for
And save a Hillhoxton's name."
When I saw that the lad was collected,
I asked him to turn and look
At the very first bet he had entered
On the very first page of his book.
He looked at me—eyes full of wonder—
"That's three years ago! What d'ye mean?"
"My Lord you'll forgive me," I answered;

"Forgive me, I know you have been
Too hot, aye too heedless by far, sir,
In your youthful and reckless career;
You've forgotten—just read for a moment
The words that you see written here.
The foal, Kissing Cup, here, is ready
And fit, sir, to run for a life;
In the big race next week she will save you,
Will win you a fortune—and wife."
The boy couldn't speak for a moment,
His pallid lips moved in a groan;
Then he rallied, and grasping my hand, sir,
Held it just like a vise with his own.
The day of the race was a grand one,
But few knew the issue at stake;
We'd tried hard to keep it a secret
For the splendid old Marquis's sake;
As we cantered away past the stand, sir,
To give the "big swells" all a view,
Hardly one of 'em dreamt what 'twould mean, sir,
If the Hillhoxton "Chocolate and Blue"
Were beaten—none guessed that the girl there,
With her beautiful face, worn and thin,
Was murmuring a low prayer to Heaven
That her young lover's colors might win.
"All ready?"— a beautiful start, sir;
The line was as straight as could be;
"Ther're off!" the shout rang for a moment
Around us and then seemed to me
As dying away in the distance,
While we scudded along the course
At a pace that was far too killing
To last: so I kept my horse
Well back in the rear to the "Corner,"
Then I let the reins loose on her mane.
She passed through them all but just one, sir,
Lord Rattlington's colt, Sugar Cane.

Then I saw there would be a struggle:
I had known it for months long back,
That all as I need be afraid of
Was the old Baron's fast-flying "crack."
'Twas a terrible moment for me, sir:
The colt was three good lengths ahead.
I whispered a word to the mare, sir;
'Twas enough—she knew what I said.
Sweeping on down the hill like a rocket,
She got to the girths of the colt;
My heart gave a great throb of pleasure;
I made sure that he'd shot his bolt."
But no! his jock hustled him up, sir,
His whip swishes fell like rain;
And the cry ran like fire up the course, sir,
"It's thousands on Sugar Cane."
The stand was reached, Sugar Cane leading,
Two seconds, and all would be o'er
"Lord Rattlington wins!" No, not yet, though
We're neck, sir, to neck—two strides more.
I saw in the great sea of faces
A girl's,—pale, white as the dead.
I cried, "For *her* sake, Kissing Cup, now!"
'Twas over—we'd won by a head!

Campbell Rae Brown.

JIM BLUDSOE.

JOHN HAY.

WALL, no! I can't tell where he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludsoe passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He warn't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-Under-the-Hill,
And another one here in Pike.
A careless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Bell took fire,
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip',
And her day came at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed.
And so came a-tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnaces crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
Ther' was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Thro' the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludsoe's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And know'd he would keep his word.

And sure's you're born, they all got off
  Afore the smokestacks fell,
And Bludsoe's ghost went up alone
  In the smoke of Prairie Belle.

He warn't no saint—but at judgment
  I'd run my chance with Jim
Longside of some pious gentleman
  That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He'd seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
  And went fer it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
  On a man that died for men.

THE COUNTERSIGN WAS "MARY."

'Twas near the break of day, but still
  The moon was shining brightly;
The west wind as it passed the flowers
  Set each one swaying lightly;
The sentry slow paced to and fro
  A faithful night-watch keeping,
While in the tents behind him stretched,
  His comrades all lay sleeping.
Slow to and fro the sentry paced,
  His musket on his shoulder,
But not a thought of death or war
  Was with the brave young soldier.
Ah, ho! his heart was far away
  Where, on a western prairie,
A rose-twined cottage stood. That night
  The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw,
Her blue eyes kindly beaming;
Above them, on her sun-kissed brow,
Her curls like sunlight gleaming,
And heard her singing, as she churned
The butter in the dairy,
The song he loved the best. That night
The countersign was "Mary."

"Oh, for one kiss from her!" he sighed,
When up the lone road glancing,
He spied a form, a little form,
With faltering steps advancing,
And as it neared him silently
He gazed at it in wonder:
Then dropped his musket to his hand,
And challenged: "Who goes yonder?"

Still on it came. "Not one step more,
Be you man, or child, or fairy,
Unless you give the countersign,
Halt! Who goes there?" "'Tis Mary,"
A sweet voice cried, and in his arms
The girl he'd left behind him
Half-fainting fell. O'er many miles
She'd bravely toiled to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear,"
She sobbed: "my heart was breaking;
I could not stay a moment, but,
All other ties forsaking,
I travelled, by my grief made strong,
Kind heaven watching o'er me,
Until—unhurt and well?" "Yes, love,"
"At last you stood before me."

"They told me that I could not pass
The lines to seek my lover

Before day fairly came ; but I
Pressed on ere night was over,
And as I told my name, I found
The way free as our prairie,"
"Because, thank God ! to-night," he said,
" The countersign is ' Mary.' "

Margaret Eytinge.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

From Old Fashioned Roses by permission.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our home to stay
An' wash the cups and saucers up, and brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep ;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you don't watch out !

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed 'at night, away up-stairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all !
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess,
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout !—
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out !

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood an'-kin,

An' onc't when there was "company," an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she know'd
what she's about!
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—
You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out!

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE NATION'S NEED OF MEN.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

If government by the people is to be successful, it is you and such as you who must make it so. The future of the Republic must lie in the hands of young men and women of culture and intelligence, of self-control and self-resource capable of taking care of themselves and helping others. If it falls not into such hands the Republic will have no future. Wisdom and strength must go to the making up of a nation. There is no virtue in democracy as such, nothing in Americanism as such, that will save us if we are a nation of weaklings and fools, with an aristocracy of knaves as our masters.

There are some who think that this is the condition in America to-day. There are some who think that this Republic which has weathered so nobly the storms of war and peace will go down on the shoals of hard times; that we, as a nation cannot live through the nervous exhaustion induced by the financial sprees of ourselves and others. We are told that our civilization and government were fit only for the days of cotton and corn prosperity. We are told that our whole industrial system and the civilization of which it forms a part must be torn up by the roots and cast away. We are told that the days of self-control and self-sufficiency are over and that this nation is really typified by lawless bands rushing blindly hither and thither, clamoring for laws by which men shall be made rich whom all previous laws of God and man have ordained to be poor.

In these times it is well for us to remember that we come of hardy stock. The Anglo-Saxon race, with all its strength and virtues, was born of hard times. It it not easily kept down; the victims of oppression must come of some other stock. We who live in America and constitute the heart of this Republic are the sons and daughters of "him that overcometh." Ours is a lineage untainted by luxury, uncoddled by charity, uncorroded by vice, uncrushed by oppression. If it were not so, we could not be here to-day.

We are here to-day to learn those maxims of government, those laws of human nature, without which all administration must fail. The best work of a Republic is to save its children. The one great duty of a free nation is education, wise, thorough, universal. Reforms in education are the greatest of all reforms. The ideal education must meet two demands: it must be personal, fitting a man or woman for success in life; it must be broad, giving a man or woman such an outlook on the world as that this success may be worthy. It should give a man that reserve strength without which no life can be successful because no life can be free. With this reserve a man can face difficulties because the vic-

tor in any struggle is the one who has the most staying power.

A man should have reserve of skill. If he can do well something which needs doing his place in the world will always be ready for him. A man must have intelligence. If he knows enough to be good company for himself and others, he is a long way on the road toward happiness and usefulness. A man should have reserve of character and purpose. He should have reserve of reputation. Let others think well of us, it will do us good to think well of ourselves. No man is free who has not his own good opinion.

When an American has reserves like these he has no need to ask for special favors. The problems of government are problems of right and wrong. They can be settled in just one way. They must be settled right. If representative government is ever to bring forward wisdom and patriotism it will be because wisdom and patriotism exist and demand representation. There is no virtue in the voice of majorities. Truth is strong and error weak, and majorities of error melt away under the influence of a few men whose right-acting is based on right-thinking. Right-thinking has always been your privilege; right-acting is now your duty, and at no time in the history of the world has duty been more imperative than now.

A TRIBUTE TO COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'ral, speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why say, Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grew mutinous day by day;
My men grew ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'ral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last blanched mate said,
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'ral, speak and say—"
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate,
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite.
Brave Adm'ral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled,
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson—"On! and on!"

Joaquin Miller.

SAM.

A COUNTRY boy by the old stone wall,
That keeps the meadow and road apart,
Stands handsome and manly and strong and tall;
And sturdy is he as the maple tree
That's by his side. For Sam is young
And his honest heart is as light and free
As the bird that sings in the summer skies.
He looks far off o'er the distant hills,
While a soft light shines in his hazel eyes;
And leaning there by the meadow wall,
He gives this sweet, familiar call:
"Ho boss! ho boss! ho boss!"

Now to manhood grown, and the bells sound sweet
As the cows come slowly from out the wood;
And he leaves the wall and hurries to meet
The mild-eyed creatures, for they all know
The hand that strokes them as they pass
Along the road where the daisies grow.
And each one stands by the cow-yard bars
Seeming well content with the strong brown hand
That milks them there 'neath the summer stars;
And Sam's eyes look love as he sings again
The well-remembered, sweet refrain,
"Ho boss! ho boss! ho boss!"

'Twas a day in June, such as poets love,
There by his side a fair girl stands,
And the flying clouds in the sky above
Seem to play at forfeits with the sun.
How well Sam knows that a lover's heart
Throbs 'neath his coat, and that every one
Of the clover blossoms in the field
Is breathing to him an old love-song,
And that every bud a joy can yield.

So the maiden there by the broken wall
Takes up and sings the old time call,
"Ho boss! ho boss! ho boss!"

Once more Sam stands by the meadow bars
With his wife beside him, and her arms
Enfold a dear form, whose baby prate
Is sweeter to them than the brook's gay song
As it flows away at the foot of the hill.
Happy they wait, for they know ere long
The cows will come from the meadow side.
So Sam caresses his little son,
While the young wife looks with joy and pride;
And a piping voice o'er the old stone wall
Just breathes in baby notes the call,
"Ho boss! ho boss! ho boss!"

Albert Hardy.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

ANONYMOUS.

JUST one more kiss for good-night, mamma;
Just one more kiss for good-night,
And then you may go to my dear papa,
And—yes—you may put out the light,
For I'll promise you truly I won't be afraid,
As I was last night. You'll see,
'Cause I'm going to be papa's brave little maid,
As he told me I ought to be.

But the shadows won't seem so dark, mamma,
If you'll kiss me a little bit more,
And you know I can listen and know where you are
If you only won't shut the door.

For if I can hear you talking, I think
It will make me so sleepy, maybe,
That I'll go to sleep just as quick as a wink
And forget—to cry like a baby.

You needn't be laughing, my mamma dear,
While you're hugging me up so tight.
You think I am trying to keep you here,
You and—I guess—the light.
Please kiss me good-night once more, mamma,
I could surely my promise keep
If you'd only stay with me just as you are,
And kiss me till—I go to sleep.

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quakers' town,
And the streets were rife with people,
Pacing restless up and down;—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"
* * * * * *

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hush'd the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong joyous cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! Grandpa,
Ring! Oh, Ring for Liberty!"
And straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm, gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Illumed the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phœnix,
Fair Liberty arose!
* * * * * *

HOW THE RANSOM WAS PAID.

On the helpless Flemish village
Cruel Alva swooped and fell,
And the peace of trade and tillage
Turned to martial clank and yell.
In the town house, tall and handsome,
Stood the great duke, looking down
On the burghers proff'ring ransom
For the safety of the town.

O'er his brow, gray locks were twining—
For his casque was laid aside,
And his good sword carved and shining,
From his sword belt was untied.
Prince he seemed of born commanders;
Pride and power each gesture told,
As he cried, "Ye men of Flanders,
Bring me twenty casks of gold!"

Then upon them fell a sadness,
And a shadow like a pall!
While they murmured, "'Tis rank madness
Such a sum from us to call."
And the spokesman of the village
Murmured feebly, "Sure you jest."
Answered Alva, "Gold or pillage—
Choose whiche'er may suit you best!"

Faint and stunned, they turned despairing,
When arose a laugh of joy—
And before their startled staring
In there pranced a little boy.
On his curls, the duke's helmet rested,
As his noisy glee he roared,
And his good steed, mailed and crested,
Was great Alva's mighty sword!

Round about the room he gamboled,
  Peeping through the helmet bars;
Now he leaped and now he ambled,
  Like a Cupid mocking Mars.
Then he stayed his merry prancing
  And of Alva's knees caught hold,
Where a ray of sunlight glancing
  Turned his sunny curls to gold.

Swift the mother, sorely frightened,
  Strove to take the cherub wild,
But the duke's stern features lightened
  As he kept her from the child,
And he drank the pretty prattle—
  For the baby knew no fear—
Till his eye, so fierce in battle,
  Softened with a pearly tear.

For a baby rose before him
  In fair Spain, ere war's alarms
Thus his father's sword upbore him—
  Alva caught the boy in arms;
And, the pretty forehead baring,
  Cried, "A kiss!" The child obeyed,
Then unto those men despairing
  Alva said: "Your ransom's paid!"

FAMILY FINANCIERING.

"They tell me you work for a dollar a day;
How is it you clothe your six boys on such pay?

"I know you will think it conceited and queer,
But I do it because I'm a good financier.

"There's Pete, John, Jim and Joe, and William and Ned,
A half-dozen boys to be clothed up and fed.

"And I buy for them all good plain victuals to eat,
But clothing—I only buy clothing for Pete.

"When Pete's clothes are too small for him to get on,
My wife makes 'em over and gives 'em to John.

"When for John, who is ten, they have grown out of date,
She just makes them over for Jim, who is eight.

"When for Jim they become too ragged to fix,
She just makes 'em over for Joe, who is six.

"And when little Joseph can wear 'em no more,
She just makes 'em over for Bill, who is four.

"And when for young Bill they no longer will do,
She just makes 'em over for Ned, who is two.

"So you see, if I get enough clothing for Pete,
The family is furnished with clothing complete."

"But when Ned has got through with the clothing, and when
He has thrown it aside, what do you do with it then?

"Why, once more we go round the circle complete,
And begin to use it for patches for Pete."

Christian at Work.

ELSINORE.

A REMINISCENCE OF BOOTH'S HAMLET.

We sit in breathless silence—
The spell-bound throng around—
Art's magic seals our senses
From meaner sight and sound;
And though our forms are stirless
The mimic scene before,
Our souls o'erleap the footlights,
And dwell in Elsinore.

O wondrous, wondrous magic,
That gives the Ideal life;
That wins us from the Real,
Its cares, its toils, its strife.
Time's ocean, slowly ebbing,
Leaves jewel-strewn the shore,
Gives back to us the glories
Of buried Elsinore.

And lo! the Prince of Denmark
Meets our fixed gaze the while,
With eyes whose saddest glances
Are gladder than their smile;
Sublime in mournful beauty,
As when he had of yore,
In majesty and mourning,
The halls of Elsinore.

O rare and royal vision
Thou given to our eyes!
The soul of Shakespeare's shaping
Hath found an earthly guise,
And we, beholding, whisper,
"This is the form he wore,
Who deathless lives in Shakespeare,
Who died at Elsinore."

O manhood, worn and wasted
By anguish and despair!
O words, whose mournful music
Makes sweet the haunted air!
We seem the painted phantoms,
This, the unreal shore,
And there, beyond the footlights,
The true world—Elsinore.

The rest—"the rest is silence,"
The curtain's downward fall,
A fair and noble record
For Memory—that is all.
And we, uprising, murmur,
"Dull life to thee once more,
We come from charmed dwelling
In Shakespeare's Elsinore." *Lucy H. Hooper.*

FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE STATUE.

On the deck of a steamer that came up the Bay,
Some garrulous foreigners gathered one day,
To vent their opinions on matters and things
On this side the Atlantic,
In language pedantic.
'Twas much the same gathering that any ship brings.

"Ah, look!" said the Frenchman, with pride his lips curled,
"See ze Liberté Statue enlighten ze world!
Ze grandest colossal zat evair vas known!
Thus Bartholdi, he speak;
Vive la France—Amerique!
La belle France make ze statue, and God make ze stone!"

Said the Scotchman: "Na need o'yer spakin' sae free!
The thing is na sma', sir, that we canna see.
Do ye think that wi'oot ye the folk couldna tell?
Sin' 'tis Liberty's Statye,
I ken na why thatye
Did na keep it at hame to enlighten yoursel!"

The Englishman gazed through his watch-crystal eye:
"Pon 'onor, by Jove, it is too beastly high!
A monstwosity, weally, too lawge to be seen!
In pwoportion, I say,
It's two lawge faw the Bay.
So much lawger than one we've at 'ome of the Queen!"

An Italian next joined the colloquial scrimmage;
'I dress-a my monkey just like-a de image,
I call-a 'Bartholdi'——Frenchman got-a-spunky—
Call-a me 'Macaroni,'
Lose-a me plendy moany!
He break-a my organ and keel-a my monkey!

My-a broder a feesherman; hear-a what he say:
No more-a he catch-a de feesh in de Bay,
He drop-a de sein—he no get-a de weesh.
When he mak-a de grab-a,
Only catch-a de crab-a.
De big-a French image scare away all de feesh!"

"By the home rule!" said Pat:" and is *that* Libertee?
She's the biggest owld woman that iver I see!
Phy don't she sit down? 'Tis a shame she's to stand.
But the truth is, Oi'm towld,
That the stone is too cowld.
Would ye moind the shillalah she howls in her hand!"

Said the Cornishman; "Thaät's no ä 'shillalah,' ye scaämp!
Looäks to I like Diogenes 'ere wi' 'is laämp,

Searchin' haärd fur a'onest maän." "Faith, that is true,"
Muttered Pat, "Phat ye say,
Fur he's lookin' mai way.
And by the same favor don't *recognize* you!"

"Shust vait unt I dolt you," said Hans; "vat's der matter;
It vas von uf dem mermaits coomed ouwd fun der vater.
Unt she hat noddings on; und der vintry vind plows,
Unt fur shame, unt fur pidy,
She vent to der cidy,
Unt buyed her a suit fun der reaty-mate clo's."

"Me no sabee you Foleners; too muchee talkee!
You no likee Idol, you heap takee walkee.
Him allee same Chinaman velly big Joshee.
Him Unclee Sam gal-ee;
Catch um lain, no umblallee!
Heap velly big shirtee—me no likee washee!"

"Oh!" cried sambo, amazed; "Dat's de cul.ed man's Lor'!
He's cum back to the earf; somefin' he's lookin' for.
Allus knowed by de halo surroundin' he's brow;
Jess you looken dat crown!
Jess you looken dat gown!
Lor' a' mussy, I knows I's a gone nigga' now!"

Said the Yankee: "I've heerd ye discussin' her figger;
And I recken you strangers haint seen nuthin' bigger
Wall, I haint much on boastin' but I'll go my pile:
When you furreners cum
You'll find her to hum!
Dew I mean what I say? Wall somewhat—I should smile!

Fred. Emerson Brooks

ON THE AVON.

(JULY 9, 1886.)

I SHALL not soon forget that July night
When, standing on the bridge in Stratford town,
The Avon flowed before my eager sight,
And I upon its dark'ning breast looked down—
The goal was won, and fate now held no frown!
My dream of dreams, for many waiting years,
Received at last fulfillment's golden crown.
I stood and gazed thro' mist of happy tears,
The while the wand'ring wind sang music to my ears.

"This is the stream, the home of Shakespeare's love.
Many a time on nights as sweet as this
Did he yon meadow-path enraptured rove,
Perchance returning from Anne Hathaway's kiss,
And in his heart the roseate dawn of bliss.
The grassy slopes, the trees, the flowing wave,
To him were beautiful; he could not miss
One touch of loveliness that Nature gave;
And now this perfect scene encompasses his grave,"

So ran my thought. And then I looked afar
Where rose the spire lit by the early moon;
The river beckoned, and the gleam of star
Ran in a golden line upon its breast,
Vanishing where the shadows lay at rest.
There lay my way along that guiding gleam,
O night so sweet! to me forever blest!
For now my boat is gliding on the stream,
And nearer draws the spire touched by the silver beam.

Within its shadow, resting on my oars,
I sat in revery while time's pulses beat;
I heard the river's kiss upon the shores,
The leaves' low dalliance with the night wind sweet;

No other sound broke in on my retreat;
And, resting so, the scene a picture grew
Heart-framed in memory coming years to meet;
The churchyard and the lime-tree avenue.
The stream, the shade, the spire above the grave I knew

Lo, as I mused, amid the foliage
Methought I saw shapes moving to and fro—
The hoary locks of Lear, tossed high in rage;
Othello torn with doubt; the Dane with woe;
Miranda at the feet of Prospero;
The face of Rosalind in rosy glee;
Macbeth recoiling from prophetic foe;—
They pass me on the shores of fantasy,
Beside the sacred dust of him that set them free.

The world has grown since thou, long centuries gone,
In yonder timbered cottage drew thy breath;
Speech, customs, manners, have been all outworn;
Victoria reigns and not Elizabeth;—
But thou still reigneth in despite of death.
What tho' o'er ocean's chasm lightnings flow,
And science shall new miracles bequeath—
The vernal freshness of thy lips we know
As when they spoke thy thought three hundred years ago.

O Grave, where is thy victory, since he
Reposes thus upon the heart of man?
Life gathers to itself his legacy,
Exhaustless, tho' life spend it how it can;
A fuller spring than when it first began.
O think what elements and powers were driven
In the brief running of his mortal span—
If such the might quick years to earth have given,
What then the eternal life his spirit found in heaven!

William L. Keese (THE THEATRE).

A HERO OF THE FURNACE ROOM.

ANONYMOUS.

THE duty of the boiler-makers on warships is of the most dangerous nature. In action, between actions, and out of action, the repairs that they are called upon at a moment's notice to effect are sufficient to send a chill of fear through the hearts of most men. They will creep right inside a boiler or furnace which had but a few moments before been full of boiling liquid or red-hot coals. They will screw up nuts and fasten bolts or repair leaking pipes or joints in places that other men would consider impossible to approach. While the ship's big guns are making the vessel tremble, and the enemy's shells are bursting in every direction, these men, with positively reckless fearlessness, will venture down into the bowels of the fighting ship, amid roaring machinery, hissing steam, and flaming fires, to rectify an accident which, unrepaired, might send the ship and all her human freight to the bottom more surely and more quickly than shell or shot from the best guns of the enemy. These men are heroes.

The *Castine,* when she went to work to batter the walls of San Juan, carried on board three of these boiler-makers, Fish, another, and one Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia. The *Castine* went into action under full steam, her triple screws revolving at the fullest speed, and her battery of eight guns started her quivering with excitement and the fierce delight of battle. The furnaces were heated almost to white heat, and the forced draught was urging the flames to greater heat, the boiling water to the higher production of steam, the engines to increasing revolutions. Suddenly, with-

out expectation, without warning, far down in the furnace hole, unheard by officer or man, amid the din of battle, the thundering reverberations of exploding gunpowder, there arose a fierce hissing noise right inside one of the furnaces; and those who heard it trembled as no guns or shot or shell had power to make them tremble.

A socket bolt in the back connection at the very farthest interior extremity of the furnace had become loose. A leak had been sprung; the steam was pouring upon the fire, threatening in a few moments to put it out and stop the progress of the ship if it did not have the more awful effect of causing a terrible explosion and annihilation!

The faces of the men below, in that moment of terrible suspense, blanched beneath the grime that covered them. None knew what to do save wait the awful coming of the shock they knew must come.

None? Nay, but there was one! The first to pull himself together, the first to whom returned the fear-driven senses, was Boiler-maker Huntley. His name does not appear on the navy list. Even his first name was unknown to his *confrère,* Fish. Only Boiler-maker Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia; but that is enough, and his deed should be sufficient to find for him a niche in the annals of fame whenever and wherever the story of the United States and her navy is told.

One instant of startled horror—then, without hesitation, without trepidation, with stern-set jaws and fierce, devoted determination on every line of face and form—

"Turn off the force draught!" he cried.

"Goodness, Huntley, what are you going to do?"

"Bank the fire! Quick!"

"It's certain death!"

"For one—unless, for all! Turn off the draught! Bank the fire!" The orders were carried out feverishly.

"Now a plank!"

And before they could stop him this hero had flung the plank into the furnace, right on top of the black coal with which it was banked, and had himself climbed and crawled over the ragged mass, far back to where the steam was rushing like some hissing devil from the loosened socket.

For three minutes he remained inside that fearful place, and then the work was done—the ship was saved—and his friends drew him out at the door. The force draught went to its work again, and in an instant the furnace was once more raging.

But what of Huntley? Scorched, scalded, insensible, well-nigh dead, he lay upon the iron floor of the furnace room, while around him stood his mates dousing him with water, and using every known means for his resuscitation. He did not die, but when once more he opened his eyes, and was able to be carefully lifted into daylight, there arose such cheers from the throats of those dirty, grimy mates as never greeted taking of city or sinking of fleet.

The story is briefly chronicled in the log of the *Castine,* and Huntley simply claims that he "did his duty." But while the United States remains a nation, so long as the banner bearing the silver stars on the field of blue, above alternate stripes of red and white, remains the symbol of purity, bravery, and patriotism to American hearts the whole world over; so long, when her heroes are spoken of, one name should never be omitted, —that of Boiler-maker Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia.

THE DEATH-BED OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

FIFTY years ago, in a rude garret, near the loneliest suburbs of the city of London, lay a dying man. He was but half dressed, though his legs were concealed in long, military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

But look! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air; the death-sweat stands in drops on that bold brow—the man is dying. Throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. "Would you die in the faith of the Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled but made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke. "Christian!" he echoed, in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart: "Will that faith give me back my honor?"

Suddenly the dying man arose; he tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails were blue with the death-chill, he threw open a valise. He drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, and the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look ye, priest! this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart. "This coat I wore when I first heard the news of Lexington; this coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga! that bullet-hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now, I am a—let me whisper in your ear—traitor!" He hissed

that single burning word into the minister's ear. "Now help me, priest! help me to put on this coat of blue; for you see there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child; I must meet death alone; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear!"

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. "Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead. "Silence along the lines! not a word, not a word, on peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the center of the town! we will meet there in victory or die! Hist! silence, my men, not a whisper, as we move up those steep rocks! Now on, my boys—now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars, up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now! now, one more blow and Quebec is ours!"

Who is this strange man lying there alone, in this rude garret; this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up that blue uniform, that faded flag? Who is this being of horrible remorse?

Let us look at that parchment and flag. The aged minister unrolls that faded flag; it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment; it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army, addressed to Benedict Arnold. And there in that rude hut, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lies the corpse of the patriot and the traitor.

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

A TROOP of soldiers waited at the door;
A crowd of people gathered in the street,
Aloof a little from them bared sabers gleamed
And flashed into their faces. Then the door
Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
Out of the prison. One was weak and old,
A woman full of tears and full of woes;
The other was a maiden in her morn;
And they were one in name and one in faith,
Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.
The troop moved on; and down the sunny street
The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades.
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they two were walking side by side
Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn;
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
But as they went about their daily tasks;
They went to prison and they went to death,
Upon their Master's service.
On the shore
The troopers halted; all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistering; for the tide had
Drawn back to its farthest margin's weedy mark,
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
Drew nearer by a hand-breadth. "It will be
A long day's work," murmured those murderous men
As they slacked rein. The leader of the troops
Dismounted, and the people passing near
Then heard the pardon proffered with the oath
Renouncing and abjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk,
But both refused the oath: "Because," they said,
"Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
We have no part with Him."
On this they took
The elder Margaret, and led her out

Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
Unto the farthest stake, already reached
By every rising wave, and left her there;
And as the waves crept about her feet she prayed
"That He would firm uphold her in their midst,
Who holds them in the hollow of His hand."
The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
There paced the Prophet and the Laird of Lag,
Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Grahame,
And the rude soldiers, jesting with coarse oaths,
As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
Waiting her doom delayed, said, "She would
Turn before the tide, seek refuge in their arms
From the chill waves." But ever to her lips
There came the wondrous words of life and peace;
"If God be for us, who can be against?"
"Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?"
"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature."
And still the tide was flowing in;
They turned young Margaret's face toward the sea,
Where something white was floating—something
White as the sea-mew that sits upon the wave;
But as she looked it sank; then showed again;
Then disappeared. And round the shore
And stake the tide stood ankle-deep.
Then Grierson,
With cursing, vowed that he would wait
No more, and to the stake the soldier led her
Down, and tied her hands, and round her
Slender waist too roughtly cast the rope; for
Windram came and eased it while he whispered
In her ear, "Come, take the test and you are free."
And one cried, "Margaret, say but God save
The King!" "God save the King of His great grace,"
She answered, but the oath she would not take.
And still the tide flowed in,
And drove the people back and silenced them.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees,

She sang the Psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul";
The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
"To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat,
She sang no more, but lifted up her face,
And there was glory over all the sea,
A flood of glory, and the lifted face
Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood,
And Scotland's maiden martyr went to God.

"HAIL-FELLOW, WELL MET."

Fred Meets His College Chum in London, and Thereby Hangs a Disclosure.

FRED.

WELL, Tom, my boy, this is a great surprise;
By Jove! at first I scarce believed my eyes.
But, tell me, Tom, what are you doing here?
I thought you on the other hemisphere.

TOM.

You know what you're here for?

FRED.

Well, I should smile!

TOM.

I had to leave my alma mater while
She's looking up accounts. Although she held
The leading ribbons mighty close.

FRED.

expelled?

TOM.

Well, yes; but can't you draw a trifle mild?
I didn't mean her harm—was only wild.

FRED.

No more did I; but then the pater said:
"Just take yourself away to Europe."

TOM.

Fred.
My gov'nor said about the same to me;
And so I'm doing London thoroughly.
Suppose I'll have to take a run to France,
And pass a month.

FRED.

And give a rapid glance
At Paris sin?

TOM.

Yes, rapid's well put in.

FRED.

Tom have a pipe—some weed from Turkey?

TOM.

Thanks
This must have cost a good round sum of francs.
I don't mind smoking it, for I admit
Tobacco here is vile. Ah, have you lit?

FRED.

Beg pardon; but I've lived so long for self,
I fear I've put my manners on the shelf;
But I'm convinced that good tobacco pays.
There, now, dear boy, this seems like college days.
Now, how's the dean—the dear, old generous fool—
The faculty, and all the boys at school?

TOM.

They're much the same, except old fossil Dyer;
He came to England—Yes, to Lincolnshire.

FRED.

Well, now, by Jove, he rambles to and fro,
Much the "Wandering Jew." Now, Tom, you know
I'd like to ask the fellow out to dine.

TOM.

You may, but I'll have none of him in mine.
But, by the way, how long do you stay here?
Or is there some attraction?

FRED.

Don't you fear.
I'm going back; oh yes, for I'm engaged.
That girl, Miss Camdon, over whom I raged
Last year—the girl so beautiful and tall—
You met her at the Kingstone's closing ball.
Now, Tom, dear boy, I own it's mighty queer,
But she's dead gone on me, as sure's you're here.
'Tis she with whom I'm going to cast my lot;
We'll take a trip to Naples, and—

TOM.

Guess not!
Miss Camdon married Colonel Brown last may.

FRED.

She married! By the horns of Taurus, then I'll stay.

Albert Hardy.

CARCASSONNE

I'm growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain:
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none,
My prayer will ne'er fulfillment knows,—
I never have seen Carcassonne.
I never have seen Carcassonne.

You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountains blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,—
And, to return, as many more.
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape witheld its yellow store:
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne.

They tell me every day is there
No more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining jewels and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop, and two generals:
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Cascassonne.

The curé's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind.
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne.

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend;
One sometimes sees beyond his reach,
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy, Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne:

My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne.

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive me!) half way on
The old man died upon the road;
He never gazed on Carcassonne.
Each mortal has his Carcassonne.

From the French of Gustave Nadaud.

UNFORGIVEN.

So the life-dream has vanished forever!
It seems rather harsh and unkind
To slight such a pure petite angel
In a moment of fierce passion blind.
Do you recall a night in late summer,
As she lay in your arms, and you swore
That she was the one only woman
In this great world that you would adore?

You couldn't have loved her sincerely—
'Tis your villainous pride, I'll be sworn,
Which frowns in such horrible fashion,
Transforming your vows into scorn.
To blot her dear life from your mem'ry
Will be found quite a ponderous task,
For a love that has taken root truly
Eternal in sunshine will bask.

Received were her poor little missives,
And, carelessly humming an air,
You pierced her with sneering responses—
Old fellow, it hardly was fair?
They were full of contrition and sorrow,
Yet breathing a dim scent of love
To the wretch who so savagely read them,
Whose manhood those words failed to move.

Picture the bright, winning manner
Of that face with its eyes of regret,
And figure so rounded and dainty—
That first kiss you can never forget—
Brown hair you have fondled so often,
The scarlet and quivering mouth,
White bosom so dovelike and tender,
With breath like the balmy air south.

Go back to her, lad, if you're human—
You will when you learn it's too late;
Tears will course scalding, unbidden,
Down your cheeks when you think of the fate,
That has riven those links of love's fire,
And cast a girl's heart at your feet,
Which you madly crushed into the mire
Through pride and a silly conceit.

FRANK MCHALE, IN *N. Y. Clipper*

THE DANDY FIFTH.

'TWAS the time of the workingmen's great strike,
When all the land stood still
At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths
That labor could not fill;
When the thunder of the railroad ceased,
And startled towns could spy
A hundred blazing factories
Painting each midnight sky.

Through Philadelphia's surging streets
Marched the brown ranks of toil,
The grimy legions of the shops,
The tillers of the soil.
White-faced militia-men looked on;
While women shrank with dread;
'Twas muscle against money then,—
'Twas riches against bread.

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on,
A carriage stopped the way,
Upon the silken seat of which
A young patrician lay.
And as, with haughty glance, he swept
Along the jeering crowd,
A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks
Took off his cap and bowed.

That night the Labor League was met,
And soon the chairman said:
"There hides a Judas in our midst,
One man who bows his head,
Who bends the coward's servile knee
When capital rolls by."
"Down with him! Kill the traitor cur!"
Rang out the savage cry.

Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held
Erect his head of gray:
"I am no traitor, though I bowed
To a rich man's son to-day;
And though you kill me as I stand—
As like you mean to do—
I want to tell you a story short,
And I ask you'll hear me through.

"I was one of those who enlisted first,
The Old Fag to defend,

With Pope and Halleck, with 'Mac' and Grant,
I followed to the end;
And 'twas somewhere down the Rapidan,
When the Union cause looked drear,
That a regiment of rich young bloods
Came down to us from here.

"Their uniforms were by tailors cut;
They brought hampers of good wine;
And every squad had a servant, too,
To keep their boots in shine;
They'd naught to say to us dusty 'vets,'
And, through the whole brigade,
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth,
When we passed them on Parade.

"Well, they were sent to hold a fort
The Rebs tried hard to take,
'Twas the key of all our line, which naught
While it held out could break.
But a fearful fight we lost just then—
The reserve came up too late;
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth,
Hung the whole division's fate.

"Three times we tried to take them aid,
And each time back we fell,
Though once we could hear the fort's far guns
Boom like a funeral knell;
Till at length Joe Hooker's corps came up,
And then straight through we broke;
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats
Still back of the drifting smoke!

"With the bands all front and our colors spread
We swarmed up the parapet,
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout
I shall never in life forget.

Four days before had their water gone,—
They had dreaded that the most,—
The next their last scant ration went,
And each man looked a ghost—

"As he stood, gaunt-eyed, behind his gun,
Like a crippled stag at bay,
And watched starvation—though not defeat—
Draw nearer every day.
Of all the Fifth, not fourscore men
Could in their places stand,
And their white lips told a fearful tale,
As we grasped each bloodless hand.

"The rest in the stupor of famine lay,
Save here and there a few
In death sat rigid against the guns,
Grim sentinels in blue;
And their Colonel, *he* could not speak or stir,
But we saw his proud eye thrill
As he simply glanced to the shot-scarred staff
Where the old flag floated still!

"Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down,
While the wolf snarls at our door,
And the men who've risen from us—to laugh
At the misery of the poor;
But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand
I have left the strength to lift,
It will touch my cap to the proudest swell
Who fought in the Dandy Fifth?"

Frank H. Gassaway.

When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Tangled wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh, it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach.
Oh, for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow; tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! is his heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck across the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message! Here's a trumpet. Shout away."
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus. Can you hear?"
And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters, loud and clear.

Then they listened: "He is singing 'Jesus Lover of my soul.'"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll."
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past,"
Singing bravely from the waters. "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge. "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not"—the singer dropped at last into the sea.
And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes by tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

YELLOW ROSES.

'Tis the "old, old story" of youth and maid,
Thro' memory's chasm, re-echoing low,
Of rich yellow roses, a cluster he sent,
In the long ago—in the long ago.

A wee dainty note in its heart lay hid,
'Mong the buds concealed, like a fairy sprite,
"At the ball," it read, "if with me you'll wed,
Wear a rose to-night—wear a rose to-night."

Bewildered by light, by sound and sight,
With nascent hope his spirit glows.
Now the heart beats fast, for she comes at last;
But alas! no rose—no rose!

Without one word, unseen, unheard,
With smothered sigh, and downcast eye;
With a cheek that burns, and a heart that breaks,
He passes by—he passes by.

With a breast that throbs, and a brain on fire;
With bated breath, and a sudden start,
Her lover's "good night" to the host she hears,
Like a knell at her heart—like a knell at her heart.

Years many have flown, o'er oceans unknown,
Tho' roaming he ever remembers that day;
"Lang Syne" is sweet, once more they meet,
Their locks are gray—their locks are gray.

"'Tis a fancy interred in the tomb of our years,
Youth has ever," he muses, "for age a charm."
So he tells her at last, for the tempest is past,
And his heart is calm—his heart is calm.

"Golden roses, as rich as the oriole's wing,
That day on my heart is engraven," cries she;
"But the note 'mong the roses, so carefully hid,
Was ne'er seen by me—ne'er seen by me."

Then she lifts with care, from a "casket rare,"
Oft sunned by smiles, oft bedewed by tears,
The dear yellow roses, still treasured by love,
Thro' those weary years—thro' those weary years.

Silken cord of the sky's lightest blue she unties,
Like a gem in the earth at that cluster's core
Rests the dainty, triangular, sweet-scented note,
Never found before—never found before.

Ah! there's many a wreck on time's rough sea,
That the world knows not—shall never know,
And there's many a heart guards its faded rose
Of the long ago—of the long ago.

J. Hooker Hamersley.

LASCA.

I WANT free life, and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The melley of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.

And Lasca!
Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or of creeds;
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet,
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter, and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;

But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn reboso about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count.
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown,—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire
One does not drink in little sips.

* * * * * * *

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That, once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

* * * * * * *

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,

And never was steed so little spared.
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one,—
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-by
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead!

* * * * * * *

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows;
And the summer shines, and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyoté trots here and there,

And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cottonwood tree;
And the Buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea.
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are, like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

Frank Desprez.

"ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK."

(AS RECITED BY MR. CHAS. ROBERTS.)

THE sun had dropped into the distant west,
The cannons ceased to roar, which tells of rest,
Rest from the shedding of a nation's blood,
Rest to lay their comrades 'neath the sod.

'Twas early spring, and calm and still the night,
The moon had risen, casting softest light;
On either side of stream the armies lay,
Waiting for morn, to then renew the fray.

So near together a sound was heard by all,
Each could hear the other's sentry-call,
The bivouac fires burned brightly on each hill,
And save the tramp of pickets all was still.

The Rappahannock silently flows on
Between the hills so fair to look upon,
Whose dancing waters, tinged with silver light,
Vie in their beauty with the starry night.

But list! from Northern hill there steal along
The softest strains of music and of song.
The "Starry Banner," our nation's glorious air,
Which tells to all of gallant flag "still there."

Then "Hail Columbia" a thousand voices sing
With all their soul, which makes the hill-tops ring
From fire to fire, from tent to tent then flew
The welcome words, "Lads sing the 'Boys in Blue'."

And well they sang. Each heart was filled with joy,
From first in rank to little drummer-boy;
Then loud huzzas, and wildest cheers were given,
Which seemed to cleave the air and reach to heaven.

The lusty cheering reached the Southern ear,—
Men who courted danger, knew no fear,
Whilst talking of their scanty evening meal,
And each did grasp his trusty blade of steel.

Those very strains of music which of yore
Did raise the blood, are felt by them no more.
How changed! What now they scorn and taunt and jeer,
Was once to them as sacred, just as dear;

And when the faintest echo seemed to die,
The last huzza been wafted to the sky,
The boys in blue had lain them down to rest,
With gun and bayonet closely hugged to breast,—

There came from Southern hill with gentle swell
The air of "Dixie," which was loved so well
By every one who wore the coat of gray,
And still revered and cherished to this day.

In "Dixie's land" they swore to live and die,
That was their watchword, that their battle cry.
Then rose on high the wild Confederate yell,
Resounding over every hill and dell;—

Cheer after cheer went up that starry night
From men as brave as ever saw the light.
Now all is still. Each side had played its part,
How simple songs will fire a soldier's heart!

But hark! From Rappahannock stream there floats
Another air; but, ah! how sweet the notes—
Not those which lash men's passions into foam,
But, richest gem of song, t'was "Home, Sweet Home,"

Played by the band, which reached the very soul,
And down the veteran's cheeks the tear-drop stole.
Men who would march to very cannon's mouth
Wept like children, from both North and South.

Beneath those well-worn coats of gray and blue
Were generous, tender hearts, both brave and true.
The sentry stopped and rested on his gun,
While back to home his thoughts did swiftly run.

Thinking of loving wife and children there,
With no one left to guide them, none to care,
Stripling lads not strong enough to bear
The weight of sabre, or the knapsack wear.

Tried to stop with foolish, boyish pride
The starting tear; as well try stop the tide
Of ceaseless rolling ocean, just as well,
As stop those tears which fast and faster fell.

Then, lo! by mutual sympathy there rose
A shout tremendous, forgetting they were foes,
A simultaneous shout, which came from every voice,
And seemed to make the very heavens rejoice.

Sweet music's power! one chord doth make us wild,
But change the strain we weep as little child;
Touch yet another, men charge the battery gun,
And by those martial strains—a victory's won;
It matters not from whence, how far you roam,
No heart so cold that does not love "sweet home."

Charles H. Tiffany.

OVER THE CROSSING.

ANONYMOUS.

"SHINE? shine, sor? Ye see I'm just a-dyin'
Ter turn yer two boots inter glass,
Where ye'll see all the sights in the winders
'Ithout lookin' up as yer pass—
Seen me before? I've no doubt, sor;
I'm punctooal haar, yer know,
Waitin' along the crossin'
Fur a little un, name o' Joe;
My brother, sor, an' a cute un,
Ba'ly turned seven, an' small,
But gettin' his livin' grad'ely
Tendin' a bit uv a stall
Fur Millerkins, down the ev'nue,
Yer kin bet that young un's smart—
Worked right in like a vet'run
Since th' old un gin 'im a start.

"Folks say he's a picter o' father,
Once mate o' the *Lucy Lee*—
Lost when Joe wor a baby,
Way off in some furrin sea.
Then mother kep' us together,
Though nobody thought she would,
An' worked an' slaved an' froze an' starved
Uz long uz ever she could.
An' since she died an' left us,
A couple o' year ago,
We've kep' right on in Cragg alley
A housekeepin'—I an' Joe.
I' just got my kit when she went, sor,
An' people helped us a bit,
So we managed to get on somehow;
Joe wus allus a brave little chit—

An' since he's got inter bisness,
  Though we don't ape princes an' sich,
'Tain't of'n we git right hungry,
  An' we feel pretty tol'able rich.

"I used to wait at the corner,
  Jest over th' other side,
But the notion o' bein' tender
  Sort o' ruffled the youngster's pride,
So now I only watches
  To see that he's safe across—
Sometimes it's a bit o' waitin',
  But, bless yer, 'taint no loss!
Look! there he is now, the rascal!
  Dodgin' across the street,
Ter s'prise me—an'—look! I'm goin'—
  He's down by the horses' feet!"

Suddenly all had happened—
  The look, the cry, the spring,
The shielding Joe as a bird shields
  Its young with sheltering wing;
Then up the full street of the city
  A pause in the coming rush,
And through all the din and the tumult
  A painful minute of hush;
A tumble of scattered brushes,
  As they lifted him up to the walk,
A gath'ring of curious faces,
  And snatches of whispered talk;
Little Joe all trembling beside him
  On the flagging, with gentle grace
Pushing the tangled, soft brown hair
  Away from the still, white face.
At his touch the shut lids lifted,
  And swift over lip and eye

Came a glow as when the morning
Flushes the eastern sky;
And a hand reached out to his brother,
As the words came low but clear:
"Joe, I reckon ye mind our mother—
A minute back she wor here,
Smilin' an' callin' me to her!
I tell ye, I'm powerful glad
Yer such a brave, smart youngster,
The leavin' yer ain't so bad;
Hold hard to the right things she learnt us,
An' allus keep honest an' true;
Good-bye, Joe—but mind, I'll be watchin'
Just—over—the crossin'—for you!"

A SECOND TRIAL.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

It was Commencement at one of our colleges. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the center of the audience room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the roselike face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said, "Thank you!" we seemed fairly introduced. Other per-

sons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how school boys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said: "My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not—they are dark blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he's so good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"His oration is a real good one, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I 'most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: " 'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand—' "

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those big words rolling out of the smiling, childish mouth.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep red spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered,

struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave child-voice: " 'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand—' "

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her, but she was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to

catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered "Yes."

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. —— —— would now deliver his oration, "Historical Parallels."

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger? The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling.

That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child, the child who had helped to save the day,—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

CAPTAIN JOE.

I AGREE in the main to what you say,
That a sailor's tongue runs glibly to evil;
But I guess you never knew Cape Cod Joe,
And the way he choose to euchre the Devil.
I was passenger once along with him,
When the fish was plenty off Brunswick shore;
But the limit was fixed, and whoever transgressed,
Ran the nose of his vessel against the law.

Yet Joe and his brother skippers tossed up—
The head was for law, and the tail to go in;
And as often happens when brimstone's around,
The Devil decided his tail should win.
So the captains all went in on the lay,
And netted a million without much noise;
And the fok'sals chuckled that night to think
How smartly they'd weathered the Canada boys.

But, next morning, as soon as the sun was up,
A party hailed from a Government craft;
And we guessed that suspicions had been afloat
And it's very certain that nobody laughed.
The Dominion colors were soon alongside,
And the officers boarded us; every smack;
And whatever they may have surmised, you bet,
When they looked in the holds, they were taken aback.

Well, the skippers were questioned one by one,
And solemnly each on the Bible swore,
"The fish that you see, however the luck,
Was taken at least three mile off shore."
But when they got round to Captain Joe,
He spoke out thus to the law's demand:
"Masters, the fish you see in *my* hold,
Was *there*"—and he pointed a bowshot from land.

The captain turned and walked to the fore,
But soon was the center of all the rest;
"Serve yer right for a cursed fool!
Yer schooner's a goner; which way was the best?"
Captain Joe was leaning against the rail;
He rolled on the circle unquailing eye—
"D'yer think the loss of a d—— old schooner
Is enough to make Joe Baxter lie?"

It's many a year since that ugly day;
I've never laid eyes on the captain since;
But whenever the Devil has tripped me up
I've always felt something within me wince.
And somehow I think that to every man
There's a little of angel reminder given—
Whether sailing the sea or walking the land,
There's a saving rope hanging down from heaven.

William L. Keese.

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR.

(AS RECITED BY J. B. BROWNE.)

'Twas a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well-nigh filled Joe's bar-room, on the corner of the square;
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door,
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said. "The wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whiskey, rum, or gin?"
"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work—
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace;
In fact, he smiled, as tho' he thought he'd struck the proper place.
"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd—
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds, you know,
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow.
What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held a sou,
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks: that's braced me nicely; God bless you one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call.
Give you a song? No, I can't do that; my singing days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs are going fast.

"Say! give me another whiskey, and I tell you what I'll do—
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too.
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think;
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give us another drink?

"Fill her up, Joe; I want to put some life into my frame;
Such little drinks, to a bum like me, are miserably tame;
Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whiskey, too,
Well, here's luck, boys; and, landlord, my best regards to you.

"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.
As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health,
And but for a blunder ought to have made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood,
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good.
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen; 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame.'
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name.
And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? It is funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman, and expect her love for me;

But 'was so, and for a month or two her smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give,
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;
With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy—a friend of mine, who lived across the way,
And Madeline admired it, and much to my surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown,
My friend had stole my darling, and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so, had tarnished, and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile;
I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while.
Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-drop in your eye,
Come, laugh, like me; 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you give me just another whiskey, I'll be glad;
And I'll draw, right here, a picture of the face that drove me mad;

Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the base-
ball score—
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the bar-room floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With a fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture,
dead. *D'Arcy.*

THE SAINT AND THE SINNER.

HEART-WORN and weary the woman sat,
Her baby sleeping across her knee
And the work her fingers were toiling at
Seemed a pitiful task for such as she.
Mending shoes for the little feet
That pattered over the cabin floor,
While the bells of the Sabbath day rang sweet,
And the neighbors passed by the open door.

The children played, and the baby slept,
And the busy needle went and came,
When lo, on the threshold stone there stept
A priestly figure, and named her name:
"What shrift is this for the Sabbath day,
When bells are calling, and far and near
The people gather to praise and pray.
Woman, why are you toiling here?"

Like one in a dream she answered low:
"Father, my days are work days all;
I know not Sabbath. I dare not go
Where the beautiful bells ring out and call.
For who would look to the meat and drink
And tend the children and keep the place?
I pray in silence, and try to think,
For God's love can listen, and give me grace."

The years passed on, and with fast and prayer
The good priest climbed to the gate of rest,
And a tired woman stood waiting there,
Her work-worn hands to her bosom pressed:
"Oh saint, thrice blessed, mount thou on high,
He heard the welcoming angels say.
When meekly, gently, she passed him by,
Who had mended shoes on the Sabbath uay.

Madeline Bridges.

A SCHOOLROOM IDYL.

How plainly I remember all!
The desks, deep-scored and blackened,
The row of blackboards 'round the wall,
The hum that never slackened;
And, framed about by map and chart,
And casts of dusty plaster,
That wisest head and warmest heart,
The kindly old schoolmaster!

I see the sunny corner nook
His blue-eyed daughter sat in,
A rosy, fair-haired girl, who took
With us her French and Latin.
How longingly I watched the hours
For Ollendorff and Cæsar!
And how I fought with Tommy Powers
The day he tried to tease her!

And when, one day, it took the "Next!"
To stay some Gallic slaughter,
Because I quite forget the text
In smiling at his daughter,
And she and I were "kept till four
To study, after closing,"
We stopped the clock an hour or more
While he, poor man, was dozing!

And there he sits, with bended head,
O'er some old volume poring
(Or so he thinks; if truth be said
He's fast asleep and snoring),
And where the shaded lamplight plays
Across the cradle's rocking,
My schoolmate of the olden days
Sits, mending baby's stocking.

Charles B. Going

THE ARENA SCENE FROM "QUO VADIS."

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

At last the evening arrived. The sight was in truth magnificent. All that was powerful, brilliant, and wealthy in Rome was there. The lower seats were crowded with togas as white as snow. In a gilded podium sat Nero, wearing a diamond collar and a golden crown upon his head. Every eye was turned with strained gaze to the place where the unfortunate lover was sitting. He was exceedingly pale, and his forehead was covered with drops of sweat. To his tortured mind came the thought that faith of itself would spare Lygia. Peter had said that faith would move the earth to its foundations. He crushed doubt in himself, compressed his whole being into the sentence, "I believe," and he looked for a miracle.

The prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, and out of the dark gully into the brightly lighted arena came Ursus. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators, larger by far than the common measure of man; but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. The people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs, as large as tree trunks; at his breast, as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Her-

cules. He was unarmed, and had determined to die as became a follower of the Lamb, peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Savior. So he knelt on the arena, joined his hands and raised his eyes towards the stars. This act displeased the crowd. They had had enough of those Christians, who died like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself, the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard. Some began to cry for scourgers, whose office it was to lash combatants unwilling to fight. But soon all had grown silent, for no one knew what was waiting for the giant, nor whether he would not defend himself when he met death eye to eye.

In fact, they had not long to wait. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal into the arena rushed, amid the shouts of the beast keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

Vinicius sprang to his feet.

"Lygia! Oh, . . . I believe! I believe! Oh, Christ, a miracle! a miracle!" And he did not even know that Petronius had covered his head at that moment with a toga. He did not look; he did not see. The feeling of some awful emptiness possessed him. In his head there remained not a thought. His lips merely repeated as if in madness, "I believe! I believe! I believe!"

This time the amphitheater was silent, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That giant, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and, bending forward, he ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, as the giant fell on the raging bull and seized him by the horns. And then came deep silence. All breasts ceased to breathe. In the amphitheater a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome no one had ever seen such a spectacle. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankle; his back was bent like a bow; his head was hidden between his shoulders; on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. The man and the bull remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a group hewn in stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull's feet, as well as the man's, sank in the sand, and the dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first? Which would fall first?

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian, and from his jaws crept forth a long, foaming tongue. A moment more and to the ears of the spectators sitting nearer came, as it were, the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth, dead.

The giant removed in a twinkling the ropes that bound the maiden to the horns of the bull. His face was very pale; he stood as if only half-conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheater had gone wild. The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people.

Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder.

The giant understood that they were asking for his life and liberty, but his thoughts were not for himself. He raised the unconscious maiden in his arms, and, going to Nero's podium, held her up and looked up imploringly.

Vinicius sprang over the barrier, which separated the lower seats from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her with his toga.

Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the multitude.

At this the enthusiasm passed everything ever seen in a circus before. Voices choking with tears began to demand mercy. Yet Nero halted and hesitated. He would have preferred to see the giant and the maiden rent by the horns of the bull.

Nero was alarmed. He understood that to oppose longer was simply dangerous. A disturbance begun in the circus might seize the whole city. He looked once more, and, seeing everywhere frowning brows, excited faces and eyes fixed on him, he slowly raised his hand and gave the sign for mercy.

Then a thunder of applause broke from the highest seats to the lowest. But Vinicius heard it not. He dropped on his knees in the arena, stretched his hands toward heaven and cried: "I believe! Oh, Christ! I believe! I believe!"

ROMEO AN' JULI-ET.

(AS RECITED BY ALEX. J. BROWN.)

Iv'e got a host o' memories embroidered in my brain,
An' lookin' at 'em makes me wish 'at I was young again—
The district school 'way down the lane, to which I use to go
My feelin's w'en I found 'at my mustash war goin' to grow,
The big pertracted meetin's, the spellin' schools, an' all
The hifalutin' fun we had at huskin's in the Fall,
An' one especial memory I never kin forget—
W'en I play acted Romeo an' Jane war Juli-et.

A trup o' real play-actors come to Milton in the hack,
An' findin' nary tavern talked o' hoofin' of it back,
But Pap allowed ef they would come to our house he might
Make out to feed 'em decent an' to keep 'em over night.
They fixed the school-house mighty nice with striped calico,
An' everybody 'lowed 'twas goin' to be a master show,
An' jest fur helpin' of 'em tote their baggage down the lane,
I got permission tickets—one fur me an' one fur Jane.

'Twas "Romeo an' Juli-et" they acted, an' I swear,
Some o' their strange predicaments 'd raise a body's hair,
An' me an' Jane jest sot there sayin' "Mercy!" an' "Good Lands!"
An' every time they'd hug an' kiss we'd squeeze each other's hands,
We larfed, an' sighed, an' cuddled up, an' wiped each other's tears,
An' wished to gosh the play'd last for half a dozen years—
W'y, every nerve about me seemed jest like a squeaky shoe,
An' Jane allowed w'ile walkin' hum she felt jest that way, too.

We couldn't talk o'nothin' else the hull nex' live long day
But "Romeo an' Juli-et;" I swear that purty play
Jest tuk away my appetite, an' Jane she 'peared to be
A sufferin' with the malady as violent as me.
Her house j'ined ours, an' mam she said she didn't see no sense
In us a-talkin' thar fur hours acrost the back-yard fence.
We didn't pay no 'tention, but jest let her scold an' fret;
We thought o' nothin' else but "Romeo an' Juli-et."

Ses Jane to me nex' Sunday night: "Suppos e we try to act—"
A pleasin' propersition I immediately backed,
"'Twould be oncommon nice," I said, "but I don't hardly guess
'Twould be nice half way nateral 'ithout the proper dress."
But Jane she said had a plan for puttin' things to rights,
She'd get her pap's bes' cotton drawers fur me to wear fur tights,
An' she'd a calicar Chris'mas gift she got from Brother John,
At looked so purty as the dress 'at Juli-et had on.

Into the sitting room I went an' Jane she went to her'n,
The sleepin' ol' folks onawares o' what was then occur'n,
An' into them knit drawers I slid as easy as you please,
About a mile too big fur me an' baggy at the knees—
I twined a comfort 'roun my waist to represent a sash,
An' put a han'kchief on my head, 'at cost a dollar cash,
An' peepin' in the looking-glass the figger that I see
Looked jest 'bout half like Romeo an' t'other half like me.

I sneaked back to the sittin'-room, an' thar stood Jane, as white
As any ghost that ever walked the graveyard after night—
Her calicar dress war' mighty nice, 'ithout a spot or speck,
All fringed around the down-stairs part, an' 'broidered round the neck.

"Oh, R-r-r-romeo!" she sorter squawked, her eyes turned
wrong side out,
" My all consumin' love for you how kin you ever doubt?"
"I've nary doubt," I said, an' put one arm her waist aroun'—
The t'other hand was keepin' them durned drawers from
slippin' down.

We fixed three wooden kitchen chairs fur sort o' balcony,
An' Jane got up like Juli-et to make love down to me.
An' leanin' over fur about the twenty-seventh kiss,
She lost her equiliberum in thinkin' of her bliss!
Thar' came a crash, an' I knocked down her mother's rockin'-
chair,
An' Jane she stood right on her head a kickin' in the air.
An' right in the confusion came her pa's arousin' shout,
"I'de like ter know w'at in the blank that noise ar' all
about!"

Her pap an' mam came running in, dressed just about like
us,
An' gazed with eyes as big as chiny sassers at the muss.
An' w'ile Jane jumped the winder in the effort to retreat,
I scooted for the t'other room, them drawers aroun' my feet.
Nex' day the ol' man came to me with thunder on his brow,
An' grabbed me underneath the chin an' said he guessed as
how
I'd better git a license an' squar' the thing up right,
An' me an' Jane war' married the comin' Sunday night.

This happened thirty years ago, we're old an' stiddy now—
I'm gray an' gittin' bald, and Jane has wrinkles on her brow,
But I've a host o' memories embroidered on my brain,
An' lookin' at 'em makes me wish 'at I was young again.
An' w'en I mention 'em to Jane she says " Oh, fiddlesticks!"
An' says we are too old to think tbout our youthful tricks,
But w'en I hint at one of 'em it starts her laughin' yet—
'Bout we'en I acted Romeo, and she was Juli-et.

The Poet-Scout.

"*THE COUNTERSIGN.*"

A MARTIAL EPISODE.

(As Recited by Alexander J. Brown.)

In the camp it is night, e'en the wind's moaning low;
All is still, save the tramp of the guard to and fro.

At the outpost, the picket his weary watch keeps,
Thro' the clouds Dian peeps, while the universe sleeps.

Mark that sound, on the ground; some one climbing the steep,
Branches break, thro' the lines he is seeking to creep.

"Who goes there?" on the air, ring the tones clear and strong,
"'Tis a friend," cries a voice, weak from journeying long.

"Then advance, friend, advance, and the countersign give,
Otherwise," sentry cries, "none this line pass, and live."

"Strict our orders to-night, disobey I dare not,
All without countersign, on the spot, *must* be shot."

"For God's sake, let me live, brave loyal man I,
Just escaped prison dungeons, and now, must I die?"

"If by friends I'm forgot, dark and dreary my lot,
Weak and weary and lone, but the password know not!"

"I'm a true boy in blue, but not ready to die,
Send me not unprepared, to the great God on high."

"Your sorrow I share, but your life cannot spare,
Brief moment I grant you, for death to prepare."

Softly whispers the guard, as time ebbs to a close,
"If the stranger be loyal, great God interpose."

Lo the wanderer there, wrapt in deep fervent prayer,
Makes the sign of the *cross*, with his finger in air.

Rushing forward apace, rapture lights the guard's face,
While the stranger he clasps in fraternal embrace.

"You are saved by God's might," cries the guard with delight;
"For the sign of the cross, *is* the password to-night."

So when mortals are passing the portals divine,
True faith in the cross is the soul's Countersign.

J. Hooker Hamersley.

TEN YEARS AGO.

Ten years ago—ten years ago—
Life was to us a fairy scene;
And the keen blasts of worldly wo
Had sered not then its pathway green;
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours—
Feelings we ne'er can know again—
Unwithered hopes—unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain;
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago!

Time has not blanched a single hair
That clusters round thy forehead now;
Nor hath the cankering touch of Care
Left even one furrow on thy brow;
Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
Though somewhat stained by secret tears;—
But where, oh where's the sprit's glow
That shone through all—ten years ago!

I too am changed—I scarce know why;—
  Can feel each flagging pulse decay,
And youth, and health, and visions high
  Melt like a wreath of snow away!—
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill!
  Through worn in this world's sickening strife,
In soul and form—I linger still
  In the first summer months of life;
Yet journey on my path below—
Oh! how unlike—ten years ago!

But look not thus—I would not give
  The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive,
  When all around me seemed so fair!
We've wandered on in sunny weather,
  When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,
  And still will keep, mid storm and gloom,
Endeared by ties we could not know
When life was young—ten years ago!

Has fortune frowned? Her frowns were vain!
  For hearts like ours she could not chill.
Have friends proved false? Their love might wane,
  But ours grew fonder, firmer, still.
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
  Steadfast in calms—in tempests tried—
In concert still our fate we'll brave;
  Together cleave life's fitful tide,
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago!

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
  And watched our first-born blossom die?
Hoped—till the shade of hope had fled,
  Then wept till feeling's fount was dry?

Was it not sweet, in that dark hour
To think—mid mutual tears and sighs—
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise?
What to the thought that soothed *that* wo
Were heartless joys—ten years ago?

Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee!
But sweeter far, mid clouds and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me.
Then dry those tears—though something changed
From what we were in earlier youth,
Time, that hath friends and hopes estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth;—
Sweet feelings we would not forego
For life's best joys—ten years ago!

Alaric Watts.

AN OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

This road leads sure to death; I near the end;
The milestones are all past—three score and ten.
I started with a crowd. Where are they now?
I lost them on the road; I know not how.

I lost them one by one; I know no more.
They were not left behind; they went before.
The way was full of hope, of joy and bliss,
Of pain, of woe and death—and happiness.

Life's journey has been short; that is to say,
'Twas morning, noon, and night—but one short day.
I'll look the record o'er; yes, I am right;
The journey of a day—morn, noon and night.

My morn was spent in dreams; my noon was bright;
Clouds quickly gathered 'round, and now 'tis night.
My glass is almost run; why need I care?
The hand that led me here will lead me there.

Now let the time be short—when I may rest
My weary, aching head upon His breast.
I go from whence I came, life's journey o'er,
And be what I have been, and nothing more.

My dust returns to dust, all for the best;
My soul will go to God, and be at rest.
I've outlived all my cares, my hopes, my fears;
I have no place for mirth, and less for tears.

Dr. Roswell Field.—N. Y. HERALD.

CLEAN POLITICS.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

To have clean politics, you have got to have the bulk of the community interested in a common sense way in getting them. You have got to work and you have got to work practically; and you have got to remember that to be practical does not mean to be foul. A man must strive continually to make things a little better; put things on a little higher plane. But he has got to remember the instruments with which he works; he has got to remember the men with whom he serves.

In the first place, he cannot do anything if he doesn't work as an American. You have got to deal with what we have got here, and you cannot do anything if you do not work as an American. You have got to work in sympathy with the people around you.

In the next place you have got to feel as an American in other ways. You have got to have ingrained

the genuine democracy, the genuine republicanisms of our institutions, of our form of government and habits. We cannot accomplish reform by the aid of merchant and manufacturer and business man alone. We have got to reform by working for the eternal principles of right, shoulder to shoulder, with all who believe in those principles, so that the mechanic and the manufacturer, the farmer and the hired man, the banker, the clerk and the artisan will stand shoulder to shoulder to strive for the same purpose, for the same ideal.

I ask you then to strive for clean politics, not by professing your devotion to the cause on one night or another night of the year, but by taking more active, steady interest in bettering our politics. I ask you to strive for them, not by refusing to recognize conditions as they are, but by recognizing them and then trying to make them better; not to delude yourself into the belief that you need not strive to better matters. Remember that if you do not strive to make things a little higher you had better get out of politics. If you are only content to keep step with the mass of your people round about, why then you do not count one way or the other.

I ask you to work for decent politics, to work for clean politics, to work in practical ways, not promising more than you can perform, but holding ever before you, that if you wish to see this Republic continue a free and great Republic and if you wish to see America take her proper place among the nations of the earth, you must make up your minds to the fact that you can see it only when each American remains true to the steadfast idea of honesty, of courage, of manliness in civic no less than in social life.

THE PROPOSAL.

A very shy fellow was Dusky Sam,
As slow of talk as a typical clam.
He couldn't talk love to his Angeline
Tho' his love grew as fast as Jonah's gourd-vine.
So he brought the telephone to his aid
To assist in wooing the modest maid.
"Miss Angeline, is dat you?" called he.
"Yes, dis is Angeline. Dis me."
"I—des wanter say dat—I—loves you—
Miss Angeline—?" "Yas." "Does you love me, too?"
"Yas; yas; of co's' I loves my beau—
Say, what's de reason you want to know?"
"Oh—hol' de wire. Will you marry me? True?"
"Yas. Co's I will. Say—
Who is you?"

THE BENEDICTION.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
"'Tis the priest's doing!" was the word passed round;
So that, although since daybreak under arms,—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends,—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel hat and long black coat were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top, right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,
In such a dangerous defile, not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;

The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.
The foul deed done—deliberately done—
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
Under the huddled masses of the dead,
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now,—
The convent built in old time by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;

And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.
I, certes, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed,—so blanched
Was that old man!
"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—
Vos benedicat
Deus Omnipotens!
The captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Levelled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.
Pater et Filius!
Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.
The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated Host. For the third time

Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
Et Sanctus Spiritus!
He said; and ending
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameless murder and at sight
Of such a martyr,—with a chuckling laugh,
Amen!
Drawled out a drummer-boy.

François Coppée.

MISS MALONEY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin yer could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry, to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll set down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listnin' than drawin' your remarks)—an' it's mesel', with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was a granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver

about the new waiter-man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she; "and, Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' looking off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says, kind o' shcared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore; and I, misthrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up, and—Holy fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yeller it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers, and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenesest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up-stairs afore you could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin'; an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taitch 'em all in your power—the saints save us! Well, the way and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two

poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or a smitch o' whiskers on him, and his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dying you'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, and he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' and copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen and he a-atin' wid dhrumsticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayter proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a-foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirrt it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirty baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into the way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praties or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind, that haythin would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be payling anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' didn't he get me into

trouble wid my missus, the haythin! You're aware yerself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contain more 'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what should it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer-boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nor any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did the blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze, right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blanket and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud curdle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she; and so it went till she gave me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady, an' I gave her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.—*Mary M. Dodge.*

THE SOUTHERN NEGRO.

HENRY W. GRADY.

FAR to the south lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. But why is it, though the sectional line be now but a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer men of the North have crossed it over to the South than when it was crimson with the best blood of the Republic, or even when the slaveholder stood guard every inch of its way? There can be but one answer.

I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from the American soil. But the freedman remains. With him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil—with equal civil and political rights—almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility—each pledged against fusion—one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war—these are the conditions.

Meanwhile we treat the negro fairly, measuring to him justice in the fullness the strong should give to the weak, and leading him in the steadfast ways of citizenship, that he may no longer be the prey of unscrupulous and the sport of the thoughtless. The love we feel for that race you cannot measure nor comprehend.

As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her crooning, as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle—a soldier struck, staggering, fallen, I see a slave scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death, bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom.

I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice, saying: "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he once put his about me. Be his friend as he was mine." And out into the new world—strange

to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both—I follow. And may God forget my people—when they forget these!

THE WRONG TRAIN.

He had been to town-meeting, had once voyaged a hundred miles on a steamboat, and had a brother who had made the overland trip to California.

She had been to quiltings, funerals, and a circus or two; and she knew a woman who thought nothing of setting out on a railroad journey where she had to wait fifteen minutes at a junction and change cars at a depot.

So I found them,—a cosy-looking old couple, sitting up very straight in their seat, and trying to act like old railroad travellers. A shadow of anxiety suddenly crossed her face: she became uneasy, and directly she asked:

"Philetus, I act'lly b'lieve we've went and took the wrong train!"

"It can't be, nohow," he replied, seeming a little startled. "Didn't I ask the conductor, and he said we was right?"

"Yaas, he did; but look out the window, and make sure. He might have been lyin' to us."

The old man looked out the window at the flitting fences, the galloping telegraph-poles, and the unfamiliar fields, as if expecting to catch sight of some land-

mark, and forgetting for a moment that he was a thousand miles from home.

"I guess we're all right, Mary," he said, as he drew in his head.

"Ask somebody—ask that man there," she whispered.

"This is the train for Chicago, hain't it?" inquired the old man of the passenger in the next seat behind.

"This is the train," replied the man.

"There! didn't I say so!" clucked the old gent.

"It may be—it may be!" she replied, dubiously; "but if we are carried wrong, it won't be my fault. I say that we are wrong, and when we've been led into some pirate's cave, and butchered for our money, ye'll wish ye had heeded my words!"

He looked out of the window again, opened his mouth as if to make some inquiry of a boy sitting on the fence, and then leaned back on his seat and sighed heavily. She shut her teeth together, as if saying that she could stand it if he could, and the train sped along for several miles. He finally said:

"Looks like rain over thar in the west. I hope the boys have got them oats in."

"That makes me think of the umbreller!" diving her hands among the parcels at their feet.

She hunted around two or three minutes, growing red in the face, and then straightened up and hoarsely whispered:

"It's gone!"

"W—what?" he gasped.

"That umbreller!"

"No!"

"Gone, hide and hair!" so she went on, "that sky-blue umbreller, which I've had ever since Martha died."

He searched around, but it was not to be found.

"Waal, that's queer," he mused, as he straightened up.

"Queer! not a bit. I've talked to ye and talked to ye, but it does no good. Ye come from a heedless fam'ly; and ye'd forget to put on your boots, 'f I didn't tell ye to."

"None of the Harrisons was ever in the poor-house!" he replied in a cutting tone.

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison!" she continued, laying her hand on his arm, "don't you dare twit me of that again! I've lived with ye nigh on to forty years and waited on ye when ye had biles and the toothache and the colic, and when ye fell and broke your leg; but don't push me up to the wall!"

He looked out of the window, feeling that she had the advantage of him, and she wiped her eyes, settled her glasses on her nose, and used up the next fifteen minutes in thinking of the past. Feeling thirsty, she reached down among the bundles, searched around, and her face was as pale as death as she straightened back and whispered,—

"And that's gone, too!"

"What now?" he asked.

"It's been stole!" she exclaimed, looking around the car, as if expecting to see some one with the bottle to his lips.

"Fust the umbreller—then the bottle!" she gasped.

"I couldn't have left it, could I?"

"Don't ask me! That bottle has been in our family

twenty years, ever since mother died; and now it's gone! Land only knows what I'll do for a camfire bottle when we git home. if we ever do!"

"I'll buy one."

"Yes, I know ye are always ready to buy; and if it wasn't for me to restrain ye, the money'd fly like feathers in the wind.'

"Waal, I didn't have to mortgage my farm," he replied, giving her a knowing look.

"Twitting agin? It isn't enough that you've lost a good umbreller and a camfire bottle; but you must twit me o' this and that."

Her nose grew red, and tears came to her eyes; but as he was looking out of the window, she said nothing further. Ten or fifteen minutes passed; and, growing restless, he called out to a man across the aisle·

"What's the sile around here?"

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison! stop your noise!" she whispered, poking him with her elbow.

"I just asked a question," he replied, resuming his old position.

"What'd your brother Joab tell ye, the last thing afore we left him hum?" she asked. "Didn't he say somebody'd swindle ye on the string game, the confidence game, or some other game? Didn't he warn ye agin rascals?"

"I hain't seen no rascals."

"Of course ye haven't, 'cause yer blind! I know that that man is a villun; and if they don't arrest him for murder afore we leave this train, I'll miss my guess. I can read human-natur' like a book."

There was another period of silence, broken by her saying:

"I wish I knew that this was the train for Chicago."

"'Course it is."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause it is."

"Waal, I know it hain't; but if you are contented to rush along to your destruction, I shan't say a word. Only when yer throat is being cut, don't call out that I didn't warn ye!"

The peanut boy came along, and the old man reached down for his wallet.

"Philetus, ye shan't squander that money after peanuts!" she exclaimed, using the one hand to catch his arm, and the other to wave the boy on.

"Didn't I earn it?"

"Yaas, you sold two cows to get money to go on this visit; but it's half gone now, and the land only knows how we'll get home!"

The boy walked on, and the flag of truce was hung out for another brief time. She recommenced hostilities by remarking:

"I wish I hadn't cum."

He looked up, and then out of the window.

"I know what ye want to say," she hissed; "but it's a blessed good thing for you that I did come! If ye'd come alone, ye'd have been murdered and gashed and scalped, and sunk into the river afore now!"

"Pooh!"

"Yes, pooh, 'f ye want to, but I know!"

He leaned back · she settled herself anew; and by and by—

He nodded—
She nodded—
And, in sleep, their gray heads touched; and his arm found its way along the back of the seat, and his hand rested on her shoulder.—*M. Quad.*

HOW JANE CONQUEST RANG THE BELL.

'Twas about the time of Christmas, a many years ago,
When the sky was black with wrath and rack, and the earth was white with snow,
When loudly rang the tumult of winds and waves at strife;
In her home by the sea, with her babe on her knee, sat Harry Conquest's wife.
And he was on the waters, she knew not, knew not where,
For never a lip could tell of the ship to lighten her heart's despair.
And her babe was dying, dying, the pulse in the tiny wrist
Was all but still, and the brow was chill, and pale as the white sea mist.
Jane Conquest's heart was hopeless, she could only weep, and pray
That the Shepherd mild would take the child painlessly away.

The night grew deeper and deeper, and the storm had a stronger will,
And buried in deep and dreamless sleep lay the hamlet under the hill.
And the fire was dead on the hearthstone within Jane Conquest's room,
And still sat she with her babe on her knee, at prayer amid the gloom,
When, borne above the tempest, a sound fell on her ear,
Thrilling her through, for well she knew 'twas a voice of mortal fear.
And a light leapt in at the lattice, sudden and swift and red,
Crimsoning all the whited wall, and the floor and the roof o'erhead.

It shone with a radiant glory on the face of the dying child,
Like a fair first ray of the shadowless day of the land of the undefiled;
And it lit up the mother's features with a glow so strange and new,
That the white despair that had gathered there seemed changed to hope's own hue.
For one brief moment, heedless of the babe upon her knee,
With the frenzied start of a frighted heart, up to her feet rose she;
And thro' the quaint old casement she looked upon the sea—
Thank God, that the sight she saw that night so rare a sight should be.
Hemm'd in by hungry billows, whose madness foam'd at lip,
Half a mile from the shore, or hardly more, she saw a gallant ship
Aflame from deck to topmast, aflame from stem to stern,
For there seemed no speck on all the wreck where the fierce fire did not burn.
And the night was like a sunset, and the sea like a sea of blood,
And the rocks and the shore were bathed all o'er as by some gory flood.
She looked and looked, till the terror crept cold thro' every limb,
And her breath came quick, and her heart turned sick, and her sight grew dizzy and dim,
And her lips had lost their utterance; though she strove, she could not speak,
But her feeling found no channel of sound in prayer, or sob, or shriek.

Silent she stood and rigid, with her child to her bosom prest,
Like a woman of stone, with stiff arms thrown round a stony babe at breast;
Till once more that cry of anguish thrill'd thro' the tempest's strife,
And it stirr'd again in her heart and brain the active, thinking life;
And the light of an inspiration leapt to her brightened eye,
And on lip and brow was written now a purpose pure and high.
Swiftly she turn'd and softly she crossed the chamber floor,
And faltering not, in his tiny cot she laid the babe she bore:
And then, with a holy impulse, she sank to her knees and made
A lowly prayer in the silence there, and this was the prayer she prayed:

"Christ, who didst bear the scourging, but now dost wear the crown,
I at Thy feet, O true and sweet, would lay my burden down.
Thou badest me love and cherish the babe Thou gavest me,
And I have kept Thy word, nor stept aside from following Thee;
And, lo! the boy is dying, and vain is all my care:
And my burden's weight is very great! yea, greater than I can bear.
And, Lord, Thou know'st what peril doth threat these poor men's lives;
I, a lone woman, most weak and human, plead for their waiting wives.
Thou canst not let them perish; up, Lord, in Thy strength, and save
From the scorching breath of this terrible death on the cruel winter wave.
Take Thou my babe and watch it, no care is like to Thine,
And let Thy power, in this perilous hour, supply what lack is mine."

And so her prayer she ended, and rising to her feet,
Turned one look to the cradle nook where the child's faint pulses beat;
And then with softest footsteps retrod the chamber floor,
And noiselessly groped for the latch, and oped and crossed the cottage door.
The snow lay deep, and drifted as far as sight could reach,
Save where alone the dank weed strewn did mark the sloping beach.
But, whether 'twas land or ocean, or rock, or sand, or snow,
Or sky o'erhead, on all was shed the same fierce, fatal glow.
And thro' the tempest bravely Jane Conquest fought her way,
By snowy deep and slippery steep, to where her goal lay.
And she gain'd it, pale and breathless, and weary and sore, and faint,
But with soul possess'd with the strength, and zest, and ardor of a saint.
Silent and weird, and lonely, amid its countless graves,
Stood the old gray church on its tall rock perch, secure from the flood's great waves.

And beneath its sacred shadow lay the hamlet safe and still,
For howsoever the sea and the wind might be, 'twas quiet under the hill.
Jane Conquest reached the churchyard, and stood by the old church door;
But the oak was tough, and had bolts enough, and her strength was frail and poor.
So she crept through a narrow window and climbed the belfry stair.
And grasp'd the rope, sole cord of hope for the mariners in despair.
And the wild wind help'd her bravely, and she wrought with an earnest will,
And the clamorous bell spake out right well to the hamlet under the hill.
And it roused the slumb'ring fishers, nor its warning task gave o'er
Till a hundred fleet and eager feet were hurrying to the shore;
And then it ceased its ringing, for the woman's work was done,
And many a boat that was now afloat showed man's work was begun.

But the ringer in the belfry lay motionless and cold,
With the cord of hope, the church-bell rope, still in her frozen hold.
How long she lay it boots not, but she woke from her swoon at last,
In her own bright room, to find the gloom and the grief of the peril past.
With a sense of joy within her, and the Christ's sweet presence near,
And friends around, and the cooing sound of her babe's voice in her ear;
And they told her all the story, how a brave and gallant few
O'ercame each check, and reached the wreck, and saved the hapless crew;
And how the curious sexton had climbed the belfry stair,
And of his fright, when, cold and white, he found her lying there;
And how, when they had borne her back to her home again,
The child she left, with a heart bereft of hope, and wrung with pain,

Was found within its cradle in a quiet slumber laid.
With a peaceful smile on its lips the while and the wasting sickness stay'd.
And she said 'twas Christ that watched it and brought it safely through,
And she praised His truth, and His tender ruth, who had saved her darling too.
And then there came a letter across the surging foam,
And last the breeze that over the seas bore Harry Conquest home.
And they told him all the story that still their children tell,
Of the fearful sight on that winter night, and the ringing of the bell.

James Milne.

THE WITNESS.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him sick," was the reply.

"No levity," said the lawyer, sternly. "Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir!" yelled the lawyer. "How long have you known him?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

"Will the Court make the—"

"I have, Jedge," said the witness. "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long, and a man five feet ten."

"Your Honor—"

"It's fact, Jedge, I'm under oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer arose, placed both hands in front of him,

spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table, and said:

"Will you tell the Court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name!" replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this case. His name's Smith."

"Your Honor," howled the attorney, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the Judge, "you must answer the questions put to you."

"Land o' Goshen, Jedge, hain't I been doin' it? Let the blamed cuss fire away, I'm all ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and the prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly replied the witness.

"What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir; I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever Friends. He's an old-line Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down!" yelled the lawyer.

"Hey?"

"Stand down!"

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up—"

"Sheriff, remove the man from the box."

Witness retires, muttering: "Well, if he ain't the thick-headedest cuss I ever—"—*Anon.*

THE VALENTINE.

AS RECITED BY MARSHALL P. WILDER.

EH! give you a lift? Why, surely, jump in, sir, along o' me.
(Whoa! Dobbin, you critter!) Wal, yes, sir, the walkin' *is* rough,
I see.
You're a stranger in these parts, I take it. Goin' to stop a
spell?
S'pose you'll put up to the tavern? Oh, yes, they will feed you well.
What's the news of the village? Wal, stranger, I'll own ye hev
me thar,
I ain't no hand fur a gossip; don't hear any news, I declar'.
An' my old woman, she tells me a man ain't only half wise
Ef he don't keep his ears wide open, and larn how to use his
eyes.

Wal, yes, when I was a youngster, I used to be peart an' spry,
An' there ain't a contenteder couple *now* than my wife an' I;
But we had a sorrer that come to us more'n ten year ago,
An' it sorter shadowed our lives, like a hurt long healin', you
know.
Five years would a been long enough, sir, to leave a putty deep
scar,
But to *double* that time seems a'most like pushin' a trouble too
far;
An' he was our only child, sir, the boy that ran off to sea,
An' though he had been a wild un, we loved him, his mother an'
me.

He was just a lad—but eighteen, sir, the month that he ran away,
An' it's hard to say, but there's come not a line from him since
that day.
Whether he's drownded, or killed, only God an' the angels may
know,
But his mother an' me are a-waitin' some message to tell us so.

It's lonely enough for us both, but I've done my best, sir, to cheer
An' comfort my dear old woman thro' each long waitin' year;
An' to-day, while down to the village, a thought came inter my head,
(For to-morrer is Valentine's Day, sir,) an' so to myself I said—

"I'll play that Betsey an' me was 'way back to our courtin' time,
An' I'll buy her a Valentine—somethin' nice, with picter an' rhyme!"
An' so I've got it all safe, sir—the purtiest one I could find,
An' my old woman'll know that I have her allers in mind.
Go home with me, did you say, sir? Wal, I don't know as I mind,
Tho' wife won't be dressed for comp'ny, an' our food ain't the hotel kind;
But if you'll jest take pot-luck, sir, why wife an' me'll be glad,
For the sake of your two blue eyes, like them that our own boy had.

What's that you say? Will I let you give Betsey a Valentine, too?
Why, surely, I won't gainsay it, but Betsey ain't nothin' to you.
An' it's kind of you, stranger—but see, sir, here is my gate—(hold on!
Why, whar is the feller goin'? This beats creation, I swan!)
Say, wife, old woman, come out here! (Why, surely that's Betsey's scream!)
Whoa, Dobbin! you pesky critter!—law, I must be hevin' a dream,
Else why is my woman kissin' the face o' that stranger so,
An'——Oh! praise God for His goodness, I've *brought her our son*. I know!

Mary D. Brine.

"WASH DOLLY UP LIKE THAT."

ELEANOR KIRK AMES.

"I'LL be the goodest little girl
That ever you did see,
If you'll let me take my dolly
To church with you and me.
It's too drefful bad to leave her
When we's all gone away;
Oh! Cosette will be so lonesome
To stay home all day."

'Twas such a pleading pair of eyes
And winsome little face
That mamma couldn't well refuse,
Though church was not the place
For dolls or playthings, she well knew;
Still mamma's little maid
Was always so obedient
She didn't feel afraid.

No mouse was ever half so still
As this sweet little lass,
Until the sermon was quite through—
Then this did come to pass:
A dozen babies (more or less)
Dressed in long robes of white
Were brought before the altar rail—
A flash of heaven's own light.

Then Mabel stood upon the seat,
With dolly held out straight,
And this is what the darling said:
"Oh! minister, please to wait,
And wash my dolly up like that—
Her name it is Cosette."
The minister smiled and bowed his head;
But mamma blushes yet.

HOW GIRLS STUDY.

AS DELIVERED BY ALEX. J. BROWN.

DID you ever see two girls get together to study of an evening? I have, and it generally goes like this:

"In 1673 Marquette discovered the Mississippi. In 1673 Marquette dis— What did you say, Ide? You had ever so much rather see the hair coiled than braided?—Yes, so had I. It's so much more stylish, and then it looks classical, too; but how do you like— Oh! dear, I can never learn this lesson!

"In 1863 Lafayette discovered the Wisconsin. In 1863 Lafayette discovered the—well! what's the matter with me, any how! In 1673 Marquette discovered the Mississippi. I don't care if he did. I suppose the Mississippi would have gotten along just as well if Marquette had never looked at it. Now, see here, Ide, is there anything about my looks that would give you to understand that I know when Columbus founded Jamestown, and how George Washington won the battle of Shiloh? Of course there isn't. History's a horrid study anyhow. No use neither. Now, French is much nicer. I can introduce French phrases very often, and one must know I have studied the language. What is the lesson for to-morrow? Oh, yes; conjugation of parler. Let's see; how does it commence? Je parle, tu parle il, par—il pa—il—well, il then!

"Conjugations don't amount to anything. I know some phrases that are appropriate here and there, and

in almost every locality; and how's anybody going to know but what I have the conjugations all by heart?

"Have I got my geometry? No, I'm just going to study it. Thirty-ninth, is it not?

"Let the triangle A B C, triangle A B—say, Ide, have you read about the Jersey Lily and Freddie? I think it is too utterly utter.

"Oh! theorem.

"Let the triangle A B C be right-angled at B. On the side B C, erect, erect the square A, I. On the side —did I tell you Sister Carracciola gave me a new piece to-day, a sonata? It is really intense. The tones fairly stir my soul. I am never going to take anything but sonatas after this. I got another new piece, too. Its name is Etudes. Isn't it funny? I asked Tom this noon what it means, and he says it is Greek for nothing. It is quite apropos, for there is really nothing in it—the same thing over and over.

"Where was I? Oh! yes; side A C the square A E. Draw the line—come on, let's go at our astronomy. It's on, Are the planets inhabited? Now, Ide, I think they are, and I have thought about it a great deal. I banged my hair last night. I wanted a Langtry bang just too bad for any use, but pa raved, and I had to give in. Yes, I think they are inhabited. I should like to visit some of them, but you would not catch me living in Venus. Eight seasons! Just think how often we would have to have new outfits to keep up with the styles.

"What! you are not going? I am so sorry, but I suppose you are tired. I am. It always makes me

most sick to study a whole evening like this. I think sister ought to give us a picture."

And they go to school next morning and tell the other girls how awfully hard they have studied.—*Belle McDonald.*

POOR-HOUSE NAN.

Did you say you wished to see me, sir? Step in; 'tis a cheerless place,
But you're heartily welcome all the same; to be poor is no disgrace!
Have I been here long? Oh, yes, sir! 'tis thirty winters gone
Since poor Jim took to crooked ways and left me all alone!
Jim was my son, and a likelier lad you'd never wish to see,
'Till evil counsels won his heart and led him away from me.

'Tis the old, sad, pitiful story, sir, of the devil's winding stair,
And men go down—and down—and down—to blackness and despair;
Tossing about like wrecks at sea, with helm and anchor lost,
On and on, through the surging waves, nor caring to count the cost;
I doubt sometimes if the Saviour sees, He seems so far away,
How the souls He loved and died for, are drifting—drifting astray!

Indeed, 'tis little wonder, sir, if woman shrinks and cries,
When the life-blood on Rum's altar spilled is calling to the skies!
Small wonder if her own heart feels each sacrificial blow,
For isn't each life a part of hers? each pain her hurt and woe?
Read all the records of crime and shame—'tis bitterly, sadly true;
Where manliness and honor die, there some woman's heart dies too.

I often think, when I hear folks talk so prettily and so fine
Of "alcohol as needful food:" of the "moderate use of wine;"

How "the world couldn't do without it, there was clearly no other way
But for a man to drink, or let it alone, as his own strong will might say,"
That "to use it, but not abuse it, was the proper thing to do;"
How I wish they'd let old Poor-House Nan preach her little sermon too!

I would give them scenes in a woman's life that would make their pulses stir,
For I was a drunkard's child and wife—aye, a drunkard's mother, sir!
I would tell of childish terrors, or childish tears and pain;
Of cruel blows from a father's hand when rum had crazed his brain;
He always said he could drink his fill, or let it alone, as well;
Perhaps he might, he was killed one night in a brawl—in a grog-shop hell!

I would tell of years of loveless toil the drunkard's child had passed,
With just one gleam of sunshine, too beautiful to last.
When I married Tom I thought for sure I had nothing more to fear;
That life would come all right at last; the world seemed full of cheer.
But he took to moderate drinking. He allowed 'twas a harmless thing,
So the arrow sped, and my bird of Hope came down with a broken wing!

Tom was only a moderate drinker; ah, sir, do you bear in mind
How the plodding tortoise in the race left the leaping hare behind?
'Twas because he held right on and on, steady and true, if slow,
And that's the way, I'm thinking, that the moderate drinkers go!
Step over step—day after day—with sleepless, tireless pace,
While the toper sometimes looks behind and tarries in the race!

Ah, heavily in the well worn path poor Tom walked day by day,
For my heart strings clung about his feet and tangled up the way;
The days were dark, and friends were gone, and life dragged on full slow,
And children came, like reapers, and to a harvest of want and woe!
Two of them died, and I was glad when they lay before me dead;
I had grown so weary of their cries—their pitiful cries for bread.

There came a time when my heart was stone: I would neither hope nor pray;
Poor Tom lay out in the Potter's field, and my boy had gone astray;
My boy who'd been my idol, while, like hounds athirst for blood,
Between my breaking heart and him the liquor seller stood,
And lured him on with pleasant words, his pleasures and his wine:
Ah, God, have pity on other hearts, as bruised and hurt as mine.

There were whispers of evil-doing, of dishonors, and of shame,
That I cannot bear to think of now, and would not dare to name!
There was hiding away from the light of day, there was creeping about at night,
A hurried word of parting—then a criminal's stealthy flight!
His lips were white with remorse and fright when he gave me a good-by kiss;
And I've never seen my poor, lost boy from that black day to this.

Ah, none but a mother can tell you, sir, how a mother's heart will ache,
With the sorrow that comes of a sinning child, with grief for a lost one's sake,
When she knows the feet she trained to walk have gone so far astray,
And the lips grown bold with curses that she taught to sing and pray;
A child may fear—a wife may weep, but of all sad things, none other
Seems half so sorrowful to me as being a drunkard's mother.

They tell me that down in the vilest dens of the city's crime and murk,
There are men with the hearts of angels, doing the angels' work;
That they win back the lost and the straying, that they help the weak to stand
By the wonderful power of loving words—and the help of God's right hand!
And often and often, the dear Lord knows, I've knelt and prayed to Him,
That somewhere, somehow, 'twould happen, that they'd find and save my Jim!

You'll say 'tis a poor old woman's whim; but when I prayed last night,
Right over your eastern window there shone a wonderful light!
(Leastways it looked that way to me) and out of the light there fell
The softest voice I had ever heard; it rung like a silver bell;
And these were the words: "The prodigal turns, so tired by want and sin,
He seeks his father's open door—he weeps—and enters in."

Why, sir, you're crying as hard as I; what—is it really done?
Have the loving voice and the Helping Hand brought back my wandering son?
Did you kiss me and call me "Mother"—and hold me to your breast,
Or is it one of the taunting dreams that come to mock my rest?
No—no! thank God, 'tis a dream come true! I can die, for He's saved my boy!
And the poor old heart that had lived on grief was broken at last by joy!

Lucy M. Blinn.

"*COALS OF FIRE.*"

THE coffin was a plain one—no flowers on its top, no lining of rose-white satin for the pale brow, no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. "I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top. "You can't; get out of the way, boy! Why don't somebody take the brat away?" "Only let me see her one minute," cried the hapless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box. And as he gazed into that rough face tears streamed down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh, it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once! let me see my mother only once!" Brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage, his blue eyes expanded, his lips sprang apart; a fire glittered through his tears as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent screamed, "When I am a man I'll kill you for that!" A coffin and a heap of earth was between the mother and the poor forsaken child; a monument stronger than granite built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

* * * * * * * *

The court-house was crowded to suffocation. "Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge. There was silence when he finished, until, with

lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange recognition blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man, a stranger, stepped forward to plead for the ~~erring and~~ the friendless. The splendor of his genius entranced, convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted. "May God bless you, sir! I cannot." "I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness. "I—I believe you are unknown to me." "Man, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his poor mother's coffin; I was that poor, miserable boy." "Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?" "No; I have a sweeter revenge; I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go, and remember the tears of a friendless child."—*Anon.*

JACK.

He wasn't a good-lookin' feller—
  The hair on his tough, old hide
Was a sort o' dirty yeller,
  He limped, too—being lame o' one side.
But a better sort, in his days, sirs—
  More steady, and sure, and straight—
You wouldn't ha' found in a hundred curs
  (That's to say, of Jack's size and weight).
And many and many a penny
  He's brought to his master's till;
Mac wouldn't ha' swapped him for any,
  But the dog grew old and ill.

He warn't no use for the field no more,
An' he warn't no good in the ring;
His poor old legs being weak and sore,
And he hadn't no strength to cling;
At least, so the publican told me—
Hob-nobbing, and chatting one night,
He showed how Jack's teeth and claws was worn,
And he soon must lose his sight.
"He's been a good friend to me," says he,
"And many a dollar he's brought me in.
'Twas him as paid the doctor's fee,
When I came near losin' a limb.

"He came to me first, a pup, sir,
And many and many a time,
He's helped me the good wife's bread to win
When we was both young and prime.
But he's getting worn out and feeble now,
He wouldn't sell for a lot!"
And then he went on and told us
He was going to have poor Jack shot.
Well, I tried to talk down that notion,
But I found it was no use to crow
About the old dog's devotion,
My talking was all no go.

It's the way of the world, my brothers—
A cold, hard world, of sin—
Poor Jack's but a figure of others,
Who, trying their way to win,
Are exalted beyond all measure
By Fortune's fickle hand,
Next minute cast down forever,
Wrecks on life's desolate strand!
While the hearts we prize most dearly—
Sworn friends of yours yesterday—
In adversity prove themselves merely
The friends of our corn and hay!

But I'm losin' the drift of my story—
  Home, through the clear moonlight
That whitened the streets with its glory,
  Wearied, I trudged that night,
And turned into bed right gladly
  And slept—how long I can't tell—
When, clanging and clamoring madly,
  Came shouts, and the sound of a bell.
And in dashes one o' the neighbors,
  His face lookin' white as flour—
"Mac's public-house is a-fire!" shouts he,
  "It'll burn to the ground in an hour!"

I was on the spot in a minute,
  The whole front wall had fell,
When above the crash and above the roar
  Rose one heart-sickening yell,
And dashing us right and left, sirs,
  There came the publican, Mac—
"My child! Great god! my child is there!"
  He shrieked as we held him back.

Poor Mac, in a frenzy raved to pass,
  'Twas sheer madness to venture in,
For he couldn't ha' reached the poor little lass
  For out of the noise and din
Rose a mass of smoke—came an awful crash—
  And part o' the roof fell in!
It carried away the bedroom wall
  And left the staircase bare—
The smoke rose up like a funeral pall,
  And blackened the moonlit air.
But our straining eyes, through the dense dark fog,
  Saw something moving there!

And, yes—it is!—it is Jack, the dog—
  Crouched low on the crumbling stairs—
Staunch to his duty, true to the last,
  For Mac's little child is there!

He holds her fast in his strong old teeth,
And clears at a single bound
The yawning chasm of flame and death,
And headlong they come to the ground—
Headlong, on a pile of rotten old thatch—
Soft as a feather bed.
And the child? Why, she'd scarcely received one scratch—
But the dog?—ah! poor Jack was dead!

F. M. Stanley.

A FLY'S COGITATIONS.

I WONDER what this man is doing? I'll just light on his bald head and see if I can hear what is going on in his thinkery. What! Now, I wonder what he slapped his pate so savagely for? Why, the man must be crazy. I went away just as quick as I saw him raise his hand. Really, he could not complain of that. Maybe he thought I was intruding, but if so, he cannot say but that I lit out at his first hint. But he seems quiet enough now. Maybe his scalp itched or something, and his movement had no reference to my being on it, so I guess I will try it again. What a nice old bald head this is, to be sure, only it's a trifle slippery. It would make a first-rate skating-rink; guess I will try it. Whew! Why, the man hit his head again. Funny way he has with him; and if I hadn't got out of the way just as I did, goodness only knows what might have happened me. He struck real hard, and if he had hit me there is no knowing but that he might have hurt me. But maybe he hadn't any idea of hitting me. I guess I'll just light on his nose and see what the matter is with him. What! Why, he seems to be an

awfully sensitive sort of a man, or else he has got a dreadful temper. Why, he actually hit his own nose a slap just because I crawled around on it a bit. Queer sort of a chap, anyway. Wonder if he thinks a fly has no rights in this world? Now, I will try him in the ear. Ah! I have got him now! Good gracious! he came within an ace of hitting me that time. Wonder what he means, anyhow? I should think he was mad about something. I'll try his other ear and see how he likes that. Ah! he don't seem to mind this one so much. Ah! by Jingoes, he must have hurt himself that time with that bat on the ear. But it's his ear, not mine, so what should I care? I think I'll fly around the room! See him flop and fling his arms around as though the air was full of flying demons. Funny, isn't it? He don't see me up here, but he is looking wildly around as though he wanted to fight somebody. Oh! I'll just try his temper a bit further; I'll get on where his hair is short behind. Ah! I'll fool around here in this stubble awhile. Now he flops his handkerchief, but I don't care for that. I can get away from a demonstration of that kind every time. Now I have got him on the ear again, and once more he paws the air in the immediate vicinity, but I am out of harm's way, ha! ha! Now he is red in the face; yes, he looks like a boiled lobster, and again he is dancing around the room and swearing like a trooper! Now he has quieted down a trifle and has resumed writing again! Ah! he smiles! Must be he has got on to an idea. I wonder what it is? I'll just take a quiet walk over that thinkery again, and maybe I can catch on to what it is. What in the world is he mak-

ing his scalp go this way for? I would think he was trying to shake something off. Oh! I'll just get a grip on here and hold on for awhile. No, he can't shake me off; no, no! Ah——!

There was a resounding whack—that lively fly, oh where was he?

Dead!

LIFE'S MAGNET.

AS RECITED BY J. B. SLOTE.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its worth
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer,
Sigh, it is lost in the air,
The echoes bound to a joyful sound
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go,
They want full measure of all your pleasure
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many,
Be sad, and you lose them all,
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no one can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE OLD MAN IN THE PALACE CAR.

WELL, Betsey, this beats everything our eyes have ever seen!
We're ridin' in a palace fit for any king or queen;
We didn't go as fast as this, nor on such cushions rest,
When we left New England years ago to seek a home out West.

We rode through this same country, but not as we now ride—
You sat within a stage coach, while I trudged on by your side
Instead of ridin' on a rail, I carried one, you know,
To pry the old coach from the mire through which we had to go.

Let's see; that's fifty years ago—just arter we were wed;
Your eyes were then like diamonds bright, your cheeks like roses red.
Now, Betsey, people call us old, and push us off one side,
Just as they have the old slow coach in which we used to ride.

I wonder if young married folks to-day would condescend
To take a weddin' tour like ours, with a log house at the end?
Much of the sentimental love that sets young cheeks aglow
Would die to meet the hardships of fifty years ago.

Our love grew stronger as we toiled; though food and clothes were coarse,
None ever saw us in the courts a huntin' a divorce;
Love levelled down the mountains and made low places high;
Love sang a song to cheer us when clouds and winds were nigh.

I'm glad to see the world move on, to hear the engine's roar,
And all about the cables stretchin' now from shore to shore.
Our mission is accomplished; with toil we both are through;
The Lord just let us live awhile to see how young folks do.

Whew! Betsey, how we're flyin'! See the farms and towns go by!
It makes my gray hair stand on end; it dims my failin' eye.

Soon we'll be through our journey and in the house so good
That stands within a dozen rods of where the log one stood.

How slow—like old-time coaches—our youthful years went by!—
The years when we were livin' neath a bright New England sky;
Swifter than palace cars now fly our later years have flown,
Till now we journey hand in hand down to the grave alone.

I hear the whistle blowin' on life's fast flyin' train;
Only a few more stations in the valley now remain.
Soon we'll reach the home eternal, with its glories all untold,
And stop at the best station in the city built of gold.

John H. Yates.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

It had rained all night. Water lay here and there in the hollows of the plain, as in basins. At some points the wheels sank to the axles. The horses' girths dripped with liquid mud. The affair opened late. The plan of the battle which had been conceived was indeed admirable. Ney drew his sword, placed himself at the head, and the immense squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. Nothing like it had been seen since the taking of the grand redoubt at La Moscana by the heavy cavalry. Murat was not there; but Ney *was* there. It seemed as if this mass had become a monster, and had but a single mind. Each squadron undulated and swelled like the ring of a polyp. They could be seen through the thick smoke as it was broken here and there. It was one pell-mell of casques, cries, sabres; a furious bounding of horses among the cannon; a terrible, disciplined tumult. Something like this vision appeared in the old Orphic

Epics which tell of certain antique hippanthropes, those Titans with human faces and chests like horses, whose gallop scaled Olympus, horrible, invulnerable, sublime —at once gods and beasts.

All at once, at the left of the English, and on the French right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with frightful clamor, and there appeared three thousand faces with gray mustaches, crying, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Unmanageable, full of fury and bent on extermination of the square and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between them and the English, a ditch—a grave! It was the sunken road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment. There was a ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first. The horses reared; threw themselves over; fell upon their backs; struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders. Without power to retreat, the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled with riders and horses rolled in together, grinding one another, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf; and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over and passed on.

Was it possible that Napoleon should win the battle of Waterloo? We answer, No! Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blücher? No. Because of God! For Bonaparte to conquer at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. It was time that this vast man should fall. He had been impeached before the Infinite! He had vexed God! Waterloo

was not a battle. It was the change of front of the Universe.—*Victor Hugo.*

AN EASTER WITH PAREPA.

MYRA S. DELANO.

When Parepa was here she was everywhere the people's idol. The great opera houses in all our cities and towns were thronged. There were none to criticise or carp. Her young, rich, grand voice was beyond compare. Its glorious tones are remembered with an enthusiasm like that which greeted her when she sung.

Her company played in New York during the Easter holidays, and I, as an old friend, claimed some of her leisure hours. We were friends in Italy, and this Easter day was to be spent with me.

At eleven in the morning she sang at one of the large churches; I waited for her, and at last we two were alone in my snug little room. At noon the sky was overcast and gray. Down came the snow, whitening the streets and roofs. The wind swept icy breaths from the water as it came up from the bay and rushed past the city spires and over tall buildings, whirling around us the snow and storm. We had hurried home, shut and fastened our blinds, drawn close the curtains, and piled coal higher on the glowing grate. We had taken off our wraps, and now sat close to the cheery fire for a whole afternoon's blessed enjoyment.

Parepa said, "Mary, this is perfect rest! We shall be quite alone for four hours."

"Yes, four long hours!" I replied. "No rehearsals, no engagements. Nobody knows where you are!"

Parepa laughed merrily at this idea.

"Dinner shall be served in this room, and I won't allow even the servant to look at you!" I said.

She clasped her dimpled hands together, like a child in enjoyment, and then sprang up to roll the little center-table near the grate.

The snow had now turned into sleet; a great chill fell over the whole city. We looked out of our windows, peeping through the shutters, and pitying the people as they rushed past.

A sharp rap on my door. John thrust in a note.

"My Dear Friend:—Can you come? Annie has gone. She said you would be sure to come to her funeral. She spoke of you to the last. She will be buried at four."

I laid the poor little blotted note in Parepa's hand. How it stormed! We looked into each other's faces helplessly. I said, "Dear, I must go, but you sit by the fire and rest. I'll be at home in two hours. And poor Annie has gone!"

"Tell me about it, Mary, for I am going with you," she answered.

She threw on her heavy cloak, wound her long white woolen scarf closely about her throat, drew on her woolen gloves, and we set out together in the wild Easter storm.

Annie's mother was a dressmaker, and sewed for me and my friends. She was left a widow when her one little girl was five years old. Her husband was drowned off the Jersey coast, and out of blinding pain and loss and anguish had grown a sort of idolatry for the delicate beautiful child whose brown eyes looked like the young husband's.

For fifteen years this mother had loved and worked for Annie, her whole being going out to bless her one child. I had grown fond of them; and in small ways, with books and flowers, outings and simple pleasures, I had made myself dear to them. The end of the delicate girl's life had not seemed so near, though her doom had been hovering about her for years.

I had thought it all over as I took the Easter lilies from my window-shelf and drapped them in thick papers and hid them out of the storm under my cloak. I knew there would be no other flowers in their wretched room. How endless was the way to this East-side tenement house! No elevated roads, no rapid

transit across the great city then as there are now. At last we reached the place. On the street stood the canvas-covered hearse, known only to the poor.

We climbed flight after flight of narrow stairs to the small upper rooms. In the middle of the floor stood a stained coffin, lined with stiff, rattling cambric and cheap gauze, resting on uncovered trestles of wood.

We each took the mother's hand and stood a moment with her, silent. All hope had gone out of her face. She shed no tears, but as I held her cold hand I felt a shudder go over her, but she neither spoke nor sobbed.

The driving storm had made us late, and the plain, hard-working people sat stiffly against the walls. Some one gave us chairs and we sat close to the mother.

The minister came in, a blunt, hard-looking man, self-sufficient and formal. A woman said the undertaker brought him. Icier than the pitiless storm outside, yes, colder than ice were his words. He read a few verses from the Bible, and warned "the bereaved mother against rebellion at the divine decrees." He made a prayer and was gone.

A dreadful hush fell over the small room. I whispered to the mother and asked: "Why did you wait so long to send for me? All this would have been different."

With a kind of stare, she looked at me.

"I can't remember why I didn't send," she said, her hand to her head, and added: "I seemed to die, too, and forget, till they brought a coffin. Then I knew it all."

The undertaker came and bustled about. He looked at myself and Parepa, as if to say: "It's time to go." The wretched funeral service was over.

Without a word Parepa rose and walked to the head of the coffin. She laid her white scarf on an empty chair, threw her cloak back from her shoulders, where it fell in long, soft, black lines from her noble figure like the drapery of mourning. She laid her soft, fair hand on the cold forehead, passed it tenderly over the wasted delicate face, looked down at the dead girl a

moment, and moved my Easter lilies from the stained box to the thin fingers, then lifted up her head, and with illumined eyes sang the glorious melody:

"Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh! take her to thy care."

Her magnificent voice rose and fell in all its richness and power and pity and beauty! She looked above the dingy room and the tired faces of men and women, the hard hands and the struggling hearts. She threw back her head and sang till the choirs of paradise must have paused to listen to the Easter music of that day.

She passed her hand caressingly over the girl's soft dark hair, and sang on—and on—"Take—oh! take her to thy care!"

The mother's face grew rapt and white. I held her hands and watched her eyes. Suddenly she threw my hand off and knelt at Parepa's feet, close to the wooden trestles. She locked her fingers together, tears and sobs breaking forth. She prayed aloud that God would bless the angel singing for Annie. A patient smile settled about her lips, the light came back into her poor, dulled eyes, and she kissed her daughter's face with a love beyond all interpretation or human speech. I led her back to her seat as the last glorious notes of Parepa's voice rose triumphant over all earthly pain and sorrow.

And I thought that no queen ever went to her grave with a greater ceremony than this young daughter of poverty and toil, committed to the care of the angels.

That same night thousands listened to Parepa's matchless voice. Applause rose to the skies, and Parepa's own face was gloriously swept with emotion. I joined in the enthusiasm, but above the glitter and shimmering of jewels and dress, and the heavy odors of Easter flowers, the sea of smiling faces, and the murmur of voices, I could only behold by the dim light of a tenement window the singer's uplifted face, the wondering countenance of the poor on-lookers, and the mother's wide, startled, tearful eyes; I could only

hear above the sleet on the roof and the storm outside Parepa's voice singing up to heaven: "Take, oh! take her to thy care!"

ENTERTAINING SISTER'S BEAU.

BRET HARTE.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please;
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense, for how would you know
What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone! And wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit.
We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack said it would be just like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.

"S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if your fingers are clean.
My sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross;
There's her picture. You know it? It's like her, but she ain't as good looking, of course!

"That is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me
you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that
could be bought—
For that was the message to pa from the photograph
man where I sat—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his
money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's
longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up, and all her front
hair to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people,
just you and me.
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do!
But don't come like Tom Lee.

"Tom Lee? Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He
used to be here day and night.
Till the folks thought he'd soon be her husband; and
Jack says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away, then, as he did? for you're not a
rich man, they say;
Pa says you're as poor as a church mouse. Now, are
you? And how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I
know your hair isn't red;
But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that
naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go! Sister's coming. But I wish I
could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you and kissed you in the way she used
to kiss Lee."

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

It was the seventh of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing upon the two armies now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with the richness of autumn. The sky was cloudless, the foliage of the woods scarcely tinged with purple and gold. But the tread of legions shook the ground, from every bush shot the glimmer of rifle-barrels; on every hillside blazed the sharpened bayonet. Gates was sad and thoughtful as he watched the evolutions of the two armies. All at once a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, and a chorus of shouts and groans yelled along the darkened air. The play of death had begun. The two flags, this of the stars, that of the red cross, tossed amid the smoke of battle while the earth throbbed as with the pulsations of a mighty heart. Suddenly along the heights, on which Gates and his staff stood, came a rider upon a black horse, rushing towards the distant battle. Look! He draws his sword. The sharp blade quivers through the air; and now he is gone, gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is thickest, there, through the intervals of cannon-smoke, you may see riding madly forward, that strange soldier mounted on his steed black as death. Look at him, as, with face red with British blood, he waves his sword and shouts to his legions. Now you may see him fighting in that can-

non's glare; and the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff.

Thus it was all the day long; and wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, towards the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemus Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost. That cliff is too steep. That death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs. But look yonder! In this moment, when all is dismay, here, crashing on, comes the black horse and his rider. That rider bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat, and dust, and blood. He lays his hand on that bold rifleman's shoulder; and as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seizes his rifle and starts towards the rock. Now look as that black steed crashes up the steep cliff! That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! no! still on, still up the cliff, still on towards the fortress! The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on! men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the riflemen are on the rock. Now, British cannon, pour your fires, and lay your dead upon the rock in tens and twenties. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry if you can; for look! there, in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the black horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by a hundred balls. But his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice, and shouts to Horatio Gates, sitting yonder in his tent,

"Saratoga is won!" As that cry goes up to Heaven he falls, his leg shattered by a cannon-ball.

Who was the rider of that black horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the mark of a former wound. That wound was received at the storming of Quebec. That rider of the black horse was Benedict Arnold.—*George Lippard*

ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"—
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside.
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.

Rose the song, as a storm-tossed bird
  Beats with weary wings the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred—
  Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
  Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
  Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
  Trembling though the voice and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully
  Like a river in its flow.
Sang as only they can sing
  Who life's thorny paths have passed;
Sang as only they can sing
  Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
  Sung above a coffin-lid;
Underneath all restfully
  All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul,
  Nevermore, from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billows' roll
  Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
  Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
  Move again in pleading prayer—
Still, aye still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

Don't crowd and push on the march of life,
Or tread on each other's toes,
For the world at best, in its great unrest,
Is hard enough as it goes.
Oh, why should the strong oppress the weak
Till the latter go to the wall?
On this earth of ours, with its thorns and flowers,
There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother falls behind
And drops from the toiling band,
If fear and doubt put his soul to rout,
Then lend him a helping hand.
Cheer up his heart with words of hope,
Nor season the speech with gall;
In the great highway, on the busiest day,
There's room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer
Steps out on your track ahead,
Don't grudge his start with an envious heart,
For the mightiest once were led.
But gird your loins for the coming day—
Let nothing your heart appall—
Catch up if you can with the forward man,
There is room enough for all.

And if, by doing your duty well,
You should get to lead the van,
Brand not your name with a deed of shame,
But come out an honest man.
Keep a bright look-out on every side,
Till, heeding the Master's call,
Your soul should go, from the world below,
Where there's room enough for all.

Anon.

A TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

"Ah! Here's the little round thing my papa talks into,
To tell the folks down town what he wants to have
them do.
I'm going to try myself; now, let me get a chair,
And then I'll stand on tiptoe, so that I can reach up
there.

"Halloo! (that's what they all say) you dear old Santa
Claus,
I'm going to have a little bit of talk with you, because
I want to tell you all about a little girl I know,
Who never had a Christmas in her life—she told me so.

"I hardly could believe it, but she says 'tis really true.
I'm sure you're always very kind, but I'm surprised at
you,
That you should have forgotten such a little one; but still
You have, perhaps, all the stockings you can fill.

"But could you go to her house instead of coming here?
For mamma says that Christmas is the time of all the
year
For children to remember poor little girls and boys
Who never hang their stockings up for picture-books and
toys.

"And give her lots of goodies, too, because she's poor,
you see,
And ought to have more sugar-plums than you could
bring to me.
Now, tell it on your fingers, and remember as you go—
Just pack her little stocking to the very, very toe.

"That's all—only, Santa Claus, I just would like to say,
If you should have more presents than you need on
Christmas Day,
And could leave me just a few as you pass the chimney—
why,
Of course—I would be very glad indeed. Good-bye!
Good-bye!"

FARMER JOHN.

"If I'd nothing to do," said Farmer John,
"To fret and bother me—
Were I but rid of this mountain of work,
What a good man I could be!

"The pigs get out and the cows get in
Where they have no right to be;
And the weeds in the garden and the corn—
Why, they fairly frighten me.

"It worries me out of my temper quite,
And well-nigh out of my head;
What a curse it is that a man must toil
Like this for his daily bread!"

But Farmer John he broke his leg!
And was kept for many a week
A helpless and an idle man—
Was he therefore mild and meek?

Nay, what with the pain and what with the fret
Of sitting with nothing to do—
And the farm work botched by a shiftless hand—
He got very cross and blue.

He scolded the children and cuffed the dog
That fawned about his knee;
And snarled at his wife, though she was kind
And patient as wife could be.

He grumbled, and whined, and fretted, and fumed,
The whole of the long day through.
"'Twill ruin me quite," cried Farmer John,
"To sit here with nothing to do!"

His hurt got well, and he went to work,
And a busier man than he,

A happier man or a pleasanter man,
You never would wish to see.

The pigs got out, and he drove them back,
Whistling right merrily:
He mended the fence and kept the cows
Just where they ought to be.

Weeding the garden was first-rate fun,
And ditto hoeing the corn.
"I'm happier far," said Farmer John,
"Than I've been since I was born."

He learned a lesson that lasts him well—
'Twill last him his whole life through,
He frets but seldom, and never because
He has plenty of work to do.

"I'll tell you what," said Farmer John,
"They are either knaves or fools
Who long to be idle—for idle hands
Are the devil's chosen tools."

Anon.

THE SONG OF THE MARKET-PLACE.

JAMES BUCKHAM

Gay was the throng that poured through the streets of the old French town;
The walls with bunting streamed, and the flags tossed up and down.
"Vive l'roi! Vive l'roi!" the shout of the people rent the air,
And the cannon shook and roared, and the bells were all ablare.

But, crouched by St. Peter's fount, a beggar with her child,
Weary and faint and starved, with eyes that were sad and wild,
Gazed on the passing crowd, and cried, as it went and came,
"Alms, for the love of God! Pity in Jesu's name!"

Few were the coins that fell in the little cup she bore;
But she looked at her starving babe, and cried from her heart the more:
"Alms, for the love of God! Mother of Jesu, hear!"
The steeples shook with bells, and the prayer was drowned in a cheer.

But see! Through the thoughtless crowd comes one with a regal face;
He catches the beggar's prayer, and turns with a gentle grace:
"Alms thou shalt have, poor soul! Alas! not a soul to share!
But stay!"—and he doffs his hat, and stands in the crowded square.

Then from his heart he sang a little song of the South,
A far-off cradle song, that fell from his mother's mouth,
And the din was hushed in the square, and the people stood as mute
As the beasts in the Thracian wood, when Orpheus touched his lute.

The melting tenor ceased, and a sob from the list'ners came;

"Mario!" cried a voice, and the throng caught up the name;
"Mario!" and the coins rained like a shower of gold,
Till the singer's hat o'erflowed, like Midas' chests of old.

"Sister," he said, and turned to the beggar crouching there,
"Take it; the gold is thine; Jesu hath heard thy prayer";
Then kissed the white-faced child, and smiling went his way,
Gladdened with kindly thoughts, and the joy of holiday.

That night, when the footlights shone on the famous tenor's face,
And he bowed to the splendid throng with his wonted princely grace,
Cheer after cheer went up, and, stormed at with flowers, he stood
Like a dark and noble pine, when the blossoms blow through the wood.

Wilder the tumult grew, till out of his fine despair
The thought of the beggar rose, and the song he had sung in the square.
Raising his hand, he smiled, and a silence filled the place,
While he sang that simple air, with the love-light on his face.

Wet were the singer's cheeks when the last note died away;
Brightest of all his bays, the wreath that he won that day!
Sung for the love of God, sung for sweet pity's sake,
Song of the market-place, tribute of laurel take.

THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

KNITTING is the maid of the kitchen, Milly;
Doing nothing sits the chore-boy, Billy;
"Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned;
Every minute,
Sixty in it.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety- nick, nickety-knock."
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
Every whit as close and cosy, Billy:
"Time's a flying,
Worth your trying;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy!
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now—now, quick, quick!
Knockety-nick, nickety-nock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened; very red is Milly;
Billy boy is looking very silly:
"Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right-left, left-right.
That's right, all right,
Skippety-nick, rippety-knock,"
Jumps the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they're sitting, Milly, Billy;
O, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!
"Winter weather,
Close together;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry,
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two—one, one—two,
Don't wait, 'twon't do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-nock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy?
"Give me credit,
For I did it;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me,
Mister Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My—O, O—my,
By—by, by—by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

J. V. Cheney.

NOW AND THEN.

AS RECITED BY ALEX J. BROWN.

I.

SUMMER.

Rustic house—tree-bound plaza—
Girl with novel on piazza—
To slow notes a tenor carol—
Enter youth in light apparel.

Twiddle, twaddle conversation—
Stories long in the narration—
Hints about consuming passion—
Gossip of the world of fashion.

He has been abroad as far as
London, Naples, Rome and Paris.
So he raves on what he's seen there
When he learns she hasn't been there.

She denies instincts erratic,
But such names aristocratic
As she mentions by the dozen—
Each a friend, or aunt, or cousin!

He wants sport and recreation,
She repose and sequestration.
That's why here they are abiding,
And from high-toned friends are hiding.

II.

WINTER.

Big bazar—thoroughfare—
Every kind of dry-goods there.
Enter clerk in quest of job;
Lifts his eyes and with a throb
Sees behind the counter there,
Selling stockings by the pair,
Maid of friends aristocratic
Who contemned the democratic
Summer farm-house, where of yore
Both spun falsehoods o'er and o'er.
Each now blushes. How absurd!
Nary nod and nary word.

Anon.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN.

WHAT is a gentleman? Is it a thing
Decked with a scarf-pin, a chain, and a ring,
Dressed in a suit of immaculate style,
Sporting an eye-glass, a lisp, and a smile?
Talking of operas, concerts, and balls,
Evening assemblies and afternoon calls,
Sunning himself at "At Homes" and bazars,
Whistling mazurkas, and smoking cigars?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done?
One who unblushingly glories to speak
Things which should call up a flush to his cheek?

One, who, whilst railing at actions unjust,
Robs some young heart of its pureness and trust;
Scorns to steal money, or jewels, or wealth,
Thinks it no crime to take honor by stealth?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun,
Speaking no word that can injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal and deep'ning no stain?
One who knows how to put each at his ease,
Striving instinctively always to please;
One who can tell, by a glance at your cheek,
When to be silent, and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Living in uprightness, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod,
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold,
Recking not whether his hand may be hard,
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble, or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Spreading enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his Guide;
Nothing to blush for, and nothing to hide;
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman Nature has made.

N. L. O'D.

CAOCH THE PIPER.

ONE winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Gray-headed, blind and yellow—
And, oh! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky look'd dreary,
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag,"
Cross-barr'd with green and yellow,
I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Fineen Burke and Shane Magee,
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
Rushed in with panting haste to "see,"
And "welcome" Caoch O'Leary.

Oh! God be with those happy times,
Oh! God be with my childhood,
When I, bare-headed, roamed all day,
Bird-nesting in the wildwood.
I'll not forget those sunny hours,
However years may vary;
I'll not forget my early friends,
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and "Pinch" slept well that night
And in the morning early
He called me up to hear him play
"The wind that shakes the barley."
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
And cried, "God mark my deary,"
And how I wept when he said, "Farewell,
And think of Caoch O'Leary."

And seasons came and went, and still
Old Caoch was not forgotten.
Although I thought him "dead and gone,"
And in the cold clay rotten.
And often when I walked and danced
With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
We spoke of childhood's rosy hours,
And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well, twenty summers had gone past,
And June's red sun was sinking,
When I, a man, sat by my door,
Of twenty sad things thinking.
A little dog came up the way,
His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a lame man limped—
'Twas "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

Old Caoch! but, ah! how woe-begone!
His form is bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
Aye, time is even blending
The colors on his threadbare "bag,"
And "Pinch" is twice as hairy
And "thin-spare" as when first I saw
Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here," the wanderer cried,
"Far, far, be hell's black viper;
Does anybody hereabouts
Remember Caoch the Piper?"
With swelling heart I grasped his hand;
The old man murmured "Deary!
Are you the silky-headed child
That lov'd poor Caoch O'Leary?"

"Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
As if his heart was breaking—

"And where, *a vhic machree*," * he sobbed,
"Is all the merry-making
I found here twenty years ago?"
"My tale," I sighed, "might weary;
Enough to say—there's none but me
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, vo, vo!" the old man cried,
And wrung his hands in sorrow.
"Pray lead me in, *asthore machree*,
And I'll *go home* to-morrow.
My 'peace is made'—I'll calmly leave
This world so cold and dreary,
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With "Pinch" I watched his bed that night;
Next day his wish was granted;
He died—and Father James was brought,
And the Requiem Mass was chanted.
The neighbors came; we dug his grave,
Near Eily, Kate and Mary,
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep—
God rest you, Caoch O'Leary!

J. Keegan.

BILLY'S ROSE.

Billy's dead, and gone to glory—so is Billy's sister Nell:
There's a tale I know about them were I poet I would tell;
Soft it comes with perfume laden, like a breath of country air
Wafted down the filthy alley, bringing fragrant odors there.

In that vile and filthy alley, long ago, one winter's day,
Dying quick of want and fever, hapless, patient, Billy lay;

* Son of my heart.

While beside him sat his sister, in the garret's dismal gloom,
Cheering, with her gentle presence, Billy's pathway to the tomb.

Many a tale of elf and fairy did she tell the dying child,
Till his eyes lost half their anguish, and his worn, wan features
smiled:
Tales herself had heard hap-hazard, caught amid the Babel roar,
Lisped about by tiny gossips playing at their mother's door.

Then she felt his wasted fingers tighten feebly as she told
How beyond this dismal alley lay a land of shining gold,
Where, when all the pain was over—where, when all the tears
were shed—
He would be a white-frocked angel, with a gold thing on his head.

Then she told some garbled story of a kind-eyed Saviour's love:
How He'd built for little children great big playgrounds up above,
Where they sang and played at hop-scotch and at horses all the
day,
And where beadles and policemen never frighten them away.

This was Nell's idea of heaven—just a bit of what she'd heard,
With a little bit invented, and a little bit inferred.
But her brother lay and listened, and he seemed to understand,
For he closed his eyes and murmured he could see the Promised
Land.

"Yes," he whispered, "I can see it—I can see it, Sister Nell;
Oh, the children look so happy, and they're all so strong and well;
I can see them there with Jesus—He is playing with them, too!
Let us run away and join them, if there's room for me and you."

She was eight, this little maiden, and her life had all been spent
In the garret and the alley, where they starved to pay the rent;
Where a drunken father's curses and a drunken mother's blows
Drove her forth into the gutter, from the day's dawn to its close.

But she knew enough, this outcast, just to tell the sinking boy,
"You must die before you're able all these blessings to enjoy.
You must die," she whispered, "Billy, and I am not even ill;
But I'll come to you, dear brother—yes, I promise that I will.

"You are dying, little brother, you are dying, oh, so fast;
I heard father say to mother that he knew you couldn't last.
They will put you in a coffin, then you'll wake and be up there,
While I'm left alone to suffer in this garret bleak and bare."

"Yes, I know it," answered Billy. "Ah, but, sister, I don't mind,
Gentle Jesus will not beat me; He's not cruel or unkind.
But I can't help thinking, Nelly, I should like to take away
Something, sister, that you gave me, I might look at every day.

"In the summer you remember how the mission took us out
To a great green lovely meadow, where we played and ran about,
And the van that took us halted by a sweet, bright patch of land,
Where the fine red blossoms grew, dear, half as big as mother's hand.

"Nell, I asked the good kind teacher what they called such flowers as those,
And he told me, I remember, that the pretty name was rose.
I have never seen them since, dear—how I wish that I had one!
Just to keep and think of you, Nell, when I'm up beyond the sun."

Not a word said little Nelly; but at night, when Billy slept,
On she flung her scanty garments and then down the stairs she crept.
Through the silent streets of London she ran nimbly as a fawn,
Running on and running ever, till the night had changed to dawn.

When the foggy sun had risen, and the mist had cleared away,
All around her, wrapt in snowdrift, there the open country lay!
She was tired, her limbs were frozen, and the roads had cut her feet,
But there came no flowery gardens her keen hungry eyes to greet.

She had traced the road by asking—she had learnt the way to go:
She had found the famous meadow—it was wrapped in cruel snow:
Not a buttercup or daisy, not a single verdant blade
Showed its head above its prison. Then she knelt her down and prayed.

With her eyes upcast to heaven, down she sank upon the ground,
And she prayed to God to tell her where the roses might be found.
Then the cold blast numbed her senses, and her sight grew strangely dim;
And a sudden, awful tremor seemed to rack her every limb.

"Oh, a rose!" she moaned, "good Jesus—just a rose to take to Bill!"
And as she prayed a chariot came thundering down the hill;
And a lady sat there, toying with a red rose, rare and sweet;
As she passed she flung it from her, and it fell at Nelly's feet.

Just a word her lord had spoken caused her ladyship to fret,
And the rose had been his present, so she flung it in a pet:
But the poor half-blinded Nelly thought it fallen from the skies,
And she murmured, "Thank you, Jesus!" as she clasped the dainty prize.

* * * * * * *

Lo! that night from out the alley did a child's soul pass away,
From dirt and sin and misery to where God's children play.
Lo! that night a wild, fierce snowstorm burst in fury o'er the land,
And at morn they found Nell frozen, with the red rose in her hand.

Billy's dead and gone to glory—so is Billy's sister Nell;
Am I bold to say this happened in the land where angels dwell—
That the children met in heaven, after all their earthly woes,
And that Nelly kissed her brother, and said, "Billy, here's your rose"?

Dagonet.

MY LOVER.

At last I am blest with a lover,
Just what a lover should be—
Devoted, and constant, and handsome,
Handsome as handsome can be.

Devoted!—devoted, believe me!
He never has left me a day;
I am ever his pride and his darling—
Without me he cannot be gay.

He cares for no lovelier lady;
To him I am very fair;
Contented, he rests on my bosom,
Kisses my lips and my hair.

Handsome!—his cheeks are like roses,
His head is run over with curls,
His forehead is white as a snow drift,
His teeth glimmer clearer than pearls.

His eyes, they're as bright as the sunshine,
With lashes that cannot be beat,
And then I know that you've never
Seen such hands and such feet.

Wealthy? He's careless of money—
Money to him is but dross;
Silver and gold, for my lover,
Are only for pitch and for toss.

He must have been born to a fortune—
He's lived at his ease ever since;
If you'd see but the style of his dressing
You'd probably think him a prince.

Shirts thick frosted with stitching,
Silken embroidered socks;
I think the most of his money
He keeps in a painted box.

He'll show you a golden guinea
On which he cut his first tooth,
Strung on an azure ribbon,
Tied with a love knot, forsooth!

Of teeth he has half a dozen,
Set to the cunningest mould;
For I am my lover's mother—
He is but one year old!

Emma Mortimer White.

UNCLE NED'S DEFENCE.

My bredren an' sistahs, I rise foh to 'splain
Dis mattah dat you's talkin' 'bout—I hopes to make it plain.
I's berry sorry dat de ting hab come befo' de chu'ch,
Foh when I splains it you will see dat it am nuffin much.

My friends, your humble speakah, while trabblin' here below,
Hab nebber cared to hoard up gold an' silver foh to show;
We's only stoppin' here a spell: we all hab got to die,
An' so I always tries to lay my treasahs up on high.

Dar's jest one t'ng dat pesters me, an' dat am dis, you see,
De ravens fed old 'Lijah, but de critters won't feed me;
Dey's got above dar business, an' jest goes swoopin' roun',
An' nebber turns to look at me a waitin' on de groun'.

I waited mighty sartain like; my faith was pow'ful strong;
I reckoned dat dem pesky birds would shuahly be along.
But oh! my frien'ly hearahs, my faith it cotched a fall,
De aggravatin' fowls went by, an' nebber stopped at all.

De meal an' flou' was almos' gone, de pork bar'l gittin' low,
An' so one day I cluded dat I had bettah go
To Brudder Johnson's tater patch an' borrow jest a few.
'Twas evenin' 'fore I got to start, I had so much to do.

It happened dat de night was dark, but dat I didn't min';
I knowed de way to dat ar patch, 'twas easy nuff to fin',
An' den I didn't car' to meet dat Johnson, for I knowed
Dat he would sass me 'bout the mess ob 'taters dat I owed.

I got de baskit full at las' an' tuk 'em on my back,
An' den was gwine to tote 'em home, when something went ker whack.
I t'ought it was a cannon, but it jest turned out to be
Dat Johnson's ole hoss pistil a pointin' straight to me.

I tried to argufy wid him; I 'pologized a heap,
But he said dat stealin' 'taters was mean as stealin' sheep.
Ob course I couldn't take dat ar, it had an ugly soun';
De only t'ng foh me to do was jest to knock him down.

My bredren an' sistahs, de story am all told
(Ob course I pounded Johnson till he yelled foh me to hold);
An' now I hopes you 'grees wid me dat dis yere case, an' such,
Am berry triflin' mattahs to fotch befo' de chu'ch.

Anon.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

THE best he could hope for was dismissal. To be allowed to go out of the office alone, disgraced, branded, —this would be a mercy and forbearance. What limited another's fears was his hope; but then he had the dock in prospect, the curt and irritable magistrate, the penalty of embezzlement, the unending shame of the jail. Or perhaps the First Offenders' Act would return him to the hardened faces of the world, a

marked man, an offence against his class, a traitor to his family and friends.

Waiting in the anteroom until the senior partner should be ready for him, George Hanbury clenched his fists till the palms bled under his nails. He was ready to face his doom and take what he had earned, if he could have but taken it alone. Since the discovery of his defalcations had become inevitable, and during the awful two days that had elapsed since the discovery itself had taken place, he had realized, blindingly, the responsibility for the happiness of others which depends upon every man. His father, his mother, his brothers and sisters! This struck at them all; this was aimed at their home, at the completeness of their lives and the root of their self-respect and happiness. His head swam as the picture of their misery, when the news should reach them, took shape in his mind.

Alone he could have borne it. He had himself in a tight hold. Two days before the manager had sent for him and he found him with certain books open on his desk.

"Can you explain this?" the manager asked, pointing to a page.

Hanbury looked and knew at once that the blow had fallen.

"No, sir," he answered, quietly.

"Nothing to say?" queried the manager, closing the volume.

"Nothing at all," was the quiet answer.

"Very well," said the other. "Mr. Burns will have to hear of this. Go back to your work."

Then elapsed two days of terrible punishment. His fellows among the clerks knew nothing, and it cost a

strong effort to keep a calm face in their midst and so escape remark. He was awaiting sentence from Mr. Burns, who came down to the office only occasionally, and whose remoteness from the daily life of the business seemed to Hanbury to add another terror to his position.

The door of the inner office clicked, and the manager came out. Hanbury rose to his feet, biting his lip. The manager looked at him gravely.

"Go in," he said.

Hanbury entered. Old William Burns was sitting at a table. He was an old man, white-haired, with a chin and cheek hidden in a fluff of white beard. Keen gray eyes looked out from under heavy brows; his face bespoke strength and resolution, but there was nothing of harshness in it. It was grave now, and perhaps sad; but not hard nor vindictive.

They looked at one another in silence for a moment, the strong old man who had succeeded, and the young man who had failed.

"I have been hearing details of an embezzlement which you have committed," said the old man slowly. There was a country burr in his voice; Hanbury noted it with an odd sense of having expected it. "I understand you make no defence."

Hanbury found his voice with an effort. "None, sir." he answered.

"And you know what you have incurred by this crime?"

Hanbury nodded, gulping.

"Very well," said the senior partner, rising and speaking very gently, "if you know that we will not say anything more about it. I shall not send you to prison."

He waited for Hanbury to speak, but the young man could say nothing.

"If I permit you to return to your work, and to gradually refund the money you have misappropriated, shall I be safe?"

The clerk started and looked up. Old William Burns was watching him wistfully. "Sir,"—stammered the young man,—"I promise—I swear—" His voice failed him, and he struggled with rising emotion.

"Very well, we will consider that arranged. No word of it will be said again by any one."

He held out his hand and Hanbury grasped it feverishly.

"You are the second man who fell and was pardoned in this business, Mr. Hanbury," said the old man in a low tone. "I was the first. What you have done, I did. The mercy you have received, I received. God help us all."

They shook hands upon it, the two men who had been spared.

THE SOUL OF THE VIOLIN.

MARGARET MANTEL MERRILL.

"It has come at last, old comrade, it has come at last—the time when you and I must say good-bye. God knows I wish I could sell myself instead of you. But I am worthless, while you—do you know, my beauty? A Shylock down the street, the man who has all else I own save you, has offered me five hundred dollars if I will give you to him—five hundred dollars to a man who has not a coat to his back, a roof to

cover him, or a crumb of bread to eat! Why do I hesitate? You are only some bits of wood and a few trumpery strings—not much for a man to starve for. I have only to run down the stairs with you—a few steps more—hand you over the counter—the thing is done; and I have five hundred dollars! I can leave this wretched, rat-ridden hole. I can have food to eat such as I have not tasted for a year. I can mingle again with the men I used to know. I can be one of them. Five hundred dollars! Why, that is wealth, wondrous wealth! And all for you—you thing without a stomach. You cannot know hunger, you, body without a soul. Stay—am I sure of that?"

The man passes his fingers over the strings and bends his head to listen. The soft vibrations follow each other like sweet, half-forgotten thoughts.

"Your E-string is a trifle flat," says the man. "Well, it doesn't matter."

He rises hastily, possessed by a sudden determination, opens the case, and is about to thrust the violin inside, when he stops. A faint tremor of sound is still audible. It seems almost like a whisper of pain. The man lifts the violin again in his arms and lays his cheek upon it.

"What, old comrade, does it hurt you, too? Ah! I've wronged you. You have a heart. You can feel. I almost believe you can remember.

"Let me see. How long has it been? Twenty, thirty, thirty-five years. Think of that, old comrade. Thirty-five years! The average lifetime of man we have been together. And I knew you long before that. You were in a funny old shop, kept by a man who had owned you longer than I have. He would show you

to the people who came, and allowed them to read your inscription, 'Cremona, 1731.' But he would not sell you. It is not probable that he was ever hungry. I loved you then, you inanimate thing of wood. I loved to hold you and hear you sing. I longed for you, as I had never longed for anything before. One day the old man sent for me.

"'Bring me your old violin,'" he said, "'and you shall have the Cremona.'"

"'To keep!' I exclaimed.

"'Yes,' said the old man, 'to keep. For I am sure you will keep it. I'm old. Some one else will soon take possession here, and the Cremona might be sold into strange hands. I should not like that. I would rather give it to you.'

"So I took you home with me, and sat up half the night drawing the bow softly over your strings. I was the happiest boy in the world, I think. I laid you where, if I waked in the night, I could reach out and touch you. I would not have taken a kingdom in exchange for you then. Ah! but then I was not hungry. What animals we are, after all!"

The man still held the violin against his cheek, passing his hands gently along the strings, and talking on in a dreamy way, as if he scarcely knew that he spoke at all.

"Thirty-five years! and we have seen the world together. We have tasted its sweets and its bitterness. Kings and beggars have listened to you, and both have loved you.

"Do you remember the night in Berlin, when we played *The Dream,* and the beautiful woman in the box at the right threw a great red rose? It caught upon

one of your strings—caught and hung by a thorn. And when I tried to release it, the blood-red petals fell in a shower at my feet. Then we played *The Last Rose of Summer.* I'm sure you had a heart that night. I could feel it vibrate with the quivering of your strings. There were tears in many eyes when we had finished, and she—I think the music had taken possession of her. For she rose, crying out:

"'No, no! It is not the last, the world is full of roses. See!' and she threw a great armful of white and red blossoms.

"I wonder if she loved me best, or you? It was in the time of roses, when she, the rose of all the world, lay dead. You must remember that, old comrade. When it was dark, when all the rest had gone and left her, we went to say good-bye. The world was full of roses then, and I heaped them over her. Then you sang. Oh! how you sang! I have always believed that her soul was borne away on the wings of your song, carrying the perfume of the roses with it. The next time we played, some one threw a rose and I set my heel upon it. What right had roses to bloom when she was dead?

"We have done badly since then, you and I. Someway things ceased to seem worth striving for. And you have been dearer, because you were the only one who knew and understood. And yet I said you had no soul. Forgive me, old comrade! A man is not to be blamed for what he says when he's hungry.

"Ah, what a fool I am; maundering away to an old fiddle when I might be filling my empty stomach!"

The man sprang up, thrust the violin rudely into its case, closed the lid with a bang, seized it and stopped,

listening. The strings were quivering from his rough handling. He heard a sigh, faint as the farewell breath from the lips of a loved one dying. The man set his feet hard, took another step, stopped again. Then, suddenly, he clasped the violin in his arms.

"No, no, I cannot, I cannot! I will not! It may be folly; it is folly. It is madness. No matter. I will not do it, I'm not hungry now."

The man opens the case, lifts the violin again, and holds it in his arms as if it were a child.

"To think that I ever dreamed of selling you, my treasure! But a devil prompted me—the demon of hunger. It is gone now. I am quite content, quite satisfied. Come, sing to me, and I shall be altogether happy."

The man raises the violin and draws the bow.

"Ah! that E-string! There—so—that is better. Now we are all right. And we are happy, are we not? Sing to me of the rose and of her. See! she is in the box yonder, all among her blossoms. She is smiling and throwing us handfuls, red and white. We must do our best, our very best, when she listens."

The man's eyes kindle and burn. His pale cheeks flush. Starvation and rags are far away and forgotten things. He is again the master of music. The foul attic room has widened and brightened into a great, glittering amphitheater wherein thousands sit, breathless under the spell of that divine melody. The man's soul is breathing itself upon the strings; and how they respond! They shiver with sobs; they vibrate with laughter; they shout in exultation.

"Hear! hear! my comrade!" cries the man. "Bravos! encores! Ah, we have conquered the world to-night.

How the lights glitter! This is ecstasy—this is heaven!"

Wilder and wilder grows the music. Faster and faster flies the bow.

Snap! a string breaks. Snap! another.

The weird strains sink to a wailing, minor key. The arm that holds the bow grows unsteady. The wild eyes cease their feverish shifting and fasten themselves upon one spot at the right. The tense features relax into a smile. The voice is very low and very tender:

"One more rose, my beauty, my queen of all the world. The lights are growing dim. My sight is failing. I can see only you, only you!"

Snap! The last string breaks.

ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE HEROES.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

THE patter of feet was on the stair.
As the editor turned in his sanctum chair
And said—for weary the day had been—
"Don't let another intruder in."

But scarce had he uttered the words before
A face peeped in at the half-closed door,
And a child sobbed out, "Sir, mother said
I should come and tell you that Dan is dead."

"And pray, who is 'Dan'?" The streaming eyes
Looked questioning up with strange surprise.
"Not know him? Why, sir, all day he sold
The papers you print, through wet and cold.

"The newsboys say that they cannot tell
The reason his stock went off so well.
I knew—with his voice so sweet and low,
Could anyone bear to say him 'No?'

"And the money he made, whatever it be,
He carried straight home to mother and me.
No matter about his rags, he said,
If only he kept us clothed and fed.

"And he did it, sir, trudging through rain and cold,
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets were sold.
But he's dead—he's dead—and we miss him so!
And mother—she thought you might like to know."

In the paper next morning, as "leader," ran
A paragraph thus: "The newsboy Dan,
One of God's little heroes, who
Did nobly the duty he had to do—
For mother and sister earning bread
By patient endurance and toil—is dead."

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

She once was a lady of honor and wealth;
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt, in her spirit, the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for the suffering race;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly like Mary, and answered, "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast—

No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands, that once dangled the perfume and gem,
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice, that once echo'd the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair, that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed—a pallet; her trinkets—a bead;
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd by her bed;
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees;
Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined.
Like him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes, with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapor of death;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;

How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men,—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

Gerald Griffin.

FLASH—THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

From City Ballads. Copyright 1885, by Harper & Brothers.

Flash was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on No. 3;
Not much stable manners—an average horse to see;
Notional in his methods—strong in loves an' hates;
Not very much respected, or popular 'mongst his mates;

Dull an' moody an' sleepy on "off" an' quiet days,
Full of turb'lent sour looks, an' small sarcastic ways;
Scowled an' bit at his partner, and banged the stable floor—
With other tricks intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be't day or night time, he heard the alarm-bell ring,
He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger-spring
An' watch with nervous shivers the clasp of buckle and band,
Until it was plainly ev'dent he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush an' tear,
As if a thousan' witches was rumplin' up his hair,
An' wake his mate up crazy with his magnetic charm;
For every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would worship an' admire
Like Flash in front of his engine, a-racin' with a fire;

Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin' an' so slack
As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawin' the engine back.

Now when the different horses gets tender-footed an' old,
They aint no use in our business; so Flash was finally sold
To quite a respectable milkman; who found it not so fine
A-bossin' of God's creatures outside o' their reg'lar line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-mopin' along here now,
A-feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow;
But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's din,
An' jump an' rear for a minute before they could hold him in.

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst us chaps,
To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps;
Whereat the milkman kicked him; wherefore us boys to please,
He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash;
Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resemblin' Flash,
Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin', with excellent voice an' heart,
We passed the poor old fellow, a-tuggin' away at his cart.

If ever I see an old horse grow upward into a new,
If ever I see a driver whose traps behind him flew,
'Twas that old horse, a-rompin', an' rushin' down the track,
An' that respectable milkman, a-tryin' to hold him back.

Away he dashed like a cyclone for the head of No. 3,
Gained the lead, an' kept it, an' steered his journey free
Dodgin' the wheels an' horses, an' still on the keenest "silk,"
An' furnishin' all that district with good respectable milk.

Crowds a-yellin' an' runnin', and vainly hollerin' "Whoa"
Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit o' show;
Firemen laughin' an' chucklin' and hollerin', "Good! go in!"
Hoss a-gettin' down to it, an' sweepin' along like sin.

Finally come where the fire was, halted with a "thud,"
Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud;

The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyer sang too slow,
And then he used the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago;
At last the storm-cloud burst, and the church was told, in fine,
That the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the lecture-room one day
Seven influential members who subscribe more than they pay,
And having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two
They put their heads together to determine what to do.

They debated, thought, suggested, till at last "dear Brother York,"
Who last winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork,
Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer,
And proceed to rake him lively "for disturbin' of the choir."

Said he: "In that 'ere organ I've invested quite a pile,
And we'll sell it if we cannot worship in the latest style;
Our Philadelphy tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing
Fer to make God understand him when the brother tries to sing.

"We've got the biggest organ, the best-dressed choir in town,
We pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor, Brother Brown;
But if we must humor ignorance because it's blind and old,—
If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."

Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach and four,
With the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door;
And the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers Sharkey, York,
and Lamb,
As they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the
jamb.

They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm-chair,
And the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair;
He was singing "Rock of Ages" in a voice both cracked and low,
But the angels understood him, 'twas all he cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation
To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation;"

"And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother York a nudge,
"And the choir, too!" he echoed with the graveness of a judge.

"It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus
That it was to relieve us, that is, do the singing for us;
If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother,
It will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another.

"We don't want any singing except that what we've bought!
The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones stand for naught;
And so we have decided—are you listening, Brother Eyer?—
That you'll have to stop your singin' for it flurrytates the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he did hear,
And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear;
His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as the silky snow,
As he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low:

"I've sung the Psalms of David for nearly eighty years,
They've been my staff and comfort and calmed life's many fears;
I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong;
But when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back a song.

"I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet,
In the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall greet,—
Yes, I wonder when I try to sing the songs of God up higher
If the angel band will church me for disturbing heaven's choir."

A silence filled the little room; the old man bowed his head;
The carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was dead!
Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs before us,
And the Master dear had called him to the everlasting chorus.

The choir missed him for awhile, but he was soon forgot,
A few church-goers watched the door; the old man entered not.
Far away, his voice no longer cracked, he sings his heart's desires,
Where there are no church committees and no fashionable choirs.

T. C. Harbaugh.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

How does the water
Come down at Lodore?

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps,
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race,
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,

Striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding, and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,

And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar:
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Robert Southey.

COMO.

THE red-clad fishers row and creep
Below the crags, as half asleep,
Nor even make a single sound.
The walls are steep,
The waves are deep;
And if the dead man should be found
By these same fishers in their round,
Why, who shall say but he was drowned?

The lake lay bright, as bits of broken moon
Just newly set within the cloven earth;
The ripened fields drew round a golden girth
Far up the steppes, and glittered in the noon.
And when the sun fell down, from leafy shore
Fond lovers stole in pairs to ply the oar.
The stars, as large as lilies, flecked the blue;
From out the Alps the moon came wheeling through
The rocky pass the great Napoleon knew.

A gala night it was—the season's prime;
We rode from castled lake to festal town,
To fair Milan—my friend and I; rode down
By night, where grasses waved in rippled rhyme;
And so what theme but love in such a time?
His proud lip curved the while in silent scorn
At thought of love; and then, as one forlorn,
He sighed, then bared his temples, dashed with gray,
Then mocked, as one outworn and well blasé.

A gorgeous tiger-lily, flaming red,
So full of battle, of the trumpet's blare,
Of old-time passion, upreared its head.
I galloped past, I leaned, I clutched it there.

From out the long strong grass I held it high,
And cried, "Lo! this to-night shall deck her hair
Through all the dance. And mark! the man shall die
Who dares assault, for good or ill design,
The citadel where I shall set this sign."

He spoke no spare word all the after while.
That scornful, cold, contemptuous smile of his!
Why, better men have died for less than this.
Then in the hall the same old hateful smile
Then marvel not that when she graced the floor,
With all the beauties gathered from the four
Far quarters of the world, and she, my fair,
The fairest, wore within her midnight hair
My tiger-lily—marvel not, I say,
That he glared like some wild beast well at bay!

Oh, she shone fairer than the summer star,
Or curled sweet moon in middle destiny.
More fair than sunrise climbing up the sea,
Where all the loves of Ariadne are.
Who loves, who truly loves, will stand aloof,
The noisy tongue makes most unholy proof
Of shallow waters—all the while afar
From out the dance I stood, and watched my star,
My tiger-lily, borne an oriflamme of war.

A thousand beauties flashed at love's advance;
Like bright white mice at moonlight in their play,
Or sunfish shooting in the shining bay,
The swift feet shot and glittered in the dance.
Oh, have you loved, and truly loved, and seen
Aught else the while than your own stately queen?
Her presence, it was majesty—so tall;
Her proud development encompassed—all.
She filled all space. I sought, I saw but her.
I followed as some fervid worshipper.

Adown the dance she moved with matchless pace.
The world—my world—moved with her. Suddenly
I questioned whom her cavalier might be.
'Twas he! His face was leaning to her face!
I clutched my blade; I sprang; I caught my breath,
And so stood leaning still as death.
And they stood still. She blushed, then reached and tore
The lily as she passed, and down the floor
She strewed its *heart* like bits of gushing gore.

'Twas he said heads, not hearts, were made to break.
He taught me this that night in splendid scorn.
I learned too well. The dance was done. Ere morn
We mounted—he and I—but no more spake.
And this for woman's love! My lily worn
In her dark hair in pride to be thus torn
And trampled on for this bold stranger's sake!
Two men rode silent back toward the lake.
Two men rode silent down, but only *one*
Rode *up* at *morn* to greet the *rising sun*.

The walls are steep,
The waves are deep;
And if the dead man should be found
By red-clad fishers in their round,
Why, who shall say but he was—drowned?

Joaquin Miller.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

THE first thing that I remember was Carlo tugging away,
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling, as much as to say:
"Come, master, awake, and tend to the switch, lives now depend upon you,
Think of the souls in the coming train and the graves you're sending them to;

Think of the mother, and babe at her breast, think of the father and son,
Think of the lover, and loved one, too, think of them, doomed every one
To fall, as it were, by your very hand, into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed, scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'ermastered me so;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling and the deep river dashing below;
I could hear the forest leaves rustling as the trees by the tempest were fanned,
But what was that noise at a distance? That—I could not understand!
I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum,
Then nearer and nearer it came to me, and made my very ears hum;
What is this light that surrounds me and seems to set fire to my brain?
What whistle's that yelling so shrilly? Oh, God! I know now—it's the train.

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root to the place;
So I stood with this demon before me, its heated breath scorching my face,
Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like the eyes of some witch;
The train was almost upon me before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down the track,
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed holding it back;
On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing after the crash.

How long I laid there unconscious were impossible for me to tell
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a hell—
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of husbands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I must account for their lives;
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes staring madly and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me they sped,
And lips that could form naught but "mamma" were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a second—the river should hide me away;
When, under the still burning rafters, I suddenly noticed there lay
A little white hand; she who owned it was doubtless an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, tho' she guarded him now from above;
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one side;
How little she thought of her journey when she left for this last fatal ride;
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized—Maggie, my wife!

Oh, Lord! Thy scourge is a hard one! At a blow Thou hast shattered my pride;
My life will be one endless night-time with Maggie away from my side;
How often we've sat down and pictured the scenes in our long happy life;
How I'd strive through all of my life-time to build up a home for my wife.
How people would envy us always in our cozy and neat little nest,
When I would do all of the labor and Maggie should all the day rest;

How one of God's blessings might cheer us when some day I
p'r'aps should be rich—
But all of my dreams have been shattered while I lay there asleep
at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial; the jury and judge I could see,
And every eye in the court-room was steadfastly fixed upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face blushing
blood-red,
And the next thing I heard were the words, "Hung by the neck
until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught tight
hold of a dress,
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? You've had a bad
night-mare, I guess."
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the
ditch—
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been asleep at the
switch.

George Hoey.

MAUD ROSIHUE'S CHOICE.

Maud Rosihue sat in her swell *tête-à-tête*
And toyed with her dark raven hair,
Her young heart was filled with bright fairy romance,
And Maud had a fine queenly air.
She said: "If in wedlock my future is bound,
The suitor who proffers the ring,
Must be an Adonis with plenty of cash
And as princely and proud as a king."

There's Skinham, the lawyer, I cannot love him,
With his tedious "briefs" and his cases.
He's forever discoursing on Blackstone and Kent—
I abhor all law's technical phrases;
I could never abide his stale wit and bad puns,
Nor his forensic speeches annoying,

He bores one to death with his garrulous tongue,
All the craft of his calling employing.

And Lancem, the doctor, dear me, what a fool!
He thinks he's a know-all omniscient,
Though in powders and pills, and syrup of squills,
No doubt he is very proficient.
He speaks of his heart with a marvellous art,
Rolls his eyes in a soft spooney manner,
But he's sallow-complexioned, dyspeptic and thin,
And in fact looks much like Doctor Tanner.

And Scrapem, the barbar, good gracious! says he,
On my beauty and style has gone crazy,
But then he is bilious, bald-headed and poor,
Besides being intolerably lazy.
He uses perfumes that engender disgust,
Of his presence I'm dreadful afraid;
Then he always looks glum, smells of rankest bay rum,
And bad oleo-butter pomade.

But Captain Top Gallant, ah! he is the man
Who by all womankind is adored,
His figure's heroic—yes, symmetry's self,
And he looks every inch like a lord;
His whiskers Dundreary, and dark melting orbs,
In my heart raise a love-felt commotion,
When his ship comes to port he'll escort me on board
And take me—his bride—'cross the ocean.

* * * * * * * *

On the wild surging main in his tempest toss'd bark,
The brave captain in day-dreams romancing,
Often pictures his bride nestling close to his side,
Her sweet kiss and dear smile so entrancing;
He yearns for the hour he will call her his own,
But the day he sailed into the harbor,
His sweetheart to find, false Maud changed her mind,
And, great heavens! she married the barber.

T. Edwin Leary.

THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!
Over the table,—look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs,—poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen,—
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,—
This out-door business is bad for strings,—
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Aren't me, Roger?—see him wink!—
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect—
Here's to you, sir!—even of my dog.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company.

But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger—hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!—
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!—
Some dogs have arms, you see! Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen gives a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps!—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—
Some brandy!—thank you!—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That is easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,

That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You needn't laugh, sir! they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife;
'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once; I was weak and spent
On the dusty road, a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?

I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before—— Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming,—
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

J. T. Trowbridge.

WOUNDED.

"Steady, boys, steady
Keep your arms ready,
God only knows whom we may meet here.
Don't let me be taken—
I'd rather awaken
To-morrow, in—no matter where,
Than lie in that foul prison-hole—over there.

"Step slowly!
Speak lowly!
The rocks may have life;
Lay me down in the hollow;
We are out of the strife.
By heaven! the foeman may track me in blood,
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood.
No! no surgeon for me; he can give me no aid;
The surgeon I want is a pickaxe and spade.
What, Morris, a tear? Why, shame on you, man!
I thought you a hero; but since you began
To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens,
By George! I don't know what the devil it means.

"Well! well! I am rough, 'tis a very rough life—
This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool!
I know a brave man and a friend from a foe;
And, boys, that you love me I certainly know.
But wasn't it grand,
When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand?
But we stood—did we not?—like immovable rock,
Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock.
Did you mind the loud cry,
When, as turning to fly,
Our men sprang upon them determined to die?
Oh, wasn't it grand?
God help the poor wretches who fell in the fight;
No time was there given for prayers or for flight.
They fell by the score, in the crush hand to hand,
And they mingled their blood, with the sloughing and sand.

"Good heavens! this bullet-hole gapes like a grave!
A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!
Is there never a one of you knows how to pray?
Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?
Pray! Pray!

"Our Father! our Father! why don't you proceed?
Can't you see I am dying! Great God, how I bleed!
Ebbing away! The light of day is turning to gray.
Pray! Pray!

"Our Father in Heaven—boys, tell me the rest,
While I stanch the hot blood from this hole in my breast.
There's something about a forgiveness of sin,
Put that in! put that in!—and then
I'll follow your words and say amen.

"Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand,
And, Wilson, my comrade—oh! wasn't it grand
When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud,
And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd?
Where's Wilson—my comrade—here, stoop down your head,
Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and the dead?"

"Christ-God, who died for sinners all,
Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry!
Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall
Unheeded by thy gracious eye;
Throw wide the gates to let him in,
And take him pleading to thine arms;
Forgive, O Lord, his life-long sin,
And quiet all his fierce alarms."

"God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn,
It's the light in my path, when my sight has grown dim.
I am dying—bend down—till I touch you once more;
Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper this war!
Confusion to our enemies!—keep hold of my hand—
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land."

Anon.

MRS. SMART LEARNS HOW TO SKATE.

Don't you think skating is dreadful good exercise? I do; and I've been trying of it lately, so that I have as good a knowledge of how it operates as anybody else.

Joshua said I was rather old to go into such childish bizness: but I don't see no airthly reason why an old married woman shouldn't enjoy herself if she can. Goodness knows, most of us has trouble enough to put up with—if we have a husband and children and hens and pigs and things. And if we can git any enjoyment out of life, I say we'd orter. I calkulate to, myself; and I'd like to see anybody hender me! It'll take more'n Joshua Smart! He never growed big enuff! No, sir! not by a long chalk!

All the folks round about here has gone into skating. There ain't nobody but what's had a spell at it. Even old Grandmarm Smith, that's gone with two canes this dozen years—she's tried it, and fell down, and smashed her specs, and barked her nose all to flinchers; and old Deacon Sharp, that's been blind ever since Wiggin's barn was burnt, he's got to be quite a powerful skater. Only you have to clear the track when you see him coming, 'cause he don't turn out for nobody nor nothing. And he's apt to git to using big words, if he happens to hit against anything. The other day he skated against a tall stump in the millpond, and a madder man you never seed. He took it for somebody standing there; and, if he is a deacon, I'm ready to give my Bible oath

that he came at it, and hit it several licks with his fist, afore he found out that it wasn't no one.

All the wimmen folks has been out on the ice this fall. I never seed such a turnout afore. The way they've done, they've cooked up enuff Satterdays to last all through the next week, and then they've skated, and their husbands has staid at home, and swore and eat cold vittles.

Law sake! how things have changed since I was a gal! The world is gitting more and more civilized every day. In a thousand years from now, at the present rate of getting along, this airth will be too good to live in, and most of us will have to leave, if we hain't already.

Why, I can remember when a gal that dared to look at a pair of skates was called a Tomboy; and you might as well have served out a term in the States Prison as to have been called that! It was an awful name! It used to be a sin for a gal to do anything that a boy did, except milk the cows, and eat pudding and molasses.

As soon as it got cold enough to friz up, I made up my mind to see what I could do at skating. I had an idea that it wouldn't take me no time at all to larn. All the gals was an awful spell a-larning; but all in the world that made 'em so long was 'cause they had fellers a-showing of 'em how, and they kinder liked the fun. If there hadn't been a feller in the neighborhood, a'most any of 'em would have larnt the whole trade in three days.

I went over to the bridge, and sold five pounds of butter, and got me a pair of skates. Hain't it astonishing how butter has gone up? Never seed the beat of it in all my life! We don't pretend to eat a mite of

butter to our house, though we've got three farrer cows and a new milk's heifer. Joshua grumbles like everything; but I tell him 'taint no use—I'd as lives he'd spread his bread with fifty-cent scrips as with butter. And 'twon't make no difference a hundred years from now whether a man has lived on butter or hog's fat. Not a speck!

I sold the butter, and took three dollars' worth of skates. Miss Pike, the milliner, said I ought to have a skating costume—it wasn't properous to skate in a long-tailed gownd and crinoline.

So one day I sot myself to work, and fixed one. I took a pair of Joshua's red flannel drawers, and sot two rosettes of green ribbon onto the bottoms of 'em; and then I took a yaller petticoat of mine, and sewed five rows of blue braid round the bottom of that; my waist I made out of a red and brown plaid shawl, and for a cap I took one of Joshua's cast-off stove-pipe hats, and cut it down a story. I tied a wide piece of red flannel around it, and pulled out an old crower's tail, and stuck that into the front of it. Joshua laffed at me, the master. He sed I looked jest like an Injun squaw; but as he never seed one, I dunno how he knowed.

Sam Jellison sed he'd larn me how to do; but I told him no; I didn't want nobody a-handling me round a-finding out whether I wore corsets or not. I didn't like the style. I guessed I could take keer of myself. I'd allers managed to. I'd took keer of myself through the jonders, and the dispepsy, and the collery morbus, and I'd allers made my soap, and did my own cleaning, and I guessed I could skate without nobody's assistance. I didn't want no little upstarts a holding onto me with

one arm, and laffing at me in t'other sleeve at the same time.

Sam he whistled and sed nothing. It's a dreadful hateful way some folks have of insulting of ye—that whistle of theirn.

One Tuesday morning, bright and airly, I got my work out of the way, and dressing myself in my skating costume, I took my skates in one hand and a long pole to steady myself by in the other, and set sail for the mill-pond.

I shouldn't have dared to begin such an undertaking any day but Tuesday. Wednesday is allers a dreadful day for me! Why, I've broke more'n ten dollars' worth of crockery Wednesdays; and I've sot three hens Wednesdays, and one's eggs all addled, and one she got broke up afore she'd sot a week, and t'other one hatched out three chickens that was blind as bats, and never had no tail-feathers!

I went so airly, that I was in hopes there wouldn't be no specklepetaters to see my fust attempt; but, lawful heart! the pond was lined with 'em! I felt rather down in the mouth at the idea of trying my skill afore all them people, but I was too plucky to back out.

I sot down on the ground, and strapped on my skates; and grabbing my pole firmly in both hands, I got onto the ice. The minnit I got on, I sot rite down flat, in spite of all I could do, and it was as much as five minminutes afore I could git up agin. And when I did my left foot begun for to run rite round t'other one, and I run rite round arter it. The fust thing I knowed my heels was up, and my head was down, and I thought it

was night and all the stars in the firmary was having a shooting-match.

Sam Jellison he seed me fall, and come and picked me up. Sam is dreadful attentive to me, because he's trying to shine my darter Betsey. I can see through it all. He wanted to help me stiddy myself; but I wouldn't let him, and started off upon the dog trot. I could run a good deal better than I could slide. I thought I'd go over on t'other side of the pond, where Miss Pike and some other friends of mine was; and, sticking my long pole into the airholes, I made out to get under way. And after I once got started, the difficulty was to stop myself. I went rite ahead like a steam injine down grade. I found it wasn't no use to fite against fate; and, concluding that this was the fun of skating, I drawed up my pole and let it stick out each side of me, and sailed on. I had the wind in my back, and it filled my yaller petticoat so that it floated out afore me like the star spangled banner on the Fourth of July.

I was a-coming to where the skaters were at it pretty thick; but I didn't think to take my pole in, and the fust thing I knowed I was a mowing of 'em down with it, rite and left, as a two-hoss mowing-machine takes down the grass on a medder.

The ice was lined with the ruins! Muffs, and hoods, and gloves, and false teeth, and waterfalls, and rats, and mice, and curled hair, and men, and women, and little boys—all mixed up together. You couldn't tell t'other from which!

Old Jim Pratt he went down among the rest; and, as he went, the toe of his skate ketched into that beautiful

braid on my yaller petticoat, and in less'n a minnit tore it clean off and wound it all up among the understandings of all the scrabbling people.

I was madder'n a hatter! I riz my pole to let 'em have some; but before I could strike, the strain on that illigant trimming upsot my equalibrius, and down I went, striking the back of my crannyrum so hard, that for a minnit I thought my skull bone was broke clean across! It seemed as if I could hear the rough edges grate together.

Just as I was a-rising to get up, along come a feller at a 2:40 rate, without any eyes into his head, I expect, for he didn't see me, but undertook to skate rite over me, and away he come, head fust, onto the ice, with a grunt that sounded like a pig's when he's just gwine to sleep after eating a whole pail of swill.

I grabbed hold of his coat-tail to hist myself up by, and, law sake! the cloth parted like a cobweb, and left him with a short jacket on, and letting me back onto the ice harder than afore!

Sam Jellison he arrived jest at this minnit, and I didn't say nothing agin his helping of me. I felt as if I was nigh about played out. He esquarted me to the shore, with all that blue braid a-trailing after me. And when I'd got breath, he went up home with me, and I heard him kiss Bets behind the pantry door. Wall, wall, young folks will be young folks, and 'tain't no use to try to hinder 'em.

I was so sore for a week that I couldn't git my arms to my head without screeching, and I felt all over as if I'd been onjinted and jined onto another person's understandings.

As soon as I got better, though, I let Sam help me larn, and I can skate the master now. You never seed the beat! Its the grandest exercise! and so healthy! I've friz both of my feet, and my nose, and my face has mostly peeled, and I've got the rumatiz tremenjous; but I've larned to skate, and what do I keer!—*Clara Augusta.*

NANCY.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm called an old timer,
Come out here in May, '49,
An' have allers through bad luck been driftin'
Have busted in mine after mine.
'From the East?' Yes, I come from Ohio
More'n twenty-eight long years ago,
Since when I've been here in these mountains
A hoein' a cussed hard row.
'Got a family?' No, ma'am; or ruther
None only a woman. You see
God never sent kids to yours truly—
Thar was only jist Nancy an' me.
Ye see, ma'am, back thar I was farmin',
But I never could stan' in with luck,
An' in every affair that I tackled
I got most doddurnedly stuck.
One year we'd have too rainy weather,
The next not a cupful 'ud fall;
Misfortunes come one top o' t'other
An' I couldn't do nuthin' at all;
Then debt—that curse o' the poor man—
Come squeezin' me tighter'n wax,
An' the first thing we knowed, we was homeless,
Everything that we had sold for tax.

Then I kinder got wild, an' told Nancy
I was goin' to emigrate West;
That I'd come out here to these mountains
An' root arter gold with the rest.
I told her, till fortune smiled on me
I'd never come back home agin,
Nor I'd never write one cussed letter
Till I'd found a good stack o' tin.
So I left her back thar with her daddy,
An' struck to make money or bust,
But bad luck kept stickin' right to me,
An' I never got hold o' much dust.
I was bound to stick to my promise,
An' I stuck to it close, ma'am, you see,
So I've never heard one word from Nancy,
An' she's never yit heard from me.
'Is she dead?' Ma'am, I couldn't inform ye,
She may be for all that I know;
Old Time, ma'am, makes wonderful changes,
An' I left her a long time ago.
But thar's one thing that's jist more'n certain—
Of that thar's no gittin' round—
She's married to some other feller,
Or else she's under the ground.
'Do I love her?' Wa'al, ma'am, I'll jist tell ye;
(Though my actions and words don't agree)
That through all o' these long years my prayer
Is that some time her dear face I'll see.
I know I've no right to expect it,
An' I don't, ma'am, to tell ye the truth.
I kin do nothin' now but remember
Her love as the love o' my youth.
Eh! what's that—ye say ye know Nancy?
She's true to me all o' these years?
An' for me she's still livin' an' prayin'?
(Dod durn it, ma'am, these can't be tears).
An' ye say she's been waitin' an' watchin'?
That her love's never weakened a bit?

That in God she's been allers a-trustin'
To send her Sam back to her yit?
WHAT'S THAT? Great God! yer jist foolin'!
Let up, now; that racket won't win;
Fur God's sake jist raise up yer vail, ma'am—
YOU, NANCY! WAL, DURN MY OLD SKIN."

Arty Brace.

FATHER'S VOICE.

ANONYMOUS.

YEARS an' years ago, when I
Was just a little lad,
An' after school hours used to work
Around the farm with dad,
I used to be so wearied out
When eventide was come
That I got kinder anxious-like
About the journey home;
But dad, he used to lead the way
An', once in a while turn 'round an' say,
So cheerin'-like, so tender—"Come!
Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
That allers used to help me some;
An' so I followed father home.
I'm old an' gray an' feeble now,
An' trembly at the knee,
But life seems jest the same to-day
As then it seemed to me,
For I am still so wearied out
When eventide is come,
An' still get kinder anxious-like
About the journey home;
But still my Father leads the way,
An' once an' a while I hear him say—
So cheerin'-like, so tender—"Come!
Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
An' same as then, that helps me some;
An' so I'm following Father home.

THE LIFEBOAT.

BEEN out in the lifeboat often? Ay, ay, sir, oft enough.
When it's rougher than this? Lor' bless you! this ain't what we
call rough!
It's when there's a gale a-blowin', and the waves run in and
break
On the shore with a roar like the thunder and the white cliffs
seem to shake;
When the sea is a hell of waters, and the bravest holds his
breath
As he hears the cry for the lifeboat—his summons may be to
death—
That's when we call it rough, sir; but, if we can get her afloat,
There's always enough brave fellows ready to man the boat.

You've heard of the Royal Helen, the ship as was wrecked last
year?
Yon be the rock she struck on—the boat as went out be here;
The night as she struck was reckoned the worst as ever we had,
And this is a coast in winter where the weather be awful bad.
The beach here was strewed with wreckage, and to tell you the
truth, sir, then
Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the men.
The single chaps was willin', and six on 'em volunteered,
But most on us here is married, and the wives that night was
skeered.

Our women ain't chicken-hearted when it comes to savin' lives,
But death that night looked certain—and our wives be only wives;
Their lot ain't bright at the best, sir; but here, when the man lies
dead,
'Tain't only a husband missin', it's the children's daily bread;
So our women began to whimper and beg o' the chaps to stay—
I only heard on it after, for that night I was kept away.
I was up at my cottage, yonder, where the wife lay nigh her end,
She'd been ailin' all the winter, and nothin' 'ud make her mend.

The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt by her side and prayed,
With my eyes as red as a babby's, that Death's hand might yet be stayed.
I heered the wild wind howlin', and I looked on the wasted form
And thought of the awful shipwreck as had come in the ragin' storm;
The wreck of my little homestead—the wreck of my dear old wife,
Who'd sailed with me forty years, sir, o'er the troublous waves of life,
And I looked at the eyes so sunken, as had been my harbor lights,
To tell of the sweet home haven in the wildest, darkest nights.

She knew she was sinkin' quickly—she knew as her end was nigh,
But she never spoke o' the troubles as I knew on her heart must lie,
For we'd had one great big sorrow with Jack, our only son—
He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the lads ha' done;
Then he'd bolted, his masters told us—he was allus what folk call wild.
From the day as I told his mother, her dear face never smiled.
We heerd no more about him, we never knew where he went,
And his mother pined and sickened for the message he never sent.
I had my work to think of; but she had her grief to nurse,
So it eat away at her heartstrings, and her health grew worse and worse;
And the night as the Royal Helen went down on yonder sands,
I sat and watched her dyin', holdin' her wasted hands.
She moved in her doze a little, then her eyes were opened wide,
And she seemed to be seekin' somethin', as she looked from side to side;
Then half to herself she whispered, "Where's Jack, to say good-by?
It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him afore I die!"

I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the tears ran down my cheek,
And my lips were shaped to whisper the words I couldn't speak.

When the door of the room burst open, and my mates were there
outside
With the news that the boat was launchin'. "Your wanted!"
their leader cried.
"You've never refused to go, John; you'll put these cowards
right.
There's a dozen of lives maybe, John, as lie in our hands to-
night."
'Twas old Ben Brown, the captain; he'd laughed at the women's
doubt.
We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat was
goin' out.

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the bed—
"I can't go, mate," I murmured; "in an hour she may be dead.
I cannot go and leave her to die in the night alone."
As I spoke Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my wife was
thrown;
And I saw her eyes fixed strangely with a pleading look on me,
While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to the ragin sea.
Then she beckoned me near, and whispered, "Go, and God's will
be done!
For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's son."
Her head was full of the boy, sir—she was thinking, maybe, some
day
For lack of a hand to help him his life might be cast away.
"Go, John, and the Lord watch o'er you; and spare me to see
the light,
And bring you safe," she whispered, "out of the storm to-night."
Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried to hide my tears,
And my mates outside, when they saw me, set up three hearty
cheers;
But I rubbed my eyes wi' my knuckles, and turned to old Ben
and said,
"I'll see her again, maybe, lad, when the sea gives up its dead."

We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was the goal
in view,
And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it through;

But our boat she stood it bravely, and weary and wet and weak
We drew in hail of the vessel we had dared so much to seek
But just as we come upon her she gave a fearful roll,
And went down in the seethin' whirlpool with every livin' soul!
We rowed for the spot, and shouted, for all around was dark—
But only the wild wind answered the cries from our plungin' bark.

I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when I thought I heard a cry,
And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a wave dashed by;
I stretched out my hand to seize it. I dragged it aboard, and then
I stumbled, and struck my forrud, and fell like a log on Ben.
I remember a hum of voices, and then I knowed no more,
Till I came to my senses here, sir—here, in my home ashore.
My forrud was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my little bed—
I'd slipped, so they told me arter, and a rulluck had struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whispered; they'd heard I was comin' round.
At first I could scarcely hear 'em, it seemed like a buzzin' sound;
But as soon as my head got clearer and accustomed to hear 'em speak,
I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long week.
I guessed what the lads was hidin', for their poor old shipmate's sake,
I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news to break;
So I lifts my head from the pillow, and I says to old Ben, "Look here!
I'm able to bear it now, lad—tell me, and never fear."

Not one on 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes out,
And the others slinks away like, and I says, "What's this about?
Why can't they tell me plainly as the poor old wife is dead!"
Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my achin' head;
I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry "John!"
And I thought it must be a vision as my weak eyes gazed upon;

For there by the bedside, standin' up and well was my wife.
And who do ye think was with her? Why, Jack, as large as life.

It was him as I'd saved from drownin' the night as the lifeboat went
To the wreck of the Royal Helen; 'twas that as the vision meant.
They'd brought us ashore together, he'd knelt by his mother's bed,
And the sudden joy had raised her like a miracle from the dead;
And mother and son together had nursed me back to life,
And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son and wife.
Jack? He's our right hand now, sir; 'twas Providence pulled him through—
He's allus the first aboard her when the lifeboat wants a crew.

George R. Sims.

MY GARDEN.

I ALWAYS enjoy a vegetable garden, and through the winter I look forward to the spring days when I will take my cob pipe and hoe, and go joyously afield. I like to toy with the moist earth, the common squash bug of the work-a-day world. It is a pleasure also to irrigate the garden, watering the saur-kraut plant and the timid tomato vine as though they were children asking for a drink. I am never happier than when irrigating my tropical garden or climbing my neighbor with a hoe when he shuts off my water supply by sticking an old pair of pantaloons in the canal that leads into my squash conservatory.

One day a man shut off my irrigation that way, and dammed the water to such a degree that I shut off his

air supply, and I was about to say dammed him up also. We had quite a scuffle. Up to that time we had never exchanged a harsh word. That morning I noticed that my early rising horse-radish and my dwarf army worms were looking a little *au revoir*, and I wondered what was the matter. I had been gone several days, and was grieved to notice that my garden had a kind of *blasé* air, as though it needed rest and change of scene.

The Poland China egg plant looked up to me and seemed to say: "Pardner, don't you think it's a long time between drinks?" The watermelon seemed to have a dark brown taste in its mouth, and there was an air of gloom all over the garden.

At that moment I discovered my next door neighbor at the ditch on the corner. He was singing softly to himself:

> Oh, yes, I'll meet you;
> I'll meet you when the sun goes down."

He was also jamming an old pair of Rembrandt pants into the canal where they would shut off my water supply. He stood with his back toward me, and just as he said he would "meet me when the sun goes down," I smote him across the back of the neck with my hoe-handle, and before he could recover from the first dumb surprise and wonder, I pulled the dripping pantaloons out of the ditch, and tied them in a lover's knot around his neck. He began to look black in the face, and his struggles seemed to cease altogether. At that moment his wife came out and shrieked two purely womanly shrieks, and hissed in my ear: "You have killed my husband."

I said, possibly I had. If so, would she please send me the bill and I would adjust it at an early day. I said that in a bantering tone of voice, and raising my hat to her in that polished way of mine, started to go, when something fell with a dull thud on the greensward.

It was the author of these lines. I did not know till two days afterward that my neighbor's wife wore a *moire antique* rolling-pin under her apron. I did not suspect it till it was too late. The affair was kind of hushed up on account of the respectability of the parties.

By the time I had recovered, the garden seemed to melt away into thin air. My neighbor had it all his own way. While his proud hollyhocks and little Johnny jump-ups reared their heads to drink the mountain water at the twilight hour, my little low-neck summer squashes curled up and died.

Most every year I make a garden. I pay a man three dollars to plough it. Then I pay seven dollars and fifty cents for garden seed, and in July I hire the same man at three dollars to fallow the whole thing while I go and buy my vegetables from a Chinaman named Wun Lung. I've done this for eight years, and I owe my robust health and rich olive complexion to the fact that I've got a garden and do just as little in it as possible.

Parties desiring a dozen or more of my Shanghai egg plants, to set under an ordinary domestic hen, can procure the same by writing to me and inclosing lock of hair and ten dollars.—*New York Mercury.*

THE GRANGER AND THE GAMBLER.

It was an express train speeding
Over the prairies far;
It was a shrewd old granger
Was in the smoking-car.
I trow he was a shrewd old man,
Grizzled, and gnarled, and grim;
The jokes in the New York newspapers
Were fresh compared with him.
And in the seat adjoining,
With eyes all red and blear,
And full as a herd of goats might be
With whiskey and with beer,
Sat one whose occupation was
To whack the Texan steer.

And ever he muttered to himself
All incoherently,
And sware, and dozed, and babbled aloud,
And laughed with maudlin' glee,
And clumsily shuffled three greasy cards
Upon a greasy knee,
And bade the bystanders to observe
Those agents of villany.
Quotha, "With these keerds, the trey, nine, jack
These mis'able pasteboards three,
A gambler gay some stations back
He had well-nigh ruined me;
But I have bought me that trey, nine, jack,
And I will a gambler be,
And I will scoop in the city sharps,
At the game of three-card monté"—
And here he fell in a gentle doze
And snored consumedly.

And when he awakened, those around
Did wagers with him lay,
And never a better failed to spot
The jack, the nine, the trey,
And the drover's roll of greasy bills
It shrunk in a cruel way.
But ever he shuffled, and betted, and sang,
"I'll know the trick some day."
And ever and anon the cards
Would slide upon the floor,
And passengers gay would mark the trey
Or nine while he did snore,
And when he awaked that card would play
And money win galore.

Now the granger good beheld that sight
With much-assorted feelings.
First he waxed wroth that people might
Commit such shameless stealings;
Then he waxed sad that a man of wealth
And such simplicity,
Unable to take care of himself
Should go upon such a spree,
Then he waxed mad that a railroad train,
In a civilized countrie,
Should be the scene of nothing short
Of a highway robbery.
And then he did reflective grow
As he viewed the Texan's pelf,
And thought that he might just as well go
For some of it himself.
Then he went down for his wallet brown,
And counted every cent,
And he said unto the Texan clown
"I'll go for you." And he went.

Then the bullwhacker put his money up,
And chuckled in drunken glee,

And with nerveless hands the cards did spill
From off his nerveless knee;
And while he dozed, with his lead-pencil,
The granger stealthily
Did work a cross upon the nine,
Plain for all men to see.
Then wakened up the bullwhacker,
And shuffled the pasteboards three;
A sorry sight it was, I trow,
So inexpert was he.
And the granger smiled, and said, "I wis,
The money shall be mine;
Ho, whacker of bulls, I bet thee this,
I can pick out the nine!"
So he turned the card, the which was scored
With a cross in pencil black:
"Tis the nine!" he cried, with honest pride;
But, lo! it was the jack! (*Bundle of chords.*)

Then up and rose that granger good,
And to the conductor went:
"A gambler base hath swindled me
Out of my every cent."
Then the conductor he waxed wroth,
And to the car he hied,
And jerked the bell-rope violently,
And to the Texan cried:
"Scoundrel, that swindlest honest folk
Out of their hard-earned gain,
A lesson stern I will read to thee—
Here, fire him from the train!"

And the brawny brakesman fired him forth,
With violence eftsoons;
While the conductor smote with his foot,
The nape of his pantaloons!
And the passengers all gave lusty cheers,
And the granger cried, "Aha!

That'll teach him to swindle honest men
Riding on a railroad car."
And he chuckled and grinned for forty miles,
And then he recollected
That he hadn't got his money back
Before the thief was ejected!
(*Another bundle of chords, please.*)

When the conductor bold returned
To town the following day;
He met the whacker of Texan steers,
Who did amicably say:
"Here is thy share of that sucker's cash,
Twenty-five per cent., old pard;
And the next time that you put me off,
You needn't kick so hard!"

W. H.

LITTLE NAN.

The wide gates swung open,
The music softly sounded,
And loving hands were heaping the soldier's graves with flowers;
With pansies, pinks, and roses,
And pure gold-hearted lilies,
The fairest, sweetest blossoms that grace the spring-time bowers;

When down the walk came tripping
A wee, bare-headed girlie,
Her eyes were filled with wonder, her face was grave and sweet;
Her small brown hands were crowded
With dandelions yellow—
The gallant, merry blossoms that children love to greet.

O, many smiled to see her,
That dimple-cheeked wee baby,

Pass by with quaint intentness, as on a mission bound;
And pausing oft an instant,
Let fall from out her treasures
A yellow dandelion upon each flower-strewn mound.

The music died in silence,
A robin ceased its singing,
And in the fragrant stillness a bird-like whisper grew,
So sweet, so clear and solemn,
That smiles gave place to tear-drops:
"Nan loves 'oo darlin' soldier; an' here's a f'ower
for 'oo."

'OSTLER JOE.

I STOOD at eve when the sun went down,
By a grave where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin
With the light of her wanton eyes;
Who sang the song that the siren sang
On the treacherous Lurley height;
Whose face was as fair as a summer's day,
And whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day
From the garden above her dust—
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin,
Nor the blood-red rose of lust—
But a sweet white blossom of holy love
That grew in that one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life
Where all else was parched and hot.

In the summer, when the meadows
Were aglow with blue and red,
Joe, the 'ostler of "The Magpie,"
And fair Annie Smith were wed.

Plump was Annie, plump and pretty,
With a face as fair as snow;
He was anything but handsome,
Was the "Magpie's" 'ostler, Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie;
They'd a cottage and a cow—
And her matronhood sat lightly,
On the village beauty's brow.
Sped the months, and came a baby—
Such a blue-eyed baby boy!
Joe was working in the stables
When they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses—
Gave them, then and there,
All a special feed of clover,
Just in honor of his heir.
It had been his great ambition
(And he told the horses so)
That the fates would send a baby
Who might bear the name of *Joe*.

Little Joe, the child was christened,
And like babies grew apace.
He'd his mother's eyes of azure,
And his father's honest face.
Swift the happy years went over,
Years of blue and cloudless sky;
Love was lord of that small cottage
And the tempest passed them by.

Down the lane by Annie's cottage,
Chanced a gentleman to roam;
He caught a glimpse of Annie
In her bright and happy home.
Thrice he came and saw her sitting
By the window with her child;
And he nodded to the baby,
And the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him
(Little Joe was nearly four)
He would call the pretty "gemplum"
As he passed the open door,
And one day he ran and caught him,
And in child's play pulled him in;
And the baby Joe had prayed for,
Brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story,
That for ages bards have sung;
'Twas a woman, weak and wanton,
And a villain's tempting tongue;
'Twas a picture deftly painted
For a silly creature's eyes,
Of the Babylonian wonders
And the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted—
Was tempted and she fell,
As the angels fell from Heaven
To the blackest depth of hell.
She was promised wealth and splendor
And a life of genteel sloth;
Yellow gold, for child and husband—
And the woman left them both.

Home one eve, came Joe, the 'ostler,
With a cheery cry of "*wife!*"
Finding that which blurred forever
All the story of his life.
She had left a silly letter,
Through the cruel scrawl he spelt,
Then he sought the lonely bed-room,
Joined his horny hands and knelt.

"Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her,
For she ain't to blame," he cried;
"For I ought to seen her trouble
And a gone away and died.

Why a girl like her—God bless her—
'Twasn't likely as her'd rest
With her bonny head *forever*
On a 'ostler's ragged vest.

It was kind o' her to bear with me
All the long and happy time;
So for my sake please to bless her,
Though you count her deed a crime.
If so be I don't pray proper,
Lord, forgive me, for you see
I can talk all right to 'osses,
But I'm kind o' strange with Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage,
From the woman who had flown.
Joe, the baby, died that winter,
And the man was left alone.
Ne'er a bitter word he uttered,
But in silence kissed the rod,
Saving what he told his horses,
Saving what he told his God.

Far away in mighty London
Rose the wanton into fame.
For her beauty won men's homage,
And she prospered in her shame.
Quick from lord to lord she flitted,
Higher still each prize she won;
And her rivals paled beside her
As the stars beside the sun.

Next she trod the stage half naked,
And she dragged a temple down
To the level of a market
For the women of the town.
And the kisses she had given
To poor 'ostler Joe for naught,
With their gold and priceless jewels,
Rich and titled roués bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps
While her star was at its height;
Then the darkness came on swiftly,
And the gloaming turned to night.
Shattered strength and faded beauty
Tore the laurels from her brow;
Of the thousands who had worshipped,
Never one come near her now.

Broken down in health and fortune,
Men forgot her very name
Till the news that she was dying
Woke the echoes of her fame.
And the papers in their gossip
Mentioned how an actress lay
Sick to death in humble lodgings,
Growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story
In a far off country place;
And that night the dying woman
Woke and looked upon his face.
Once again the strong arms clasped her
That had clasped her long ago;
And the weary head lay pillowed,
On the breast of 'ostler Joe.

All the past he had forgiven—
All the sorrow and the shame;
He had found her sick and lonely,
And his wife he now could claim.
Since the grand folks who had known her
One and all had slunk away,
He could clasp his long lost darling
And no man could say him nay.

In his arms death found her lying,
From his arms her spirit fled,
And his tears came down in torrents
As he knelt beside his dead.

Never once his love had faltered
Through her sad, unhallowed life,
And the stone above her ashes
Bears the sacred name of *wife*.

That's the blossom I fain would pluck to-day
From the garden above her dust;
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin
Nor the blood-red rose of lust,
But a sweet white blossom of holy love,
That grew in the one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life
Where all else was parched and hot.

George R. Sims.

THE DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.

It is the 27th of August, 1794. The streets of Paris have run red with the best blood of France.

Let us take a look into the Hall of the National Convention to-day. Here are the best, the bravest, aye, and the bloodiest of all France, sitting silent, speechless, awed before that orange-visaged dandy who crouches in the Tribunal yonder. Robespierre has carried the list of death; has made his fiery speech. France, the people, the bloody and the brave, sit crouching before him.

At this awful moment an unknown man, trembling from head to foot, pale as a frozen corpse, rises and speaks a word that turns all eyes upon him. "Room!" he whispers; "Room there, ye dead!" He pauses, with his eyes fixed on vacancy. The Convention holds its breath. Even Robespierre listens. "Room there,

ye dead!" again whispers that unknown man; and then, pointing to the white-vested tyrant, his voice rises in a shriek: "Room there, ye dead. Room in hell for the soul of Maximilian Robespierre!"

Like a voice from the grave that word startles the Convention. Robespierre has risen; coward as he is, that voice has palsied his soul. But the unknown man does not pause. In short, fiery words, he heaps up the crimes of Robespierre. He calls the dead from their graves to witness his atrocities.

From that hour Robespierre the tyrant was Robespierre the convicted criminal. Covered with remorse and dreadful guilt, he rushes from the Hall. Hark! the report of a pistol! What does it mean? Let us away to the Guillotine and ask her.

Ha! Give way there, Paris, give way! Who is it that comes here, comes through the maddened crowd? Who is it that comes shrinking, crouching, trembling, to the feet of the guillotine?

Ah! That horror-striken face, that face with that bloody cloth bound around the broken jaw. It is the face of Maximilian Robespierre!

Grasped in the arms of men, whom the joy of this moment has maddened into devils, he is dragged up to the scaffold.

One look over the crowd—in all that surging mass there is no pity for him.

"Water!" shrieks the tyrant, holding his torn jaw. "Water, only a cup of water!"

Look! his cry is answered! A woman rushes up the scaffold—a woman who yesterday was a mother, and

now is childless, because Robespierre and Death have grasped her boy.

"Water?" she echoes; "blood, tyrant, blood! You have given France blood to drink. Now drink your own!"

Look! She drags the bandage from his broken jaw. He is bathed in a bath of his own blood. Down on the block, tyrant! One gleam of the axe. There is a head on the scaffold—and there, over that headless corpse stands that mother, shrieking the cry she heard in the Convention to-day; "Room, ye dead! Room in hell for the soul of Maximilian Robespierre!"—

George Lippard.

MOLL JARVIS O' MORLEY.

A CONSTABLE'S TALE.

QUEER cattle is women to deal with? Lord bless ye, yer honor, they are!
I'd sooner be faced by ten navies than tackle a woman, by far;
'Tain't only they bites and they scratches, and you mustn't not give it 'em back,
But their minds is so awful perwerted—they're such an abstropolous pack!

I can hunt down a burglar and nab him, and tackle the roughest o' rough,
But when it's a female I'm after I feels like a regular muff;
For I understands men and their natures, and I knows all their fly little lays,
But there isn't a orficer breathin' as is up to all feminine ways.

They be such a darned mixture o' feelin's—they love and they hate in a breath,
They'll be false to one cove in five minits, and they'll stick to another till death.
They're the blessedest big contrydiction as ever creation has seen,
For they've got such grand notions of honor, and yet they're so deucedly mean.

For a moment they'll tremble and shiver, and shriek if a spider comes near,
And the next they'll look death in the face, sir, with never a quiver o' fear;
As to minds, they ain't got none, I reckon—it's heart as prompts all as they do.
Have I seen some rum things with these women? Yes, I fancy I have—one or two.

Case in point? Half a score, if you're willin'—say one—well, I'm blowed! look'ee there,
See that woman a-turning the corner—that queer-looking wench with the hair?
Case in point! Why, she'll do for a good 'un. She's as mad as a hatter, sir, now;
For a man she went out of her senses, and it's worth yer a-hearin' tell how.

That wench there's Moll Jarvis o' Morley, the place t'other side o' the wood—
Ev'ry man in the force here knows Molly—there's pretty good reasons he should—
For the privates and sergeants and spectors, she flummoxed 'em all to a coon,
And she left us like open-mouthed dummies a-waggin' our heads at the moon.

'Twas in this way it happened: Her husband, a horrible brute of a chap,
Was arrested for smashin' her skull in, and half killing the babe in her lap.

He was tried, and her evidence taken; she softened it down where she could;
But the women as seed him set on her, they told how the real matter stood.

"Fifteen years," says the judge; then she fainted, and Tom he growls out, with an oath,
"Have a care for yourself and the brat, Moll; when I'm free I'll just finish you both."
Then she knelt and she prayed to the judges to hear what she'd gotten to say—
"Her Tom was mad drunk when he done it, and he'd never been harsh till that day."

'Twas a lie; bless your soul, why he'd whacked her and kicked her night, morning and noon;
You'd a' thought as she'd dance at the sentence, and think it a merciful boon.
'Twas a squeak for her life as he'd gave her, her head was all strapped in the box,
And she trembled and shook as Tom eyed her—he eyed her that day like a fox.

Lor, but women's rum cattle to deal with, the first man found that to his cost,
And I reckon it's just through a woman the last man on earth 'll be lost.
But that ain't my moral at present, I just wants to prove to yer face
That we pleecemen ain't nothing to go by when a woman gets into the case.

Just a month after Tom got his sentence, the news come he'd 'scaped from the jail,
And the whole of us all round the county was ordered to hunt on his trail.
She heard it, and went on her knees, sir, and prayed as he'd get clean away,
And in less than a week we'd a notion we held Master Thomas at bay.

He was there in them woods over yonder. Them woods is uncommonly thick,
And a man might be hidden a twelvemonth if he'd live on rank grass and a stick.
"Starve him out," says our chief; "draw a *cordon* of officers right round the place.
Let him choose 'twixt starvation and capture; one or other the beggar must face."

"They're a-starvin' him out," says a gossip; and Molly she heard what was said,
And she shrieked, and went into hysterics, and cried as her husband was dead.
Till at last she could bear it no longer, so she moaned and moved west'ard one day;
For it killed her, she said, to be watching while he was a-dying that way.

Oh! a deep 'un was Molly, Lord bless you! She made us look awfully small—
"Went off to her friends." We believed her; and she never went off, sir, at all.
How she done it we never discovered; but she got in them woods past my nose—
Got clean in them woods to that blackguard, and he got away in her clo's.

I see her come by as I fancied, and I gave her "Good-evenin'" as well,
And she nodded her head and went onward—did ever ye hear such a sell?
It was him in her dress and her bonnet, he went and he got slick away,
And we've never heard nowt o' the wiper, not a whisper right up to to-day.

Yes, she'd gone to the woods to that villain, to the bully who'd maimed her for life,
She had gone and she'd hugged him and kissed him, I s'pose, like a dutiful wife.

Well, we waited a week; then come orders to beat our way right through the wood,
And to capture the chap at all hazards, and shoot him down dead if he stood.

And all as we found there was Molly, all white and as weak as a rat,
Half-dressed and a-moanin' wi' terror and gnawing her hands where she sat;
She'd 'a' stopped there and died of starvation to give him more time to get free;
I could see the jade's game in a moment, and it come like a bombshell on me.

For I saw on the face of the woman the red scar stand out on the white,
Just the mark of the fist of the villain she'd crept there to aid in his flight;
And to think as she'd perish o' hunger and suffer the torments of hell
For the sake of the wretch who'd half killed her and had injured her baby as well.

No, she wasn't not charged with a-aidin' and abettin' the fellow's escape;
She was mad when we found her a-hidin', her reason was clean out o' shape.
But she's harmless enough, and she wanders, and jabbers and jaws about him;
The folks about here knows her story, and humors her every whim.

But don't talk to me about women; they ain't got no reason nor brains,
And the man who goes in for to grip 'em is just a big fool for his pains.
They're a blow to the force, that they are, sir; they sends all our best plans to pot;
They're a mixture o' saint and o' devil, and a darned contrydictory lot.

George. R. Sims.

THE C'RRECT CARD.

(AS RECITED BY CHAS. ROBERTS, JR.)

"C'RRECT card, sir? C'rrect card, sir? What! you've seen
my face before?
Well, I dare say as how you have, sir; and so have many more;
But they passes me by without a word—but perhaps it's just
as well;
A poor crippled chap like me, sir, ain't fit company for a
swell.
But I've seen the time when they all was proud with me to be
talking seen—
When I rode for Lord Arthur Forester, and wore the black
and green.

How did it happen? I'll tell you, sir. You knew little
Fanny Flight—
Old Farmer Flight's one daughter—always so pretty and
bright?
You used to joke with her sometimes, sir, and say as, if you
she'd marry,
You'd set up a "pub" together, an' pitch your folks to Old
Harry.
You was just down for the holidays, sir, from Oxford, where
you was at school;
But *you* only played at being in love, while *I* . . . . was a
cursed fool!
Well, there was lots of 'm after her, sir, what with her ways
and face,
But I was in earnest, you see, sir, and rode a waiting race.
'Twas one fine April morning, when she came out to see us
train,
And just as she stood with her little hand holding on by my
horse's mane,
I felt as how I could do it, and came with a rush, you see,
An' I said to her—all of a tremble, sir—' Fan, will you marry
me?

And she blushed an' smiled, an' whinnied, and after a bit she agreed
That, as soon as I found the money to pay for our keep and feed,
Why, we'd run in harness together. We'd ha' made a tidyish pair;
For I weren't a bad looking colt at the time, and *she*—such a nice little mare!
Such a mouth! such a forehead! such action! Ah, well, let 'em say what they may,
That's the sort to make running with us, sir—though, hang it! they never can *stay*.

Well, the time went on, and I rode my best, an' they called me a 'cuteish chap,
And Lord Arthur put me up to ride for the Leicestershire Handicap.
Lord Arthur, he was a *gentleman*—never was stingy or mean—
An' he said, 'I'll give you five hundred, my man, if you win with the black and green.'
Well, the horse I rode was Rasper; perhaps you remember him well?
Black, all but one white foot, sir; *and* a temper!—he'd pull like ——;
But jump like a bird if he had a mind—plenty of power and pace—
And knew he had it in him, and I swore I'd win the race.

The night before the race came off I went down to Farmer Flight's—
They'd got to expect me regular now on Tuesday and Friday nights—
And I told her what Lord Arthur said, and how, if I chanced to win,
We'd go into double harness on the strength of his lordship's tin.

An' she put my colors in her hair, and her arms around my neck,
And I felt . . . but, hang it, a chap's a fool as can't keep his feelings in check.
But then, you sees, sir, I *was* a fool—a big one as ever was seen—
But then I was only twenty when I rode in the black and green.

I got up early next morning, an' felt as light as a feather,
And I went to start for the stables; and mother she asked me whether
I'd not take my flask in my pocket, in case it might come in handy;
But, 'Mother,' I says, 'when a chap's in love, he don't feel to want any brandy.'
And I thought, as I put on a new pair o' spurs, and a jacket bran new and clean,
That I'd give long odds that I'd pull off—ten to one on the black and green.

Well, Lord Arthur gave me my orders, and a leg up on to my horse,
And I just had taken my canter an' was coming back up the course,
When who should I spy but Fanny, in a stylish sort of trap,
Talking away like blazes to a dark, long-whiskered chap;
But I hadn't time to think of more, for we got the word to start,
And Rasper gave a thundering tear that nearly pulled out my heart:
An' then I pulled him together, for mine was a waiting race,
And I knew that what was to win it was Rasper's pluck, not pace.

Well, I got round all right the first time; the fences were easy enough—
At least to a couple like *we* were; the only one that was tough

Was a biggish hedge, with a post and rails; but the taking-off
was fair,
And I shouldn't call it a dangerous jump, as long as you took
it with care.
And Rasper! that very morning I said to Lord Arthur, I said:
'I think as that horse there could jump a *church*, if he took
the thing into his head;
An' that morning he want like a lady and looked as bright as
a bean,
And I knew if it only lasted, I'd win with the black and green.

I was riding Rasper easy, when, just as we passed the stand,
It struck me the carriage with Fanny was in was somewhere
upon my right hand;
And I took a pull at Rasper, and a glance toward that side,
And I saw what made me forget the race and forget the way
to ride—
Only a kiss! An' what's a kiss to the like of him and her?
But I could not help letting Rasper feel that I wore a long-
necked spur;
An' though I set my teeth to be cool and steadied him with
the rein,
I knew that the devil in Rasper was up, and couldn't be laid
again;
An' the very next fence, though I kept him straight, and he
went at it after the rest,
I could feel that he meant to do his worst, and I couldn't ride
my best.

For, you know, when a man feels desperate like, he's no more
head than a child,
And it's all *up* with a jock, you see, if he goes at his fences
wild.
Over the next fence—over the next—till I thought, as my teeth
I set,
If I could only keep my head to my work, I might pull
through with it yet;

And I took a pull at Rasper, an' fell back a bit to the tail,
For I'd never forget the one difficult spot—the hedge with the post and rail.
How it all comes back! We're in the field—now for a rattling burst;
For the race is half won by the horse and man that crosses that fence first.
I run up to my horses and pass them—I've given Rasper his head;
I can hear, some lengths behind me, the trampling and the tread;
And now I send him at it, firmly, but not too fast—
He stops—lays his ears back—REFUSES! *The devil's come out at last!*
And I dig in the steel and let him feel the sting of stout whalebone,
And I say, 'You shall do it, you devil! if I break your neck and my own.'
And the brute gives a squeal, and rushes at the post and rail like mad—
No time to rise him at it—not much use if I had;
And then . . . Well, I feel a crash and a blow, and hear a woman scream,
And I seem to be dying by inches in a horrid sort of a dream."

* * * * *

"No, thank ye, I'd rather not, sir. You see they ain't all like you;
These gents as has plenty of money don't care who they gives it to;
But as for stopping an' saying a word, an' hearin' a fellow's tale,
They'd rather give him a crown, sir, or stand him a quart of ale.
But it brings back old times to be talking to you. Ah! the jolly old times as I've seen,
When I rode for Lord Arthur (c'rrect card, sir?) and wore the black and green!

Geo. R. Sims.

KATE SHELLY.

HAVE you heard how a girl saved the lightning express,—
Of Kate Shelly, whose father was killed on the road?
Were he living to day, he'd be proud to possess
Such a daughter as Kate. Ah! 'twas grit that she showed
On that terrible evening when Donahue's train
Jumped the bridge and went down, in the darkness and rain.

She was only eighteen, but a woman in size,
With a figure as graceful and lithe as a doe;
With peach-blossom cheeks, and with violet eyes,
And teeth and complexion like new-fallen snow;
With a nature unspoiled and unblemished by art—
With a generous soul, and a warm, noble heart!

'Tis evening—the darkness is dense and profound;
Men linger at home by their bright-blazing fires;
The wind wildly howls with a horrible sound,
And shrieks through the vibrating telegraph-wires;
The fierce lightning flashes along the dark sky;
The rain falls in torrents; the river rolls by.

The scream of a whistle! the rush of a train!
The sound of a bell! a mysterious light
That flashes and flares through the fast falling rain!
A rumble! a roar! shrieks of human affright!
The falling of timbers! the space of a breath!
A splash in the river! then darkness and death!

Kate Shelly recoils at the terrible crash;
The sounds of destruction she happens to hear;
She springs to the window—she throws up the sash,
And listens and looks with a feeling of fear.
The tall tree-tops groan, and she hears the faint cry
Of a drowning man down in the river near by.

Her heart feebly flutters, her features grow wan,
And then through her soul in a moment there flies
A forethought that gives her the strength of a man—
She turns to her trembling old mother and cries:
"I must save the express—'twill be here in an hour!"
Then out through the door disappears in the shower.

She flies down the track through the pitiless rain;
She reaches the river—the water below
Whirls and seethes through the timbers. She shudders again:
"The bridge! To Moingona God help me to go!"
Then closely about her she gathers her gown
And on the wet ties with a shiver sinks down.

Then carefully over the timbers she creeps
On her hands and her knees, almost holding her breath.
The loud thunder peals and the wind wildly sweeps,
And struggles to hurry her downward to death;
But the thought of the train to destruction so near
Removes from her soul every feeling of fear.

With the blood dripping down from each torn, bleeding limb,
Slowly over the timbers her dark way she feels;
Her fingers grow numb and her head seems to swim;
Her strength is fast failing—she staggers! she reels!
She falls——Ah! the danger is over at last,
Her feet touch the earth, and the long bridge is passed!

In an instant new life seems to come to her form;
She springs to her feet and forgets her despair.
On, on to Moingona! she faces the storm,
She reaches the station—the keeper is there.
"Save the lightning express! No—hang out the red light!
There's death on the bridge at the river to night!"
Out flashes the signal-light, rosy and red;
Then sounds the loud roar of the swift coming train,

The hissing of steam, and there, brightly ahead,
The gleam of a headlight illumines the rain.
"Down brakes!" shrieks the whistle, defiant and shrill;
She heeds the red signal—she slackens, she's still!

Ah! noble Kate Shelly, your mission is done;
Your deed that dark night will not fade from our gaze;
An endless renown you have worthily won:
Let the nation be just, and accord you its praise.
Let your name, let your fame, and your courage declare
What a *woman* can do, and a *woman* can dare!

Eugene J. Hall.

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies,—
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that,
'Tis odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot, nor speck,—though still he cries,—
"Charco! charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies,—
"Ark, ho! ark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Ark, ho!"—such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness,
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies,—
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Mark, ho!"—Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright,
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,
"Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies,—
"Ah, go! ah, go!"
"Charco'!"—Ah, go!"—while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man!
Though dusky as an African,
'Tis not for you that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
While mocking echo still replies,
"Hark, O! hark O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!

J. T. Trowbridge.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I LOOKED far back into other years, and lo! in bright array,
I saw as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.
It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footsteps falls;
And o'er the antique dial stone the creeping shadow passed,
And all around the noonday sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little reck'd they, when they sang, or knelt at the vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line!
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween to see
The land assembled all its wealth of grace and chivalry.
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled joy bespeak.

Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's charm, its sunshine and its flowers?

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes,
Upon the fast receding hills, that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendors of a throne:
No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France—
The chosen land of chivalry, the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea!

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.

The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart SCEPTRE well she swayed, but the SWORD she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar;
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot's zeal, and fierce domestic broils;
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come, they come!—and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain—
The ruffian's steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart dashed aside the tears that trickling fell:
"Now for my father's arm!" she said, "my woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison-walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing the Queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line.
"My lords, my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,

That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes!"
A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without a crown

The scene was changed—Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleamed the broad-axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips and touched the hearts of all.
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom—
I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every tone.
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold!
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould!
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile—
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon the bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
Alas! the change!—she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block—ALONE!
The little dog that licks her hand—the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bowed!
—Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed away!

The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a Queen,
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen—
Lapped by a dog! Go think of it, in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne!

H. G. Bell.

THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

Well, No! My wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all the same;
She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.
It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—
When you hear the circumstances—'twas rather rough on me.

She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Malvern Hill;
And when I married her she seemed to sorrow for him still;
But I brought her here to Kansas and I never want to see
A better wife than Mary was for five bright years to me.

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy glow
Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their snow.
I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of her, sir,
And as for me—I can't begin to tell how I loved her!

Three years ago the baby came our humble home to bless;
And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happiness;
Twas hers—'twas mine;—but I've no language to explain to you,
How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together drew!

Once we watched it through a fever, and with each gasping
breath,
Dumb with an awful, worldless woe, we waited for its death;
And, though I'm not a pious man, our souls together there,
For Heaven to spare our darling, went up in voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live, our joy what words
could tell?
Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears together fell.
Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our little nest,
But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing;
Early and late you'd find me there a hammering and singing;
Love nerved my arm to labor, and moved my tongue to song,
And though my singing wasn't sweet, it was tremendous
strong!

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a shoe,
And while I was at work, we passed a compliment or two;
I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas shot away
At Malvern Hill. "At Malvern Hill! Did you know Robert
May?"

"That's me," said he. "You, you!" I gasped, choking with
horrid doubt;
"If you're the man, just follow me; we'll try this mystery
out!"
With dizzy steps, I led him to Mary. God! 'Twas true!
Then the bitterest pangs of misery, unspeakable, I knew.

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone,
And from her quivering lips there broke one wild, despairing
moan.
'Twas he! the husband of her youth, now risen from the dead.
But all too late—and with a bitter cry, her senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead. On his return
He strove in vain some tidings of his absent wife to learn.
'Twas well that he was innocent! Else I'd have killed him, too,
So dead he never would have riz till Gabriel's trumpet blew.

It was agreed that Mary then between us should decide,
And each by her decision would sacredly abide.
No sinner, at the judgment seat, waiting eternal doom,
Could suffer what I did, while waiting sentence in that room.

Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with nerves as tense as steel,
While Mary's eyes sought each white face, in piteous appeal.
God! could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled
Between her lawful husband and the father of her child?

Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice, when she knelt down and said:
"Forgive me, John! He is my husband! Here! Alive! not dead!
I raised her tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right,
But somehow, in my aching breast, the prisoned words stuck tight!

"But, John, I can't leave baby"—"What! wife and child!" cried I;
"Must I yield all! Ah, cruel fate! Better that I should die,
Think of the long, sad, lonely hours, waiting in gloom for me—
No wife to cheer me with her love—no babe to climb my knee!

"And yet—you are her mother, and the sacred mother love
Is still the purest, tenderest tie that heaven ever wove;
Take her, but promise, Mary—for that will bring no shame—
"My little girl shall bear, and learn to lisp her father's name!"

It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my child and wife ;
But yonder, by my cottage gate, we parted for this life ;
One long hand clasp from Mary, and my dream of love was done,
One long embrace from baby, and my happiness was gone !

Frank Olive.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

From Old Fashioned Roses by permission.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low, to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that turns to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts that start
Into being like perfumes from the blossom of the heart—
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine—
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children, and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.
In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm—
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty, and a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase,
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes,
As glowing as the summer, and as tender as the skies.
I can see the pink sun-bonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when I first kissed her, and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine!

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned;
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set the music to;
When we should live together in a cozy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden-spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine,
And the birds was ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine:

And I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had come.
But—ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there!
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE BANNER THAT WELCOMES THE WORLD.

THE dawn of new ages is breaking,
The cycle of concord has come;
There is peace in the echoing bugle,
And a festival march in the drum.
To-day the old Sandy Hook wakens
An echo that never will cease;
O'er the spot where the patriot perished,
The winds lift the banner of peace!
O flag of the Navesink Highlands
That patriot bands gave the air,
The joy that our bosoms is thrilling,
The hearts of the ages shall share.
The war ships, the peace ships, shall hail thee,
The prows from the nations oppressed,
As thy iris gleams forth from the heaven
At the sentinelled gates of the West.
The eye of the emigrant mother
Shall long through the melting mist gaze,
And turn with tears to behold thee,
And close in the silence of praise.
The sky-piercing eye of the sailor,
From afar shall thy sun-ripples view;
The tempest-tossed traveller returning
Shall pledge this allegiance anew.
The skies of good will bend above us,
The ocean beneath us rolls fair:
The chords of new harmonies move us,
What sayest thou, seer of the air?
The west winds breathe low for thy message,
And wait it the waters impearled.
Speak, flag of the ocean auroras,
Speak, banner that welcomes the world!
O Liberty, thou who hast lifted
My eye to the walls of the sun,
I float for the new years of heaven

The brotherhood conflict has won.
No longer for races contending,
For man move the cycles sublime;
The summons for peace is ascending
From the jubilee trumpets of time!
I salute thee, O feet that have followed
Fair Hesper to destinies new.
I salute ye, O pioneers coming,
I bid ye, O voyagers, adieu!
In the mist of the surge, in the tempest,
With the sunlight or cloud on my brow,
I float for the best of all ages,
And the best of all ages is now!
That man may be given his birthright,
And knowledge the future that waits;
Equality, freedom to labor,
And labor, the wealth it creates.
That the temples of truth, for their master,
By charity's feet may be trod;
That hearts that are humble and human,
May do the swift service of God.
Fraternity, rise to thy mission,
The noblest since order began.
Till the nations are brothers united
In one federation of man!
The future stands waiting to greet thee,
And battle her standards has furled,
And hangs like a signal of heaven,
The flag to humanity given,
For which all the heroes have striven!
Hail, banner that welcomes the world.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

A LITTLE WOMAN.

A little bit of a woman came
  Athwart my path one day;
So tiny was she that she seemed to be
A pixy strayed from the misty sea,
  Or a wandering greenwood fay.

"Oh, you little elf," I cried—
  "And what are you doing here?
So tiny as you will never do
For the brutal rush and hullabaloo
  Of this practical work, I fear."

"Voice have I, good sir," said she——
  "'Tis soft as an angel's sigh,
But to fancy a word of yours were heard
In all the din of this world's absurd,"
  Smiling, I made reply.

"Hands have I, good sir," she quoth——
  "Marry, and that you have!
But amid the strife and the tumult rife,
In all the struggle and battle for life,
  What can these wee hands do?"

"Eyes have I, good sir," she said——
  "Sooth you have," quoth I,
"And tears shall flow therefrom, I trow,
And they betimes shall dim with woe,
  As the hard, hard years go by."

That little bit of a woman cast
  Her two eyes full on me,
And they smote me sore to my inmost core,
And they held me slaved forevermore,
  Yet would I not be free!

This little bit of a woman's hands
  Reached up into my breast
And rent apart my scoffing heart—
  As cannot be expressed.

The little bit of a woman's voice
  Has grown most wondrous dear,
Above the blare of all elsewhere
(An inspiration that mocks at care)
  It riseth full and clear.

Dear one, I bless the subtle power
  That makes me wholly thine;
And I'm proud to say that I bless the day
When a little woman wrought her way
  Into this life of mine.

Eugene Field.

HANS AND FRITZ.

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride;
With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geld*—as they say—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan,
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in their robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. Finch.

GRANDMA.

"THERE never was a grandma half so good!"
He whispered, while beside her chair he stood,
And laid his rosy cheek,
With manner very meek,
Against her dear old face in loving mood.

"There never was a nicer grandma born.
I know some little boys must be forlorn
Because they've none like you.
I wonder what I'd do
Without a grandma's kisses night and morn?

"There never was a dearer grandma—there!"
He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair,
Then fixed her ruffled cap,
And nestled in her lap,
While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.

"When I'm a man, what lots to you I'll bring:
A horse and carriage and a watch and ring,—
All grandmas are no nice!"
(Just here he kissed her twice.)
"And grandmas give a boy 'most anything."

Before his dear old grandma could reply,
This boy looked up, and, with a roguish eye,
Then whispered in her ear
That nobody might hear,
"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?"

THE UNCLE.

I HAD an uncle once—a man
  Of threescore years and three,
And when my reason's dawn began,
  He'd take me on his knee,
And often talk, whole winter nights,
  Things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood,
  And few his converse sought;
But, it was said, in solitude
  His conscience with him wrought;
And then, before his mental eye,
  Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house
  Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little, careless child
  Who gambolled up and down,
And often peeped into his room,
  And plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone—
  My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
  Had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung
  The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it—
  'Twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked
  Upon my mother's face;
Or seen her pale, expressive smile
  Of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well,
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily;
I sat and read in that old hall,
My uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood
The words upon the book,
For with a sidelong glance I marked
My uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange, unusual dread;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes
Sunk far down in his head;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turned him round,
And drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face;
Perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me
Had seemed so gastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said—
I started at the sound;
'Twas choked and stifled, in his throat,
And hardly utterance found;
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once—
Thou wert her only child;
O God! I've seen her when she held
Thee in her arms and smiled—
She smiled upon thy father, boy,
'Twas that which drove me wild!

"He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that;—he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him
A token and a sign.

"Boy! I had loved her too—nay, more,
'Twas I who loved her first;
For months—for years—the golden thought
Within my soul was nursed;
He came—he conquered—they were wed—
My air-blown bubble burst!

"Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes grew rife;
The damning thought stuck in my heart,
And cut me like aknife,
That she, whom all my days I loved,
Should be another's wife!

"I left my home—I left the land—
I crossed the raging sea;
In vain—in vain—where'er I turned,
My memory went with me;
My whole existence, night and day,
In memory seemed to be.

"I came again, I found them here—
Thou'rt like thy father, boy—
He doted on that pale face there,
I've seen them kiss and toy—
I've seen him locked in her fond arms,
Wrapped in delirious joy!

"By Heavens! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm that sat
Forever on his brow,
That seemed in bitter scorn to say,
I am more loved than thou!

"He disappeared—draw nearer, child!—
He died—no one knew how;
The murdered body ne'er was found,
The tale is hushed up now;
But there was one who rightly guessed
The hand that struck the blow.

'It drove her mad—yet not his death—
No—not his death alone;
For she had clung to hope, when all
Knew well that there was none;
No, boy! it was a sight she saw
That froze her into stone!

"I am thy uncle, child—why stare
So frightfully agast?—
The arras waves, but know'st thou not
'Tis nothing but the blast?
I, too, have had my fears like these,
But such vain fears are past.

"I ll show thee what thy mother saw—
I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night
Suits with the purpose best.
Come hither—thou hast often sought
To open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring; the touch
Is known to me alone;"
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—
"What see you, that you groan
So heavily? That thing is but
A bare-ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—
Three strides he backward gave,
"Oh, God! it is my brother's self
Returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my throat—
Will no one help or save?"

That night they laid him on his bed,
In raving madness tossed;
He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost;
And, ere the light of morning broke
A sinner's soul was lost.

H. G. Bell.

A GREAT TUNE.

OLD BRAYLEY was a mule-driver in the far West, and he was so well satisfied with his occupation that never but once in twenty years did he venture East to visit some relations. When he returned to his team and his old associates, two months later, he had a head stored with recollections which he would drop unexpectedly, one at a time, as he and the other drivers for the transportation firm of Jerkem & Co. gathered about the stove in their quarters and smoked their evening pipes. One evening the old man remarked:

"When I was in New York, I heerd the durndest tune that ever wuz."

"How does it go?" asked Whitefoot, who was named for one of his mules and had a deft finger for the banjo.

"Go?" echoed Old Brayley, with a short laugh which developed into a series of chuckles of considerable duration. "Go?" Then the old man's face sobered and his eyes become introspective.

"Well, if you'd heerd a tune a full hour long, I wonder what you'd say ef some galoot up an' asked 'How did it go?'"

"But can't you whistle it?" persisted Whitefoot. "I can whistle almost any tune I ever heard—whistle some of it, anyhow."

"Oh, ye kin, eh? Well, I aint over an' above slow on puckerin' my lips myself, when I hear a good tune on a fiddle or a horn, but when a hull lot of fiddles an' horns is a-goin' at a time, besides half a dozen drums an' a lot of other things that I couldn't tell the names of it I hed to save my life by doin' it—when all them things plays a tune, why then I don't try to whistle as much as I might."

"Oh, I see. A band played it, eh?"

"Well, somewhat. A band, or half a dozen bands, more like."

"But," urged Whitefoot, as he took his banjo from the wall and began to tune it, "I reckon you can kind o' get onto the jingle, so I can give the boys a taste of it."

The old man eyed the banjo as contemptuosly as if it were a man who drove only a single pair of mules instead of a prairie four-in-hand; then he said:

"'Tisn't the kind of tune that's got a jingle to it. You couldn't play it on no durned banjo, no how."

Whitefoot pocketed the insult, for Brayley was too old to hit. Then Gloves, a mule-driver who read books, sometimes talked about the East, shaved every morning, and was therefore regarded with some suspicion by his associates, said:

"Tell us what you remember about it, Mr. Brayley, won't you?"

"Well," answered the old man, after several vigorous sucks at a refractory pipe, "it aint no easy thing to tell about. First, ther' 'peared to be three or four tunes mixed up together an' not knowin' which ef 'em was to lead the percession. They wasn't mixed long, though; all of a sudden they got a fair start, all together, an' 'twas jest bully. Why, it made me feel as if we wuz a-breakin' camp for a long prairie trip where the grass wuz good, with plenty of water along the road. I'd have give five dollars if I could hav got up on my seat an' cracked a whip an' cussed a mule, I felt so good.

"Then the music went along, an' along, an' 'fore I knew it I began to feel ez ef I wuz a-takin' a rest an' a smoke along in the edge of the evenin', with the mules picketed out all right, an' none of 'em kickin' no

other mules thet didn't belong to their team. Then it went along an' went along some more, till I jest shet my eyes an' thought I wuz at a fandango down on the Taos Trail, ez it used to be, an' 'fore it got late enough fur the boys to have drunk much, or the gals to hev got jealous, or mad about somethin'.

"All of a sudden, though, an' jest ez if it *wuz* at a fandango, it kinder 'peared ez ef ther *must* be an infernal row goin' on somewheres, an' fellers thet didn't want to be into the scrimmage needed to light out mighty lively. I began to think I'd better make tracks myself; then I got afraid a hull corral of mules wuz a-goin' to stampede. I never *wuz* such a fool, fur of course ther wuzn't no mules within a thousan' miles of that music. Pooty soon, though, the fuss all petered out, an' I kinder felt ez ef I'd gone through the stable an' seen that none of *my* anamiles wuz in trouble, nor none of the harness stole, nor nuthin',—an' I jest tell you that music made me feel mighty comfortable.

"But it kept a-goin' on, an' a goin' on, an' I got to almost b'lievin' that I was in the quarters here, the mules all fed an' watered an' the supper a-sookin'—why, lame my leaders if I didn't smell the coffee a-steamin' an' the pork a fryin' ez plain ez I ever did in my life, though of course nobody wuz a-fixin' grub in a high-toned, six mule concern like that music ranch wuz. I kept a feelin' nicer an' nicer, an' quieter, till at last it seemed time to turn in—the music 'peared to say so, an' I reckon I *did* turn in, fur after a while a feller wuz a shakin' me, an' every body else dug out, an' the band hed made tracks too, so I harnessed up an' lit out myself. But you recollect what I tell you, that tune wuz jest a hull corral of music."

"Can't you remember its name?" asked Gloves, the driver from the East, who had listened with great interest to old Brayley's story.

"Durned ef I kin," was the reply, after a moment or two of intense thought and head-scratching. "But say—I believe I've got the bill of fare uv it in my pack. Jest wait a minit."

The old man arose briskly, rummaged through his pack, and finally extracted a crumpled programme, which he handed to Gloves, who regarded it as eagerly and lovingly as if it was a dear old acquaintance, as he murmured :

"H'm. I might have known it. 'Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony'—Theodore Thomas' Orchestra!"

John Habberton.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

(AS RECITED BY JAMES J. GRADY.)

THE night was falling dreary, in merry Bandon town,
When in his cottage, weary, an Orangeman lay down.
The summer sun in splendor had set upon the vala,
And shouts of "No surrender!" arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters, laving the feet of aged trees,
The Orange banners waving, flew boldly in the breeze—
In mighty chorus meeting, a hundred voices join,
And fife and drum were beating the *Battle of the Boyne*.

Ha! tow'rd his cottage hieing, what form is speeding now,
From yonder thicket flying, with blood upon his brow?
"Hide—hide me, worthy stranger, though green my color be,
And in the day of danger may heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending, an Orangeman I slew.
Hark! hear that fearful warning, there's death in every tone—
Oh save my life till morning, and heaven prolong your own!"

The Orange heart was melted in pity to the Green;
He heard the tale, and felt it his very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning, though death be in its tone—
I'll save your life till morning, or I will lose my own."

Now, round his lowly dwelling the angry torrent press'd,
A hundred voices swelling, the Orangeman addressed—
"Arise, arise and follow the chase along the plain!
In yonder stony hollow your only son is slain!"

With rising shouts they gather upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father agast with sudden pain.
He seeks the frighted stranger, in covert where he lay—
"Arise!" he said, "all danger is gone and passed away!

"I had a son—one only, one loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely, in that accursed strife.
I pledged my word to save thee until the storm should cease,
I kept the pledge I gave thee—arise, and go in peace!"

The stranger soon departed from that unhappy vale;
The father, broken hearted, lay brooding o'er that tale.
Full twenty summers after to silver turned his beard;
And yet the sound of laughter from him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary, in merry Wexford town,
When in his cabin, weary, a peasant laid him down.
And many a voice was singing along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing with shouts of "Granua Uile."

Besides the waters, laving the feet of aged trees,
The green flag, gayly waving, was spread against the breeze—
In might chorus meeting, loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating, "*Down, Orangemen, lie down!*"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clanor that woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger, rife on the evening air.
Like billows of the ocean he sees them hurry on—
And, 'mid the wild commotion, an Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary, and feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story would shame your cruel band.
Full twenty years and over have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover of peace and concord now.

"It was not thus I greeted your brother of the Green;
When, fainting and defeated, I freely took him in.
I pledged my word to save him from vengeance rushing on,—
I kept the pledge I gave him, though he had killed my son"

That aged peasant heard him, and knew him as he stood;
Remembrance kindly stirr'd him, and tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure, he pierced the listening train,
"I'm here to pay the measure of kindness back again!"

Upon his bosom falling, that old man's tears came down;
Deep memory recalling that cot and fatal town.
"The hand that would offend thee my being first shall end;
I'm living to defend thee, my savior and my friend!"

He said, and slowly turning, address'd the wondering crowd;
With fervent spirit burning, he told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders their aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders and chaired him through the street.

As he had saved that stranger from peril scrowling dim,
So in his day of danger did Heav'n remember him.
By joyous crowds attended, the worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended of Orange and of Green.

Gerald Griffin.

WASHINGTON.

It matters very little what immediate spot may be the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the fimament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies prepartory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were—splendid exemplifications of some single qualification; Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the

command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him: whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers —her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created!

> "How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
> Thou more than soldier and just less than sage;
> All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
> Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be!"

Happy, proud American! the lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

Charles Phillips.

THE ORTHOD-OX TEAM.

Hold on, stranger! Turn out yonder close to the wall!
For the road's rather narrow and I've got it all!
Whoa, back, haw there, old Baptist! Whoa, Methodist, whoa!
These are oxen that need all the road, you must know.
Yes, I drive without swearin' though strange it may seem,
For I'm drivin', good stranger, my orthod-ox team!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"That Episcopal ox is of excellent breed,
He's more noted for style than he is for speed.
Though of delicate structure, this ox will not shirk,
But he never was known sir, to sweat at his work.
He's a good, pious ox, never losin' his way,
For he reads all the signboards and goes not astray!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's the good Baptist ox; he's hard shell to the bone;
Close communion in diet—he eats all alone!
Shakes his head when it's raining and closes his eyes;
He hates to be sprinkled, though it comes from the skies!
Why, he won't cross a bridge unless dragged by the team!"
He'll go nowhere, I swon, but down into the stream!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Presbyterian, gee! Congregational, haw!
They're good stock, let me tell you, and know how to draw!
They're so perfectly matched, sir, that very few folks
Can tell 'em apart when they're out of the yoke!
But you see a slight difference when it is shown:
One leans on his elders and one stands alone!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's an ox I term Israel, oldest of all:
Once he grazed in the garden before Adam's fall;
He went into the Ark at the time of the flood,

And when Pharaoh starved he was chewin' his cud!
There's an ancestry, sir, full of glory, no doubt,
But for goring the Master they're scattered about!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"I've an ox over there who tends strictly to 'biz!'
He's a Catholic ox; what a monster he is!
And he keeps growin' big, while he keeps growin' old!
And he never lets go where he once gets a hold!
He's a strong one you bet! why I never yet spoke
But he started right off, with his neck in the yoke!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's old Methodist, one of the best on the road!
You'd suppose, by the fuss, he alone dragged the load!
How he pulls when I sing hallelujah and shout;
But the worst of it, he keeps changin' about!
He was bought on probation, and works like a top;
But I've had him three years, and suppose I must swop!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"That suave Universalist many admire
Thinks the devil's a myth with his great prairie fire!
There's an Adventist claimin' to have second sight!
If he keeps on a-guessin' he'll guess the thing right!
And the Seventh Day Baptist—their numbers are such
If they do break the Sabbath they don't break it much!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Got a Spiritist? Yes, sir; I bought one by chance:
When it comes to hard work he goes off in a trance!
Nothing practical, sir, in a medium ox
When you have to keep proddin' with rappin's and knocks!
But I must keep movin' and ploddin' along
With my orthod-ox team, or the world will go wrong!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

Take the road that I came, and beware of short cuts!
You will not lose the way if you follow the ruts.
I am sorry to force you, my friend to turn out.
But this is the regular lumberman's route!
On the road of life, stranger, my right is supreme:
All the world must turn out for my Orthod-ox team!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

Fred Emerson Brooks.

O CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN.

O captain! my captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells,
Rise up—for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a' crowding.
For you they call the swaying mass, their eager faces turning:
Here captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O Shores! and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman.

THE CHARIOT RACE.

From Wallace's "Ben-Hur" Copyright, 1880, By Harper & Brothers.

WHEN the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increased; but more — it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which the features were at that moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly: cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined — a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever cost, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion, on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain, and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon Fortune: he did not believe in Fortune; far otherwise. He had his plan, and, confiding in himself, he settled to the task never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed aglow with a renewed and perfect transparency.

When not half-way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flash-like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (pre-arrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction—no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under the urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvellous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches: the Circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second

time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking that Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal. The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the Circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practised hand—"Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; up on the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus: then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love: they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of the staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled round the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time.

In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared.

And then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded: still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the later Cæsarean period—Messala and Ben-Hur in

the first, the Corinthian Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quitted combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" caied Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent—or five talents, or ten: choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii" answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see, I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound: they screamed and howled, and tossed their colors; and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come; and he had said to himself, the sixth will bring it; but, lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end, Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard, and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of

light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story:

> "First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
> With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds;
> Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
> And seem just mounting on his car behind;
> Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
> And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees."

Thus to the first goal and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said, here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim the moment the rivals turned into the course, "I am no judge, good shiek, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design, His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered, "Saw you how clean they were and fresh? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch!"

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. There-

upon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed, the favor descended in fierce injunctions.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there was both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered

with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race their was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs, "On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha?—steady! the work is done—soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction; that is on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all: they saw the signal given—the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car—all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and, quicker than thought out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders, flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the

car went to pieces; and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was WON!

The consul arose; the people shouted themselves hoarse; the editor came down from his seat and crowned the victors.

The fortunate man among the boxers was a low-browed, yellow-haired Saxon, of such brutalized face

as to attract a second look from Ben-Hur, who recognized a teacher with whom he himself had been a favorite at Rome. From him the young Jew looked up and beheld Simonides and his party on the balcony. They waved their hands to him. Esther kept her seat; but Iras arose, and gave him a smile and a wave of her fan—favors not the less intoxicating to him because we know, O reader, they would have fallen to Messala had he been the victor.

The procession was then formed, and, midst the shouting of the multitude which had had its will, passed out of the Gate of Triumph.

And the day was over. *Lew. Wallace.*

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle;
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden Bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night.
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impells
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clash and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah! the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, toiling, toiling, toiling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
That neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar A. Poe.

FOREST KING'S VICTORY.

AS RENDERED BY ALBERT HARDY.

(Adapted from "Under Two Flags.")

"TAKE the Field bar one." "Two to one on Forest King." "Two to one on Bay Regent." "Fourteen to seven on Wild Geranium." "Seven to two against Brother to Fairy." "Three to five on Pas de Charge." "Nineteen to six on Day Star." "Take the Field bar one," rose above the hoarse tumultuous roar of the Ring on the clear, crisp, sunny morning that was shining on the Shires on the day of the famous steeple chase.

For it was well known that the Guards had backed their horse—Forest King—tremendously and the county laid most of its money on him—therefore the Book-makers were shy of laying off much against one of the first cross country riders of the service.

Yet, despite this, the "Fancy" took most to Bay Regent; they thought he would cut the work out; his sire had won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and the Drawing-room at Goodwood.

His jockey, too, with his bronzed, muscular, sinewy frame, his low stature, his light weight, his sunburnt, acute face, and a way of carrying his hands as he rode that was precisely like Aldcroft's, looked a hundred times more professional than his rival. So the King went down at one time two points in the morning betting.

The clock of the course pointed to half-past one; the saddling bell would ring at a quarter to two, for the days were short and darkened early.

Carriages were standing in long lines along the course, the stands were filled with a bevy of fashionable loveliness in the freshest of February noons.

The bell was clanging passionately as Cecil, Forest King's beloved master, went down to the weights.

In the inclosure stood the King, with the *sang froid* of a superb gentleman, amid the clamor raging round him, one delicate ear laid back now and then, but otherwise indifferent to the din, with his coat glistening like satin, the beautiful tracery of vein and muscle, like the veins of vine-leaves, standing out on the glossy, clear-carved neck that had the arch of Circassia, and his dark, antelope eyes gazing with a gentle, pensive earnestness on the shouting crowd.

Thirty-two starters were hoisted up on the telegraph board, and as the field got at last under weigh, uncommonly handsome they looked, while the silk jackets of all the colors of the rainbow glittered in the bright noon sun.

A moment's good start was caught—the flag dropped—off they went sweeping out for the first second like a line of cavalry about to charge.

Another moment, and they scattered over the first field, Forest King, Wild Geranium, and Bay Regent leading for two lengths. Pas de Charge passed them like lightning. The Irish mare, Wild Geranium, gave a rush and got alongside of him. The King would have done the same, but Cecil checked him and kept him in that cool swinging canter which covered the grassland so lightly ; Bay Regent's vast thundering stride was Olympian.

The first fence disposed of half the field, they crossed the second in the same order, Wild Geranium racing neck to neck with Pas de Charge; the King was all athirst to join the duello, but his owner kept him gently back, saving his pace and lifting him over the umps as easily as a lapwing.

The favorites had it all to themselves, but Forest

King's rider was turning cautious—cautious indeed—with Bay Regent running neck to neck by him, cautious,—with two-thirds of the course unrun, and all the yawners yet to come; cautious,—with the blood of Forest King lashing to boiling heat, and the wondrous greyhound stride stretching out faster and faster beneath him, ready at a touch to break away and take the lead; but he would be reckless enough by and by, reckless, as his nature was, under the indolent serenity of habit.

Two more fences came, with scarce twenty feet between them, the heavy plowed land leading to them clotted and black, and hard, with the fresh earthy scent steaming up as the hoofs struck the clods with a dull thunder:—Pas de Charge rose to the first: distressed too early, his hind feet caught in the thorn, and he came down rolling clear of his rider. Forest King went in and out over both like a bird, and led for the first time; the chestnut was not to be beat at fencing, and ran even with him; Wild Geranium flew still as fleet as a deer, true to her sex she would not bear rivalry.

And now only, Cecil loosened the King to his full will and his full speed. Now only, the beautiful Arab head was stretched like a racer's in the run-in for the Derby, and the grand stride swept out till the hoofs seemed never to touch the dark earth they skimmed over; neither whip nor spur was needed.

His hands were low; his head a little back; his face very calm, the eyes only had a daring, eager, resolute will lighting in them; he knew well what Forest King could do; but he did not know how great the chestnut Regent's powers might be.

The water gleamed before them, brown and swollen, and deepened with the meltings of winter snows a

month before. They knew it well, that long, dark line, skimmering there in the sunlight, the test that all must pass who go in for the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon. Forest King scented the water, and went on with his ears pointed, and his greyhound stride lengthening, quickening, gathering up all its force and its impetus for the leap that was before—then like the rise and the swoop of a heron he spanned the water, and landing clear, launched forward with the lunge of a spear darted through air.

Bay Regent was scarcely behind him, the chestnut abhorred the water, but a finer trained hunter was never sent over the Shires. The giant took the leap in magnificent style, and thundered on neck and neck with the "Guards' Crack." The Irish mare followed, and with miraculous gameness, landed safely; but her hind legs slipped on the bank, a moment was lost, and her jockey scarce knew enough to recover it, though he scoured on nothing daunted.

Pas de Charge, much behind, refused the yawner, his strength was not more than his courage, but both had been strained too severely at first; the poor brute rose blindly to the jump, and missed the bank with a reel and a crash and the hope of the Heavies lay there with his breast and forelegs resting on the ground, his hind quarters in the water, and his back broken. Pas de Charge would never again see the starting flag waved, or hear the music of the hounds or feel the gallant life throb and glow through him at the rallying notes of the horn. His race was run.

Not knowing, or looking or heeding what happened behind, the trio tore on over the meadow and the plowed land; the two favorites neck by neck, the game little mare hopelessly behind. The turning flags were passed; from the crowds on the course a great hoarse

roar came louder and louder, changing every second, "Forest King wins," "Bay Regent wins," "A cracker on the King," "Ten to one on the Regent," "Guards are winning," "Guards are losing," "Guards are beat!"

Were they?

As the shout rose, Cecil's left stirrup-leather snapped and gave way; at the pace they were going most men, ay, and good riders, too, would have been hurled out of their saddles by the shock; he scarcely swerved; a moment to ease the King and to recover his equilibrium, then he took the pace up again as though nothing had chanced. His face was very calm still, but his blood was in tumult, the delirium of the pace has got on him, a minute of life like this was worth a year, and he knew that he would win or die for it, as the land seemed to fly like a black sheet under him, and, in that killing speed, fence and hedge and double and water all went by him like a dream, whirling underneath him as the gray stretches, stomach to earth, over the level, and rose to leap after leap.

He was more than a length behind the Regent, whose hoofs as they dashed the ground up sounded like thunder; it was more than the lead to keep now, there was ground to cover, and the King was losing like Wild Geranium. Cecil felt drunk with that strong keen, west wind that blew so strongly in his teeth, every breath of winter air that rushed in its bracing currents round him seemed to lash him like a stripe:—the household to look on, and see him beaten!

Certain wild blood that lay latent in Cecil under the tranquil gentleness of temper and of custom, woke, and had the mastery; he set his teeth hard, and his his hands clinched like steel on the bridle. "Oh! my beauty, my beauty," he cried, all unconsciously half

aloud as they cleared the thirty-sixth fence, "kill me if you like, but don't *fail* me."

As though Forest King heard the prayer and answered it with all his hero's heart, the splendid form launched faster out, the stretching stride stretched further yet with lightning spontaniety, every fibre strained, every nerve struggled, with a magnificent bound like an antelope the Gray recovered the ground he had lost, and passed Bay Regent by a quarter-length. It was a neck to neck race once more, across the three meadows with the last and lower fences that were between them and the final leap of all; that ditch of artificial water with the towering double hedge of oak rails and of blackthorn that was reared black and grim and well-nigh hopeless just in front of the Grand Stand. A roar like the sea broke up from the thronged course as the crowd hung breathless on the even race; ten thousand shouts rang as thrice ten thousand eyes watched the closing contest, as superb a sight as the Shires ever saw while the two ran together, the gigantic chestnut, with every massive sinew swelled and strained to tension, side by side with the marvelous grace, the shining flanks, and the Arabian-like head of the Guard's horse.

Louder and wilder the shrieked tumult arose: "The chestnut beats!" "The gray beats!" "Scarlet's ahead!" "Bay Regent's caught him!" "The King's neck by neck!" "The Guards will get it!" "The Guard's crack has it!" "Not yet, not yet!" "Now for it!" "The Guards, the Guards, the Guards" "Scarlet will win!" "The King has the finish!" "No, no, no, no, NO!"

Sweeping by the Grand Stand like the flash of electric flame they ran side to side one moment more, their foam flung on each other's withers, their breath

hot in each other's nostrils, while the dark earth flew beneath their stride. The blackthorn was in front, behind five bars of solid oak, the water yawning on its further side, black and deep, and fenced, twelve feet wide if it were an inch, with the same thorn wall beyond it; a leap no horse should have been given. Cecil pressed his knees closer and closer, and worked the gallant hero for the test; the surging roar of the throng, though so close, was dull on his ear, he heard nothing, knew nothing, saw nothing but that lean chestnut head beside him, the dull thud on the turf of the flying gallop, and the black wall that reared in his face. Forest King had done so much, could he have stay and strength for this?

Cecil's hands clinched unconsciously on the bridle, and his face was very pale — pale with excitation — as his foot, where the stirrup was broken, crushed closer and harder against the Gray's flanks.

"Oh, my darling, my beauty—*now!*"

One touch of the spur—the first—and Forest King rose at the leap, all the life and power there were in him gathered for one super-human and crowning effort: a flash of time not half a second in duration, and he was lifted up in the air higher, and higher, and higher in the cold, fresh, wild winter wind; stakes and rails, and thorn and water lay beneath him black and gaunt and shapeless, yawning like a grave; one bound even in mid-air, one last convulsive impulse of the gathered limbs, and Forest King was over!

And as he galloped up the straight run-in, he was alone.

Bay Regent had refused the leap.

As the Gray swept to the Judge's chair, the air was rent with deafening cheers that seemed to reel like drunken shouts from the multitude. "The Guards

win, the Guards win;" and when his rider pulled him up at the distance with the full sun shining on the scarlet and white, with the gold glisten of the embroidered "Cœur Vaillant se fait Royaume," Forest King stood in all his glory, winner of the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon, by a feat without parallel in all the annals of the Gold Vase.

Ouida.

CHARLIE MACHREE.

COME over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree!

Here's Mary McPherson and Susy O'Linn,
Who say ye're faint-hearted and dare not plunge in.

But the dark rolling river, though deep as the sea,
I know cannot scare you, nor keep you from me;

For stout is your back and strong is your arm,
And the heart in your bosom is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree.

I see him, I see him. He's plunged in the tide,
His strong arms are dashing the big waves aside.

Oh! the dark rolling water shoots swift as the sea,
But blithe is the glance of his bonny blue e'e;

His cheeks are like roses, twa buds on a bough;
Who says ye're faint-hearted, my brave laddie, now.

Ho, ho, foaming river, ye may roar as ye go,
But ye canna bear Charlie to the dark loch below!

Come over, come over the river to me,
My true-hearted laddie, *my* Charlie Machree!

He's sinking, he's sinking,—Oh, what shall I do!
Strike out, Charlie, boldly, ten strokes and ye're thro'.

He's sinking, O Heaven! Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear;
I've a kiss for ye, Charlie, as soon as ye're here!

He rises, I see him,—five strokes, Charlie, mair,—
He's shaking the wet from his bonny brown hair;

He conquers the current, he gains on the sea,—
Ho, where is the swimmer like Charlie Machree!

Come over the river, but once come to me,
And I'll love ye forever, dear Charlie Machree.

He's sinking, he's gone,—O God, it is I,
It is I, who have killed him—help, help!—he must die.

Help, help! ah, he rises,—strike out and ye're free.
Ho, bravely done, Charlie, once more now, for me!

Now cling to the rock, now give me your hand,—
Ye're safe, dearest Charlie, ye're safe on the land!

Come rest on my bosom, if there ye can sleep;
I canna speak to ye; I only can weep.

Ye've crossed the wild river, ye've risk all for me,
And I'll part frae ye never, dear Charlie Machree!

William J. Hoppin.

SAND.

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yard one day,
It was waiting in the roundhouse where the locomotives lay;
It was panting for a journey, it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives can not always get a grip
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;
And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command,
And to get a grip upon the rails they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about the way with travel along life's slippery track,
If your load is rather heavy and you're always slipping back;
So, if a common locomotive you completely understand,
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly, and you have a heavy grade,
If those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper table land,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather, and discover to your cost,
That you are liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost,
Then some prompt decisive action will be called into demand,
And you'll slip way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine;
You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen,
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed that's grand,
If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

—*Richmond Register.*

THE BALLAD OF THE COLORS.

A gentleman of courtly air,
  Of old Virginia he;
A damsel from New Jersey State,
  Of matchless beauty she;
They met as fierce antagonists—
  The reason why, they say,
Her eyes were of the Federal blue,
  And his Confederate gray.

They entered on a fierce campaign,
  And when the fight began,
It seemed as though the strategy
  Had no determinate plan.
Each watched the other's movements well
  While standing there at bay—
One struggled for the Federal blue,
  One for Confederate gray.

We all looked on with anxious eyes
  To see their forces move,
And none could tell which combatant
  At last would victor prove.
They marched and countermarched with skill,
  Avoiding well the fray;
Here, lines were seen of Federal blue,
  And there, Confederate gray.

At last he moved his force in mass,
  And sent her summons there
That she should straight capitulate
  Upon conditions fair.
"As you march forth the flags may fly,
  The drums and bugles play;
But yield those eyes of Federal blue
  To the Confederate gray."

"You are the foe" she answer sent,
"To maidens such as I;
I'll face you with a dauntless heart,
And conquer you or die.
A token of the sure result
The vaulted skies display;
For there above is Federal blue;
Below, Confederate gray."

Sharp-shooting on each flank began,
And 'mid maneuvers free
The rattle of the small-talk with
Big guns of repartee,
Mixed with the deadly glance of eyes
Amid the proud array,
There met in arms the Federal blue
And the Confederate gray.

Exhausted by the fight at length,
They called a truce to rest;
When lo! another force appeared
Upon a mountain's crest.
And as it came the mountain down,
Amid the trumpet's bray,
Uncertain stood the Federal blue
And the Confedrate gray.

A corps of stout free lances these
Who poured upon the field,
Field Marshall Cupid in command,
Who swore they both must yield;
They both should conquer; both divide
The honors of the day;
And proudly with the Federal blue
Marched the Confederate gray.

THE RED, THE WHITE, THE BLUE.

KATE B. SHERWOOD.

O COMRADES, on each lonely grave we place one flower to-day,
More sweet than any that shall bloom upon the heart of May;
More flush in blue and crimson, with starry splendor crowned,
Because the thunders raged above, the darkness hemmed around;
The flower that our fathers saw, a hundred years before,
A tiny tendril springing by the lonely cabin door;
'Twas sown in fears, 'twas wet with tears, till, lo! it burst in view,
The symbol of a nation's hopes—the Red, the White, the Blue.

Ah! not in anger, not in strife, we come with laden hands;
The crimson retinues of war are off in other lands;
We bring the blossoms we have nursed, to shed their honeyed breath
Where erst the reeling ranks of wrath unbarred the gates of death;
We lift the dear dead faces of our heroes to the light,
We raise the pallid hands of theirs, we clasp and hold them tight;
We say: O brothers, rise and see the peace you helped to woo,
Whose snowy pinions hover o'er the Red, the White, the Blue.

Not yours, O silent comrades, the ecstasy of strife,
The haughty exaltation that rounds the hero's life;
Not yours the flash of sabers, the shouts of the advance,
The gleam of thrusting bayonets that shiver as they glance;
Not yours upon the parapet your banner to unfurl,
To die with victory on your lips, as back your feet they hurl;
The whisper of a kindling hope, while gayly over you

The silken folds are dancing out—the Red, the White,
the Blue.

Nay, to your homesick vision the mask of Death was up;
His icy breath was round you, his draught was in the
cup;
A terror walks at noonday; the dreams that throng the
night
But take the wings of morning, and vanish ere the light.
But, oh! our fallen heroes, one gleam of heaven shines
Upon the ghastly phalanxes, along the ragged lines;
And eyes grow dim with watching are lit with courage
new—
They've heard the tramp of comrades, with the Red, the
White, the Blue.

O comrades of the prison, ye have not died in vain,
For lo! the march of harvests where War has trod the
plain!
And lo! the breath of lilies and of rose beyond compare,
And the sound of children chanting where the cannon
rent the air!
We clasp our hands above you with tearful hearts to-day—
Your brothers who have worn the blue, your brothers
of the gray;
Our hearts are one forever, whatever men may do,
And over all the glory of the Red, the White, the Blue.

Ah! not in strife, nor anger, nor idle grief, we come,
With thrill and throb of bugle, with clamor of the drum.
We've heard the wings of healing above the war's sur-
cease;
And lo! the Great Commander has set the watchword,
"Peace!"
Peace to the free-born millions who live to do and dare,
Peace in each brave endeavor, in whatever lot they share!
Above the triune colors, so dear to me and you,
The splendid flower that Freedom guards—the Red, the
White, the Blue.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

How is the boy this morning? Why do you shake your head?
Ah! I can see what's happened—there's a screen drawn round the bed.
So poor little Mike is sleeping the last long sleep of all;
I'm sorry—but who could wonder, after that dreadful fall?

Let me look at him, doctor,—poor little London waif!
His frail bark's out of the tempest, and lies in God's harbor safe;
It's better he died in the ward here, better a thousand times,
Than have wandered back to the alley, with its squalor and nameless crimes.

Too young for the slum to sully, he's gone to the wonderland
To look on the thousand marvels that he scarce could understand.
Poor little baby outcast, poor little waif of sin!
He has gone, and the pitying angels have carried the cripple in.

Didn't you know his story?—Ah, you weren't here, I believe,
When they brought the poor little fellow to the hospital, Christmas Eve.
It was I who came here with him, it was I who saw him go
Over the bridge that evening into the Thames below.

'Twas a raw cold air that evening—A biting Christmassy frost—
I was looking about for a collie—a favorite dog I'd lost.
Some ragged boys, so they told me, had been seen with one that night
In one of the bridge recesses, so I hunted left and right.

You know the stone recesses—with the long broad bench of stone,
To many a weary outcast as welcome as monarch's throne;
On the fiercest night you may see them, as crouched in the dark they lie,
Like the hunted vermin, striving to hide from the hounds in cry.

The seats that night were empty, for the morrow was Christmas Day,
And even the outcast loafers seemed to have slunk away;
They had found a warmer shelter—some casual ward, maybe—
They'd manage a morning's labor for the sake of the meat and tea.

I fancied the seats were empty, but, as I passed along,
Out of the darkness floated the words of a Christmas song,
Sung in a childish treble—'twas a boy's voice hoarse with cold,
Quavering out the anthem of angels and harps of gold.

I stood where the shadows hid me, and peered about until
I could see two ragged urchins, blue with the icy chill,
Cuddling close together, crouched on a big stone seat—
Two little homeless arabs, waifs of the London street.

One was singing the carol, when the other with big round eyes—
It was Mike—looked up in wonder, and said, "Jack, when we dies
Is that the place as we goes to—that place where ye'r dressed in white?
And has golding 'arps to play on, and it's warm and jolly and bright?

"Is that what they mean by 'eaven, as the misshun coves talks about,
Where the children's always happy and nobody kicks 'em out?"
Jack nodded his head assenting, and then I listened and heard
The talk of the little arabs—listened to every word.

Jack was a Sunday scholar, so I gathered from what he said
But he sang in the road for a living—his father and mother were dead;
And he had a drunken granny, who turned him into the street—
She drank what he earned, and often he hadn't a crust to eat.

He told little Mike of Heaven in his rough untutored way;
He made it a land of glory where the children sing all day;
And Mike, he shivered and listened, and told *his* tale to his friend,
How he was starved and beaten—'twas a tale one's heart to rend.

He'd a drunken father and mother, who sent him out to beg,
Though he'd just got over a fever, and was lame with a withered leg;
He told how he daren't crawl homeward, because he had begged in vain,
And his parent's brutal fury haunted his baby brain.

"I wish I could go to 'eaven," he cried, as he shook with fright;
"If I thought as they'd only take me why I'd go this very night.
Which is the way to 'eaven?" How d'ye get there, Jack?"—
Jack climbed on the bridge's coping, and looked at the water black.

"That there's *one* road to 'eaven," he said, as he pointed down
To where the cold Thames water surged muddy and thick and brown.
"If we was to fall in there, Mike, we'd be dead; and right through there
Is the place where it's always sunshine, and the angels has crowns to wear."

Mike rose and looked at the water; he peered in the big broad stream,
Perhaps with a childish notion he might catch the golden gleam
Of the far-off land of glory. He leaned right over and cried—
"If them are the gates of 'eaven, how I'd like to be inside!"

He'd stood but a moment looking—how it happened I cannot tell—
When he seemed to lose his balance, gave a short shrill cry, and fell—
Fell o'er the narrow coping, and I heard his poor head strike
With a thud on the stonework under; then splash in the Thames went Mike.

* * * * * *

We brought him here that evening. For help I had managed to shout—
A boat put off from the landing, and they dragged his body out;
His forehead was cut and bleeding, but a vestige of life we found;
When they brought him here he was senseless, but slowly the child came round.

I came here on Christmas morning—the ward was all bright and gay
With mistletoe, green, and holly, in honor of Christmas Day;
And the patients had clean white garments, and a few in the room out there
Had joined in a Christmas service—they were singing a Christmas air.

They were singing a Christmas carol when Mike from his stupor woke,
And dim on his wandering senses the strange surroundings broke.
Half dreamily he remembered the tale he had heard from Jack—
The song, and the white-robed angels, the warm bright Heaven came back.

"I'm in Heaven," he whispered faintly. "Yes, Jack must have told me true!"
And, as he looked about him, came the kind old surgeon through.
Mike gazed at his face a moment, put his hand to his fevered head,
Then to the kind old doctor, "Please are you God?" he said.

Poor little Mike! 'twas heaven, this hospital ward, to him—
A heaven of warmth and comfort, till the flickering lamp grew dim;
And he lay like a tired baby in a dreamless gentle rest,
And now he's safe forever where such as he are best.

This is the day of scoffers, but who shall say that night,
When Mike asked the road to Heaven, that Jack didn't tell him right?
'Twas the children's Jesus pointed the way to the kingdom come
For the poor little tired arab, the waif of a London slum.

Geo. R. Sims.

AUX ITALIENS.

At Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book, that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"*Non ti scordar di me?*"

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, with a tear in her eye,
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather.

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot)
And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(Oh the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone in his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over,
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her, and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower,
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned, and looked. *She was sitting there,*
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between;
From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornfull mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short, from the future back to the past,)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;
And but for her—well, we'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will,

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch on my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say;
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back, and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And oh, that music! and oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower.
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

Owen Meredith.

THE WATER-MILL.

(Correct Version.)

Oh! listen to the water-mill, through all the livelong day,
As the clicking of the wheel wears hour by hour away;
How languidly the autumn wind doth stir the withered leaves,
As on the field the reapers sing while binding up the sheaves.
A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and as a spell is cast,
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Soft summer winds revive no more leaves strewn o'er earth and main,
The sickle never more will reap the yellow-garnered grain.
The rippling stream flows ever on—aye, tranquil, deep and still,
But never glideth back again to busy water-mill.
The solemn proverb speaks to all, with meaning deep and vast,
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and true,
For golden years are fleeting by, and youth is passing too.
Ah! learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day,
For time will ne'er return sweet joys neglected, thrown away.
Nor leave one tender word unsaid; thy kindness sow broadcast;
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! the wasted hours of life that have swiftly drifted by—
Alas! the good we might have done—all gone without a sigh
Love that we might once have saved by a single kindly word,
Thoughts conceived, but ne'er expressed, perishing unpenned, unheard.
Oh! take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast,
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Work on while yet the sun doth shine, thou man of strength and will,
The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide by clicking water-mill.
Nor wait until to-morrow's light beams brightly on thy way,

For all that thou canst call thine own lies in the phrase, to-day·
Possessions, power and blooming health, must all be lost at last,
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! love thy God and fellow-man, thyself consider last,
For come it will when thou must scan dark errors of the past.
Soon will this fight of life be o'er, and earth recede from view,
And Heaven in all its glory shine, where all is pure and true.
Ah! then thou'lt see more clearly still the proverb deep and vast,
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

D. C. McCallum.

THE MISCHIEVOUS MISSES.

A PARTY of Misses once met for a dance;
Miss Rule, and Miss Fortune, Miss Deed and Miss Chance,
Miss Print, Miss Conception, Miss Representation,
Miss Use, and Miss Guidance, and Miss Calculation,
Miss Trust, Miss Adventure, and Miss Apprehension,
Miss Conduct, and others to many to mention.

As there was not among the whole party a Mister,
Each Miss for her partner adopted a sister;
So Miss Trust was led on by Miss Representation;
Miss Belief by the side of Miss Deed took her station;
Miss Fortune with bold Miss Behavior advanced;
Miss Conception with awkward Miss Print idly danced;
Miss Rule took the hand of Miss Prision of Treason;
Miss Adventure was linked to Miss Take with good reason.
It was thought that Miss Use with Miss Fit was well matched;
And to naughty Miss Conduct Miss Hap was attached;
Miss Chance was the partner of Miss Calculation,
And poor Miss Construction of Miss Information;
Miss Demeanor was buckled with crafty Miss Leading,
And Miss Understanding with carless Miss Reading.

Pale Miss Giving stood near to Miss Interpretation,
And Miss Statement was coupled with Miss Application;
Frail Miss Apprehension was joined with Miss Carriage,
And Youthful Miss Guidance was mate to Miss Marriage.

But what was the end? All the partners fell out,
In confusion and discord they broke up the rout.
'Twas a pitiful scene when those worthy compeers
By Miss Chief (excuse accent) were set by the ears;
Their strife sadly jarred with the soft-flowing music;
And each of the other's companionship grew sick.
They could not keep step; so they tripped and they stumbled,
And for every *faux pas* at each other they grumbled.
Miss Trust threw the blame on Miss Representation
Of all her own weakness and tergiversation;
Miss Belief blamed Miss Deed, and Miss Deed Miss Belief,
For all that had brought them to shame and to grief:
Miss Conduct exchanged angry words with Miss Hap
As to which made the other fall into the trap.
Thus each on her partner so railed and retorted,
That soon it was plain they were badly assorted:
But yet in the nature of things so connected
Were those who would thus have one another rejected,
That naught could their sorrowful union dissever
And on earth they will plague one an other forever.
One hope is our comfort—we look for the day
When this mischievous troop shall all be swept away.
No place shall they find in the kingdom above,
Where Purity reigns, linked with Peace and with love.
Let us seek that to us the new heart may be given;
And so shall we sing the new song up in heaven,
And there shall partake of that glory and joy,
Which naught shall intrude on to mar or destroy.

Rev. James G. Small.

*BEN BOLT.**

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree, with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,

* This poem was written by the Hon. Thomas Dunn English, a brilliant American Lyrist, and appeared in the N. Y. Mirror in 1843. Nelson F. Kneass, in 1846 set it to music, rearranged from an ancient Teutonic Lied and sung it in a play called "The Battle of Buena Vista." J. B. Johnstone, a prolific British Playwright, based a drama upon the same song, and Ben Bolt was successfully produced in London in 1847.

And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were playmates then
There are only you and I.

There's a change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my inmost heart
There never was change in you.
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

Thomas Dunn English.

DINNIS KILBOO'S SANATARIUM.

(AS RECITED BY JAS. S. BURDETT OF NEW YORK.)

I'm a landed proprietor Dennis Kilboo
An I loike to promulgate me purpose to yer
An the pint upon which I'm intinden to dwell,
Is, I'm jist after openin a summer hotel,
A place that fer beauty stands A No. wan
Sure twas built be days wurk, the foundation all stone
A rist for the body, a charm for the eye
So snug in the mountains and close be the sky,
Surrounded be gardens, wid fruits, and wid flowers,
And cornered be two castleated big towers.
The paths in the garden as smooth as a daisy,
"Meckamidized" fine for to make walkin aisy,
An Catamount Cateract dropin close by
Wid a fall thats four hundred and eighty feet high.

I've every swate comfort that man kin devise
For improvin the health and deleighten the eye,
The buildin wid every convanice complate,
Begorra five architects had to compate,
An five first-class painters I put on the wall
Wid frisco, polycro, divil and all,
An the boss I instructed to Rome fer to go,
An copy the mithods of Moike Angelo.
So when he come back he jist up wid his brush
And he slapt in the angels, and nympths wid a rush.
Well, the dinin room "cay"lon is a rapture to gaze on,
Its gist fasinatin—I'l tell yer the raisin.
There's flowers thats hangin in lovely festoons,
There's comets and stars, divils, angels and moon,
There's tigers and crockediles, mermaids and coons,
There's lobsters and strawberries, pomegranites and pears,
There's mice and there's elephants, foxes and bears,
An there ridin on clouds in a peaceful combine,
An take the whole picture, well begorra its fine.
Thin close to the border in frisco he's drawn
Tomattaases, cucumbers, Inyins and cawn.
An the moment you've intered an takin yer sate,
The sight stimulatin compels yer to ate.
The plumbin is perfect, phat kin I say more,
Sure there's hot and cowld wather on ivery flure,
Wid pipes and wid sewers bedad I've been wary
To kape them refrishen and sanitoury.
Then moind in you'r room the bell that you ring,
Is a wee small bit of a buttony thing,
An gist as quick, as that knob is prissed,
Ther'l be thim that'l come to attind to the rist,
An to see that your order is rightly obeyed
You'l ring wan for the porter and two fer the maid,
An so in order thro out the whole grade,

Ther'l be laundress and bootblack and the divil knows who,
An whin yer done ringin twi'l be twinty-two.
Thin wist for me radein room, there will be seen,
Newspaper, catalogue and bright magazine,
An the homesick guest shall solace his eye
With the New York Democrat and the Philadelphia Spy.
There'l be dimocratic, republican and mugwump news,
All there on file to tache an amuse,
An on table cuisine I'l pledge yer me word,
Yez'l have the best the market affords.
Milk, butter, molasses, eggs fresh ivery day,
Yez'l pay for it high, but I'l do phat I say,
An if ever a waiter should dare to git drunk,
Or if ever a porter is caught smashin a trunk,
I'l crack their skulls wid der butt of me cane,
An I'l bundle thim off on the sunrise train.
Thin down on the lawn thare's a place for to play,
An quarrd for thim that's inclined to cro'kay,
There'l be football and tinnis, boatin an fishin,
An ivery true killin devise you'd be wishin.
An there's me poaizzie for a sittin a while,
Sure its done in the doric, ionico style.
An in front of the door there's a spreadin shade tree,
And there's divil a cockroach, mosquitoe or flea,
An phile I remimber I'd like to suggist
There's wan room sat apart for backgammon and whist,
An op'enin out there is a bal-cony by it
Convenient for smokin and todd on the quiet.
An whin yer days work of enjoyment is o'er,
An yez go to yer rist on the seventeenth flure,
The stars and the angels their vigils will kape,
An Catamount Cataract lull yer to sleep.
Well, thats the whole story I started to tell,
Of the way I'm intinden to kape a hotel,

If yer boardin wid me, yez'l feel so at home,
You'l bring all yer cousins the next time yer come,
For a fore taste of heavin I'm tellin yer true,
There'l be nothing like stoppin wid Dinnis Kilboo.

Chas. T. Catlin.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

I walk down the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As houses where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave,
And I said: "In the world each ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in the grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled, heart-tired of the human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine,
And I fell at the feet of the Holy
And above me a voice said, "Be Mine!"
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—"My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray,
But my tears are as sweet as the dew drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer like a perfume from censers
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of a Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wore holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of that valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

Father Ryan.

THE DUDE IN A HORSE-CAR.

I say! I wonder why fellahs ever wide in horse-cars? I've been twying all day to think why fellahs ever do it, weally! I know some fellahs that are in business, down town, you know—C. B. Jones, cotton dealer; Smith Brothers, woolen goods; Brown & Company, stock bwokers and that sort of thing, you know—who say they do it every day. If I was to do it every day, my funeral would come off in about a week. 'Pon my soul, it would. I wode in a horse-car one day. Did it for a lark. Made a bet I would wide in a horse-car, 'pon my soul, I did. So I went out on the pavement before the club-house and called one, I said, "Horse-car! horse-car!" but not one of 'em stopped, weally! Then I saw that fellahs wun after them—played tag with them, you know, as the dweadful little girls do when school is coming out. And sometimes they caught the cars—ah—and sometimes they did not. So I wun after one, I did weally, and I caught it. I was out of bweath, you know, and a

fellah on the platform—a conductor fellah—poked me in the back and said, "Come! move up! make room for this lady!" Ah—by Jove he did, you know! I looked for the lady, so (*using eye-glass*), but I could see no lady, and I said so. There was a female person behind me, with a large market-basket, crowded with ah—vegetables and such dweadful stuff—and another person with a bundle and another with a baby, you know. The person with the basket prodded me in the back with it, and I said to the conductor fellah, said I, "Where shall I sit down? I—ah—don't see any seat, you know. (*Uses eye-glass.*) The seats seem to be occupied by persons, conductor," said I. "Where shall I sit?" He was wude, very wude, indeed, and he said, "You can sit on your thumb if you have a mind to." And when I wemonstrated with him he only laughed at me.

After a while one of the persons got out and I sat down: it was wewy disagweeable! Opposite me there were several persons belonging to the labowing classes, with what I pwesume to be lime on their boots; and tin kettles which they carried for some mysterious purpose in their hands. There was a person with a large basket, and a colored person. Next to me there sat a fellah that had been eating onions! 'Twas vewy offensive! I couldn't stand it! No fellah could, you know. I had heard that if any one in a car was annoyed by a fellah-passenger he should weport to the conductor. So I said, "Conductor! put this person out of the car! he annoys me vewy much. He has been eating onions!" But the conductor fellah only laughed. He did indeed! And the fellah that had been eating onions said, "Hang your impidence. what do you mean by that?" "It's extwemely disagweeable, you know, to sit near one who has been eating onions," said I. "I think you ought to resign, get out, you know." And then, though I'm sure I spoke in the mos wespectfully manner, he put his fist under my nose and

wemarked, "You'll eat that, hang you, in a minute!" he did indeed. And a fellah opposite said, "Put a head on him. Jim!" I suppose from his tone that it was some colloquial expwession of the lower orders, referring to a personal attack. It was vewy disagweeable, indeed. I don't see why any fellah ever wides in the horse-cars. But I didn't want a wow, you know. A fellah is apt to get a black eye, and a black eye spoils one's appeawance, don't you think? So I said, "Beg pardon, i'm sure." The fellah said, "Oh, hang you!" he did, indeed. He was a vewy ill-bred person. And all this time the car kept stopping and more persons of the lower orders kept getting on. A vewy dweadful woman with a vewy dweadful baby stood right before me, intercept ing my view of the street; and the baby had an orange in one hand and some candy in the other. And I was wondering why persons of the lower classes were allowed to have such dirty babies, and why Berg or some one didn't interfere, you know, when, before I knew what she was doing, that dweadful woman sat that dweadful baby wight down on my lap! She did, indeed. And it took hold of my shirt bosom with one of its sticky hands and took my eye-glass away with the other, and upon my honor, I'm quite lost without my eye-glass. You'll have to kape him till I find me money," said the woman. "Weally!" said I, "I'm not a nursery-maid, ma'am." Then the people about me laughed, they did, indeed. I could not endure it. I jumped up and dwopped the baby in the straw, "Stop the car, conductor," said I, "stop the car." What do you suppose he said? Hurry up now, be lively, be lively, don't keep me waiting all day!" And I was about to wemonstrate with him upon the impwopwiety of speaking so to a gentleman, when he pushed me off the car. That was the only time I ever wode in a horse-car. I wonder why fellahs ever do wide in horse-cars? I should think they would pwefer cabs, you know.

G. W. Kyle.

A STRAY SUNBEAM.

My story is a simple one, its moral I don't know,
'Tis not a tale of incidents that happened long ago,
But a simple little story, put into simple rhyme,
That is a temperance lesson, just suited to this time.

My hero was a wayward boy, big hearted, full of fun,
Of brightest brain and intellect, a widow's only son,
For his father was a soldier, who fell in our late strife
And left the widow with this babe to fight her way through life.
Oh, how she fairly worshipped him and lived for him alone,
And waited fondly for the day her darling would be grown,
And be her strong protector through her declining years;
Yes, she worshipped him and watched him, filled alike with hopes and fears;
For no father lived to govern the strong and wayward child,
And as he grew up older, he also grew more wild,
Till with drinking, gambling, everything that makes a downward start,
He made her life a torture and broke her loving heart.

One night, with boon companions, his brain was all afire,
When a message from a minister came speeding o'er the wire,
He took it without thinking—he read it and was dumb;
'Twas short, but oh, how awful; "Your mother's dying. Come!"
How quickly sped he homeward, how crazed at every wait,
Till he reached that mother's bedside, alas! he came too late;
For the gentle voice was stilled, and, folded on her breast
Were the patient loving hands that oft had laid her boy to rest,

And the lips that kissed the clustering curls from off his boyhood's brow,
Were pale, and cold, and lifeless; no words of love came now,
And the heart that he had tortured, which every throb made sore,
Was touched by death's cold icy hand, to beat for him no more.

He sank beside that bedside, and smote his half crazed brain
And cried: "Come back, my mother!" Too late—he cried in vain,
And his kisses brought no love light from the eyes that death had sealed.
Then with choking sobs of anguish down by her side he kneeled,
And from his heart that just before had known no thought of care,
There went up to his Maker this simple earnest prayer:
"O God, look down with pity upon a humbled one,
Forgive, O God, forgive me, for what my deeds have done;
And give, O give, to aid me, thine arm, O mighty One,
And let my mother's spirit watch o'er her wayward son."

And did he hear that prayer? Ah, yes. A newer life began.
The headstrong, reckless youth was changed into a noble man,
Whose needs were all of kindness, of honor, and of love,
Protected by that spirit that hovered up above.
The spirit of his mother, whom death had claimed before,
And who waited, patient waited, for him at heaven's door,
And liquor did not touch the lips that fervent did appeal,
When by that mother's corpse her son a suppliant did kneel.

A year was gone, he stood beside the grave of that loved one,
And twilight came and darkling clouds shut out the setting sun;
And he murmured: "Mother, darling, I am standing by thy grave,
Thy spirit, ever near me, has made me strong and brave.
Be near me, angel mother, protect me by thy love,
And guide me ever onward, until we meet above."
He stopped, and lo, from through the gloom that marked the closing day
There came a little sunbeam, a little silvery ray,
And it lingered there a moment with a soft caressing air
Upon the broad white forehead, 'neath the clustering curls of hair.

Oh, do the souls of loved ones watch? They do. Deny not this,
That little straying sunbeam was his angel mother's kiss.

Frank M. Gilbert.

THE PORTER'S STORY.

(AS RECITED BY JAS. S. BURDETT.)

"I'se jes' a nigger porter, sah; I doan perten' to know
As many tings as lots of udder folks,
But I'se met lots o' people dat knowed more'n enuff for two,
An' offen laffed like sixty at dere jokes.

"But sometimes, it jes happens, dat de smahtes' kind o' men
Gits lef' like any or'nary blame fool,
An' on a railroad cah's de place it offentimes occurs,
Dat ignorance makes learnin' go to school.

"One Crismus night, 'twas jes' 'tween Kansas City an' Sin Joe,
A ting ob dis kine happened in my cah;
De seats was full ob passengers, all solid lookin' men,
De way dey got fooled, makes me laff, ha! ha!

"A man dressed like a deacon, with a sankeymonkeyous face,
Stood up an' preached a simple little preach;
He said, 'I'm travellin' roun' to help evangelize de lan',
De ignorant an' foolish folks to teach,

"'I know youse all am Christians, but I's curious to see
Jes' wot ya all believe, right to a man.
So ef ya doan min' doin' it, will each man dat believes
In God please kindly hole up his right han'?'

"Dey all held up dere right hands, den de preacher he went on,
'I'm glad to see so many good an' true.
Now ebery one who tinks de Lawd wuz bohn on Crismus Day,
Please hole up in de air his left hand, too.'

"De left hands all went up an' den de preacher wid a smile,
Reached into de tail pockets ob his coat,
An' sez, 'Be kine enuff to keep yer hands up whar dey is
Until I hab a chance to count de vote.

"Den out he pulled two pistols, an' he kivered ebery man,
An' sez, 'Doan move, my frien's, until de count
Is taken by my pal here, he's a lulu, ya kin bet;
He'll bring me back de total full amount.'

"An' den a hahdened-lookin' duck went fruh dat palace cah,
An' took from ebery man his las' blame cent;
While Mistah Preacher kep' his pistols up, an' tole de crowd
To 'trust on in de Lawd, an' be content.'

"As soon as dey had all de swag stowed safely in dere clothes,
De preacher pulled de bell-rope wid a leer;
An' bowed, an wished de crowd a 'Merry Crismus, one an' all,
An' a berry, berry happy glad New Year!'

"An den dey skipped away into de dahk Missouri woods
An' when dem men recobered from dere scare,
Ya wouldn' tink dat one of dem believed in God at all;
Lor a massy! bress mah soul! how dey did swear!"

Maurice Edmunds

AND THE BAND PLAYED.

'Twas at a ball they met one night;
She seemed as sweetly fair
As poet's wildest, fondest dream;
Her lovely sun-kissed hair
Curled artlessly in dainty waves
Her sweet blue eyes above
And while he gazed in ecstasy
The band played "Woman's love."

And when he ventured to request
The favor of a dance,
She acquiesced so charmingly,
With such a well-pleased glance,
His heart beat faster than before,
No longer did he mope;
And while he "autographed" her card
The band played "Wait and Hope."

And then, when in the mazy waltz
Her form so full of grace
He pressed, and watched the blushes come
And go upon her face,
He felt as though he'd like to make
The maiden his for aye.
"But how?" he pondered, and the band
Played "Love Will Find the Way."

The dance being over they sat down
To have a little chat
And every topic they discussed
She seemed to have down "pat."
His brain just whirled with delight,
So charming did she seem,
And while he sat enraptured, thrilled.
The band played "Love's Young Dream."

The time flew by; he took no note
Of how the hours went.
He only felt a sense of joy,
Of peace and great content;
He then and there made up his mind
To make her his forever,
And while she smiled her sweetest smile
The band played "Now or Never."

They strolled together, arm in arm,
Far from the ball-room's glare.
And found a corner in the cool
Conservatory, where,
Mid flowering plant and rustling leaves,
His form with fear vibrating,
He told her how he loved her, and
The band played, softly, "Waiting."

He said, "Oh, will you be my own
Dear, loving little wife?
And shall we drift, dear, hand in hand,
Adown the stream of life?"
She smiled again, the same sweet smile,
At all his language flowery,
Then said, "I'll be—a sister—" and
The band played "Annie Laurie."

Maurice E. McLaughlin.

JACK THE EVANGELIST.

(AS RELATED BY STRAW GARVER, HISTORIAN.)

I was on the drive in eighty, working under Silver Jack,
Which the same has gone to Joliet and ain't soon expected back;
And we had a chap among us by the name of Robert Waite,
Kind o' cute and glib and tonguey, guess he war a graduate.

He could gab on any subject, from the Bible down to Hoyle;
The words just flowed from Robert kind o' smooth an' slick like oil,
He was what they called a skeptic, and he loved to sit and weave
Hifalutin' words together, telling what he didn't b'lieve.

One day, while we were waiting for a flood to clear the ground.
We sot a-smoking nigger-head, and hearing Bob expound.
"Hell," he said, "was humbug," and he showed us clear as day
That the Bible was a fable, and we 'lowed it looked that way.

Miracles and sich like was too thin for him to stand;
As for Him they call the Saviour, He was just a common man.
"You're a liar!" some one shouted, "and you've got to take that back;"
Then everybody started—'twas the voice of Silver Jack.

An' he cracked his fists together an' he shucked his coat and cried—
"'Twas in that thar religion, boys, that my mother lived and died;
And although I haven't allus used the Lord exactly white.
When I hear a chump abusin' Him he must eat his words or fight."

Now, this Bob he warn't no coward, and he answered bold and free,
"Stack your duds and cut your capers: there ain't no flies on me."

And they fought for twenty minutes, and the lads would hoot
and cheer
When Jack spit up a tooth or two, or Bob he lost an ear.

Till at last Jack got Bob under and he slugged him once't or
twic't,
At which Bob confessed, endurin' quick, the divinity of
Christ;
And Jack kept reasoning with him till the cuss began to yell
And 'lowed he'd been mistaken in his views concerning hell.

So the fierce discussion ended, and they riz up from the
ground,
An some one brought refreshments out and kindly passed
'em round;
And we toasted Bob's conversion in a quiet sort of way,
And the spread of infidelity was checked in camp that day.

N. Y. Evangelist.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school is out,"
Came happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hasten the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were young and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor and slow;
And some one, some time, may lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand?—
If ever she's poor, and old and grey,
And her own dear boy so far away."

"Somebody's mother bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.

Mary D. Brine.

"THRUSH."

THERE was a paragraph in one of the New York papers when Thrush was knocked off the platform of a street car and under the wheels of a huge truck that crushed his legs and back. A paragraph—that was all. When Thrush was carried to the hospital, Ted and Jim went with him, running at the side of the ambulance. They would have followed Thrush into the operating room to give him the support of their presence, but their entrance was barred, and they were forced to wait outside. The following day they were allowed to see him. "He mustn't talk," the sweet-faced nurse said. They couldn't bear the sight of Thrush's colorless face at first, and Ted came near breaking down, but a scowl from Jim kept him in check. Jim wanted to know the extent of the damage.

"Lost 'em?" he inquired. Thrush moved his head up and down, and they understood that he meant "Yes."

"Feels queer, don't it?" Jim continued.

"Yes."

"Ache, don't yer?"

"Some."

"I bet yer do! But yer all right, Thrush. If yer don't hev the dandiest pair o' crutches on the Row, my name ain't Ted Haffey!"

"I'll bet yer a nickel that I'll beat Limpy Dick when I git out, an' him with one leg."

The nurse said, "You must go away now, boys, but you can come again soon."

"I'll look after yer bizness till yer out," said Ted as they went away.

One, two, three, yes, four weeks crept by, and Thrush was still a prisoner in the narrow cot. The doctor and the nurse looked grave when they spoke of him. Thrush never as much as hinted to Ted and Jim that he was ever blue. When they asked how he felt, he always said, "Better," and they believed him. They came often to see him, bringing him cheerful glimpses of the outside world—their world bounded by Newspaper Row, the alley in which they lived, the Bowery, and lower Broadway. On the occasion of their second visit they brought his crutches.

"The fellers chipped in with us," said Ted. "We fitted 'em to Limpy Dick; he's jest yer size."

There is no doubt but these were weary days for Thrush. He made a brave fight to keep up courage. Then he got acquainted with a little boy in the next cot, a dusky-faced little Hebrew, with eyes as soft as a seal's, and full of pain, named Jakie, and Thrush soon liked him immensely. They soon exchanged experiences and after that friendship followed fast. Jakie suffered great pain. One day Thrush asked Jakie what ailed him.

"My back ish broke," he replied.

"That's bad!" After that, Thrush exerted all his powers of entertainment in Jakie's behalf. He told him stories by day, and at night he would try to lie awake "to keep Jakie company," and Jakie loved him for it. One day, when the little Hebrew was tossing in pain from one side of his narrow couch to the other, Thrush thought of something that might make the pain a little easier.

"Do yer like singin', Jakie?"

"Yes."

"Can you sing?" asked the nurse, who was holding Jakie's hands.

"Well, I guess! That's why they call me Thrush—my real name is John."

To show what he could do, Thrush piped in a voice so sweet and clear that all the room was hushed. Then the boys broke into an uproar: "Go it, Thrush!" "Give us another!" "Sing it again."

"Can you bear it, dear?" said the nurse.

Jakie nodded. "It is de pest I efer heard," he said.

Thus encouraged, Thrush went through his songs. He gave a daily entertainment after that. If Thrush did not begin his concert at a certain hour in the morning, some weak voice was sure to pipe out: "When yer goin' ter tune up, Thrush?" Then Thrush would respond, and the concert would continue, with intermissions, throughout the day.

Jakie in particular could not have too much of it. When the pain was hardest, he would say, "Zing, Thrush." And Thrush would sing until the pale lids dropped over Jakie's dark eyes.

After two months of this hospital life, Jim and Ted became dissatisfied with Thrush's progress toward health. "That doctor is no good," said Jim as they were leaving the ward. "I don't think he knows his bizness."

Passing on, they met the doctor on the stairs. Jim said to him,

"Be yer goin' to save Thrush? Ef yer can't, wha's the use of yer bein' stuffed full of larnin'—eh?"

Jim went down stairs like a shot, closely followed by Ted. When they were on the sidewalk, Jim said threateningly. "Ef he isn't better by Chris'mus, we'll take him away, that's all. There mus' be some doctors as isn't fools."

At that time Christmas was but a few days distant, and when it came, Ted and Jim went to the hospital. It was close upon dusk when they entered the ward. Ted carried three stalks of white chrysanthemums. Jim carried nothing with him save a fixed determination "to have it out" with the doctor, and to take Thrush away at any cost, unless a speedy cure was guaranteed. The sweet-faced nurse came to meet them. "You may come in, boys, but you must be quiet," she said. "Jakie is very sick. Thrush is singing to him."

The boys crept through the room on their toes, stepping with such care that Thrush did not hear them until they were at his bedside. He signified his pleasure at their coming by weaving into his song this greeting:

"Hullo, fellers! Move the crut-crut-ches, an' set do-o-own on the bed. The kid's purty ba-a-d. I'm hel-el-pin' 'im off."

This somewhat florid treatment of his words was simply that Jakie might not notice a pause in the song. Poor Jakie. He was "purty bad!" His little dusky face was shrunken and old; his eyes were closed, but his ears were open to the song, for every now and then his lips would part with the old request, "Zing, Thrush."

The nurse came and stood beside him. "You have been singing a long time. You must be tired."

"A little," sang Thrush. "I can—I can rest to-to-morrer. He's mos'—mos'—off."

"He's singin' hisself away, an' they don't know it," said Jim.

It was not long before the great change came creeping over Jakie. His face grew gray, and his restless body ceased its turning.

"He cannot hear now," whispered the nurse. "Rest yourself, my boy." But Thrush shook his head.

"Mebbe he's where-where he ne-eds it morn'n ever. I don't want him to—to—thi-think I went back o-o-n 'im."

There was a little stir behind Jim, but he did not turn his head. Had he done so, he would have seen an empty cot, the sheet drawn up over the pillow where Jakie's brown head had lain. Thrush's voice grew fainter and fainter, until it ceased.

"He is asleep," thought Jim. He turned his head quickly to see, then sprang to his feet and to Thrush's side.

"Thrush," he cried. "Thrush! what's the matter with ye? What makes yer look ser white?"

There was no answer. Thrush's eyes were open, but they were blue and rigid. Ted with wild eyes looked first at Thrush and then at Jim, and back again to Thrush; then he turned with a sob that echoed through the silent ward, and went away. But Jim stayed. He took Thrush's hand. "Say somethin', Thrush! only say somethin'."

Thrush's lips parted. "I know—yer—Jim, but 'taint —no—use. My back—was—broke—too. I heard—him—tell—her—month 'go."

"An' yer never let on yer knew?"

"No—o."

"Oh, yer game, Thrush! A alwus knowed yer was. The best of 'em couldn't beat that!"

The end came soon, for just as the sun went down in the golden west, Thrush's silver voice was hushed, and his spirit passed on.

INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL CHARACTER.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

As American citizens, all of us stand or fall together. No deed of corruption or infamy is performed in public or private life, but all of us are so much the poorer. I wish we could recognize even more clearly than we do, that every act of municipal or State or national misgovernment, that every conspicuous act of dishonesty, takes away by just so much from that American character in which we have the right to take pride; and that so, on the other hand, every act of military or civic virtue, every deed of courage of soldiers, of good conduct of our men in public affairs, reflects honor upon our people as a whole. It is important that we shall have material well being; it is important that we should have material prosperity; it is more important that we shall have that upon which ultimately, material well being must rest, that we shall have the moral well being, that we shall have that moral lift toward things higher, for

the lack of which nothing else can atone, either in the life of a nation or in the life of an individual.

We are ending this century; we are about to enter upon another, increasing the range of our responsibilities. If we are indeed the nation we claim to be, that will not make us shrink from the future. If we are, indeed, as we claim to be, the men who stand foremost in the ranks to-day, the nation that is entitled to take the lead in shaping the progress of the world, we will not shrink from the duty that is before us. No great victory was ever won save by those who were willing to take some risk in winning it, and this applies not only to our military life, but to our civil life. We cannot ultimately uphold the honor of the nation abroad, if we do not uphold the cause of civic honesty at home.

GUNGA DIN.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

You may talk o' gin an' beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But if it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.
It was "Din! Din! Din!
You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
Hi! slippy hitherao!
Water, get it! Panee lao!
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a twisty piece o' rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,
We shouted, "Harry By!"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.

It was "Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some juldee in it,
Or I'll marrow you this minute
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done,
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is mussick on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire."
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside,
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could 'ear the front-files shout:
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water—green;
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground an' 'e's kickin' all around;
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died,
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
In the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drinks to pore damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din!
Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

"INFLUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE ADOPTION OF A PLAN FOR PERMANENT PEACE." [1]

SAMUEL SARETSKY.

After the European war has drawn to a close, after the soldiers have laid down their arms and returned to their peaceful pursuits, there will scarcely be a man, woman, or child whose heart will not thirst for peace, an everlasting peace. It will mean the rise of a new order of things, a new era, a turning point in the history of mankind. Bleeding Europe, the Europe whose religion for centuries was militarism, will welcome the movement of world peace and world unity. Then, will there be a yearning toward a better way, a new and fuller life, not of militarism but of justice and the brotherhood of man. Then, with all destructive sophisms shattered, then, with the god of force dethroned, there will be an enthusiastic awakening to a new vision, a craving for a world federation and world unity. At that time it will fall to one nation to crystallize the world sentiment, to champion the right, to lead. The nation should be the United States.

Geographically, historically, temperamentally, and politically, the United States is the best fitted to lead the nations into the new order of things.

Geographically the United States has been far removed from the militaristic influences, the feuds, the jealousies, and the political hatreds that have drenched with blood the fields of Europe.

Historically, America is the logical leader. As a

[1] By special permission of the author.

writer of the Church Peace Union says, "All her prophets have sung of a better and nobler way than the way of war. She has had peace societies for a century. Her peace literature far surpasses that of other nations. America first organized world peace congresses." It was an American President in 1905 who first bade two nations cease their warfare. The United States must lead, if only to be true to herself and true to the world upon which she has launched the very movement itself.

Temperamentally, America is best fitted to preach universal brotherhood. President Wilson, speaking at the third National Peace Congress at Baltimore said, "This country does not desire any more territory." In those words he expressed the sentiment of the American People. For, above all, the United States has been pre-eminently free from the lust for foreign conquests.

Politically, America is the logical torch bearer of universal peace. Despite the individualism and materialism which foreigners and not a few Americans are unhappily wont to associate with the United States, the United States remains the home of democracy, the home of free institutions, the home of political idealism.

It is but fitting that a nation whose own composition is a proof of the practicability of international brotherhood, a nation which has led the world in the conception of national idealism, in the conception of the federation of states, should lead in international idealism and the new federation of nations. We not only have a union of forty-eight states but in that union of forty-eight states the German, the French.

the English, the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Ethiopean, all live in harmony and peace. It is not too much to say we have set a noble example, nor is it too much to hope that the rest of the world will follow it.

At the end of the war, all the nations, weary with conflict, will thus look to the United States to carry the torch. Then it will be America's opportunity to act. Let her establish a League to Enforce Peace. This league will compel nations before beginning hostilities to state their case before an impartial body and before the world. It would mean that all the members of the League would use their military and economic forces against any nation that refused to submit its dispute to the council of arbitration or to the international court. James Brown Scott, an authority on international law, maintains that nowhere in the history of arbitration can you find any nation which has resisted the decision of the court of arbitration. This remarkable record is an indisputable proof that arbitration in the past has counted greatly in the development of the movement for bringing about world peace.

But the question now arises—how can this league be organized? Let America call together all the most eminent jurists of the century. Let them consult with men in various other spheres of activity. Then let them work out the details of the League. Let America announce to the world her willingness to abide by the terms of the plan formulated. Let America invite all other nations to follow her footsteps. Let her offer trade privileges and tariff reductions to all nations who enter the league. In short let us set out with

a high purpose and firm resolve to make the plan successful, undismayed in spite of all complications, undaunted in spite of all obstacles. It is a question involving the interests of humanity—let us bend all our energies, political and economic, to take the greatest step toward universal peace.

I have taken this plan not because it was the first plan that came to my mind, nor because it was the only plan I could find, but because I have come to the conclusion, after carefully investigating many other worthy plans, that this plan best meets the situation.

You will agree with me that a permanent peace must be based on justice. We cannot have justice until we have organization. As long as individuals carried arms and took law into their hands, we had assaults and assassination. When individuals organized for justice, life became safe. As long as states raised armies, constructed great military machines, and appealed to force to decide their quarrels, we had chaos and ceaseless bloodshed. When states organized for justice, peace became possible. As long as nations arm against each other we must have war and waste. When we organize for international justice, we must have international unity and universal peace. It would change the attitude of statesmen in the future. Instead of thinking in terms of conquest and terrorism, they would speak in terms of justice and international law. It would revolutionize diplomacy. It would organize the world for justice and would pave the way for the era of world peace.

Finally, the United States should lead an educational crusade against war. We must reach the chil-

dren and the young men and women in their schools and colleges. In teaching history we must shift the emphasis from the drums and tramplings of conquest to the glories and victories of peace. We must do more than rehearse the horrors of war; we must show the loyalty, the heroism, the unselfish devotion that flower in times of peace. We must urge those who love the joy of conflict to join the ranks of soldiers in a higher warfare—the warfare against ignorance. We must impress on the minds of the young that peace offers more opportunities for sacrifice than war. When we have preached from the pulpit, taught in the schools and colleges, and expounded from the forum the abolition of war, then we shall have done our work, then we shall realize in life what we have been reminded of in sermon.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O GOOD painter! tell me true,
  Has your hand the cunning to draw
  Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—
  The picture must not be over-bright,—
  Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

  Alway and alway, night and morn,
  Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
    Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
    Under their tassels; cattle near,

Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)—
  These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all a-blush:
  Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
  Roses crowding the selfsame way,
Out of a wilding wayside bush.

  Listen closer. When you have done
    With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
  A lady the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me.
Oh, if I only could make you see
  The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
  That are beaming on me all the while!—
  I need not speak these foolish words:
  Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
  That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir: one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship Commodore:
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck;
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day:—
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
But that's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother (take good heed)
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry-tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
But oh that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

Alice Cary.

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NOT GUILTY.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child;
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name?" said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look yet keen,—
"Is Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?"—"I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir:
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brothers and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow, times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment,
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny's but four years old)—
So what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn.
I *took*—oh, was it *stealing?*—
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room—
Gray-beard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spake the truth;
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from their old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study,
The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the *law;*
For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
Sorely puzzled, just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last these words he heard,
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered
When he went to her and smiled
And tenderly led from the court-room,
Himself, the "guilty" child.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

A STORY OF HOLLAND.

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play,—
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet:
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread,
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade,
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!

For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent,
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes,
And saw the shadows deepen,
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said, "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve;
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike, while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping, now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter;
"That the gates are good and strong,

And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter:
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night,
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm.
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh,
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor;
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait.
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea,
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company,
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yestereve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door:
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,

And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.
They have many a valiant hero
Remembered through the years,
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

Phœbe Cary.

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Humorous Selections

(*Encore Pieces*)

THE CHRISTENING OF MY BOY.

No, I won't forgive our parson—not down to my dyin' day.
He'd orter waited a minnit; that's what I'll allers say;
But to christen my boy, my baby, with such an orful name!
Why, where's the use o' talkin'? I tell you he was to blame.

You see, it happened in this way: There was father, an' Uncle Si,
An' mother, an' each one wantin' a finger in the pie,—
Each with a name for baby, as ef I hadn't no voice;
But the more they talked an' argied, the more I stuck to my choice.

"Semanthy"—this was father—"You'd best take pattern by mother,
For she named thirteen children, 'thout any such fuss or bother:
As soon as she diskivered that family names was too few,
Why, she just fell back on the Bible, as perfessers air bound to do."

"Semanthy"—this was Reuben—"most any one else could see,
That, bein' as I'm his father, he orter be named for me.
You say my name's old-fashioned; well, I'm old-fashioned too:
Yet 'twarn't so long ago, nuther, that both of us suited you."

Then there was Uncle Silas: "Semanthy, I tell ye what:
Just name him Silas. I'll give him that hundred-acre lot.
I'll make out the deed to-morrer; an' then, when I've gone to my rest,
There'll be a trifle o' money to help him feather his nest."

But the worst of all was mother. She says, so meek an' mild,—
"I'd love to call him Jotham, after my oldest child;
He died on his second birthday. The others are grown-up men,
But Jotham is still my baby: he has never grown since then.
His hair was soft and curlin', eyes blue as blue could be,
An' this boy of yours, Semanthy, jest brings him back to me."

Well, it warn't no easy matter to keep on saying *No,*
An' disapp'intin' every one. Poor Rube he fretted so,
When I told him the name I'd chosen, that he fairly made me cry.
For I'd planned to name the darlin' Augustus Percival Guy.
Ah! that was a name worth hearin', so 'ristocratic an' grand!
He might 'a' held up his head then with the proudest in the land.
But *now*— Well, 'tisn't no wonder, when I look at that blessed child,
An' think of the name he's come to, that I can't be reconciled.

At last I coaxed up Reuben, an' a Sabbath mornin' came
When I took my boy to meetin' to git his Christian name.
Jest as proud as a peacock I stood a-waitin' there;
I couldn't hardly listen to the readin' nor the prayer,
For of half a dozen babies, mine was the finest of all;
An' they had sech common names too! But pride must have a fall.

"What will ye call him?" says Parson Brown, bendin' his head to hear.
Then I handed a bit of paper up, with the names writ full an' clear.
But Uncle Si, 'stead of passin' it, jest reads it over slow,
With sech a wond'rin', puzzled face, as ef he didn't know.
The child was beginnin' to fidget, an' Rube was gittin' red,
So I kinder scowled at Uncle Si, and then I shook my head.
"The name?" says Parson Brown agin; "I'm 'feared I haven't caught it."
"Jee—hosaphat!" says Uncle Si, out loud, before he thought it.
The parson—he's near-sighted—he couldn't understand,
Though I p'inted to the paper in Uncle Silas' hand.
But *that* word did the business; an' before I got my breath
That boy was named JEHOSAPHAT. I felt a' most like death.
I couldn't keep from cryin' as I hurried down the aisle,
An' I fairly hated Widder Green when I see her kinder smile.
I've never, *never* called him by that name, an' never will,
An' I *can't* forgive old Parson Brown, though I bear him no ill-will.

E. T. Corbett.

WHEN THE MINISTER COMES TO TEA.

Oh! they've swept the parlor carpet, and they've dusted
every chair,
And they've got the tidies hangin' jest exactly on the
square;
And the what-not's fixed up lovely, and the mats have all
been beat,
And the pantry's brimmin' over with the bully things to
eat;
Sis has got her Sunday dress on, and she's frizzin' up
her bangs;
Ma's got on her best alpacky, and she's askin' how it
hangs;
Pa has shaved as slick as can be, and I'm rigged way up
in G,—
And it's all because we're goin' ter have the minister ter
tea.
Oh! the table's fixed up gaudy, with the gilt-edged chiny
set,
And we'll use the silver tea-pot and the comp'ny spoons,
you bet;
And we're goin' ter have some fruit-cake and some thim-
bleberry jam,
And "riz biscuits," and some doughnuts, and some chicken,
and some ham.
Ma, she'll 'polergize like fury and say everything is bad,
And "Sich awful luck with cookin'," she is sure she never
had;
But, er course, she's only bluffin', for it's as prime as
it can be,
And she's only talkin' that way 'cause the minister's ter tea.
Everybody'll be a-smilin' and as good as ever was,
Pa won't growl about the vittles, like he generally does,
And he'll ask me would I like another piece er pie; but,
sho!
That, er course, is only manners, and I'm s'posed ter
answer "No."
Sis'll talk about the church-work and about the Sunday-
school,
Ma'll tell how she liked that sermon that was on the
Golden Rule,
And if I upset my tumbler they won't say a word ter
me:—
Yes, a boy can eat in comfort with the minister ter tea!

Say! a minister, you'd reckon, never'd say what wasn't
true;
But that isn't so with ours, and I jest can prove it, too;
'Cause when Sis plays on the organ so it makes yer want
ter die,
Why, he sets and says it's lovely; and that, seems ter me,
's a lie:
But I like him all the samey, and I only wish he'd stay
At our house fer good and always, and eat with us every
day;
Only think of havin' goodies *every* evenin'! Jimmin*ee!*
And I'd *never* git a scoldin' with the minister ter tea!

Joseph C. Lincoln.

BECAUSE.

"Now, John," the district teacher says,
With frown that scarce can hide
The dimpling smiles around her mouth
Where Cupid's hosts abide;
"What have you done to Mary Ann,
That she is crying so?
Don't say 'twas nothing,—don't, I say,
For, John, that can't be so.

"For Mary Ann would never cry
At nothing, I am sure;
And if you've wounded justice, John,
You know the only cure
Is punishment. So come, stand up;
Transgressions must abide
The pain attendant on the scheme
That makes it justified."

So John steps forth, with sunburnt face
And hair all in a tumble,
His laughing eyes a contrast to
His drooping mouth so humble.
"Now, Mary, you must tell me all,—
I see that John will not,—
And if he's been unkind or rude
I'll whip him on the spot."

"We—we were playin' p-prisoners' base,
An' he-he is s-such a t-tease,
An' w-when I w-wasn't l-lookin, ma'am,
H-he kissed me—if you please!"

Upon the teacher's face the smiles
Have triumphed o'er the frown,
A pleasant thought runs through her mind,
The stick comes harmless down.

But outraged law must be avenged:
Begone, ye smiles, begone!
Away, ye little dreams of love!
Come on, ye frowns, come on!
"I think I'll have to whip you, John:
Such conduct breaks the rule;
No boy, except a naughty one,
Would kiss a girl—at school."

Again the teacher's rod is raised,
A Nemesis she stands:
A premium were put on sin,
If punished by such hands!
As when the bee explores the rose
We see the petals tremble,
So trembled Mary's rosebud lips;
Her heart would not dissemble.

"I wouldn't whip him very hard,"—
The stick stops in its fall,
"It wasn't right to do it, but
It didn't hurt at all."
"What made you cry, then, Mary Ann?"
The school noise makes a pause,
And out upon the listening air
From Mary comes, "Because."

Boston Transcript.

MEHITABEL SAPPHIRA JONES.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees;
I stooped, and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid:
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said.

"Yes; but your last name?" She shook her head:
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single word about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good. But when they blame
You, little one,—is it just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowing stones;
And then she says [the culprit owns],—
'Mihitabel Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?'"

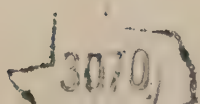
Anna F. Burnham.

PAT'S EXCUSE.

One day, in a crowded Market-street car,
A lady was standing. She had ridden quite far,
And seemed much disposed to indulge in a frown,
As nobody offered to let her sit down.
And many there sat, who, to judge by their dress,
Might a gentleman's natural instincts possess;
But who, judged by their acts, make us firmly believe
That appearances often will sadly deceive.
There were some most intently devouring the news,
And some, through the windows, enjoying the views;
And others indulged in a make-believe nap,
While the lady stood holding on by the strap.
At last a young Irishman, fresh from the "sod,"
Arose with a smile and most comical nod,
Which said quite as plain as in words could be stated,
That the lady should sit in the place he'd vacated.
"Excuse me," said Pat, "that I caused you to wait
So long before offerin' to give you a sate;
But in truth I was only just waitin' to see
If there wasn't more gintlemin here beside me."

A ROUSING SMACK.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their task intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe,
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came,—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun,

With smile suppressed, and birch upraised
The threatener faltered, "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude—
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to 't?"
"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
"I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susanna shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

William Pitt Palmer.